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HOW AMERICA REALLY FEELS TOWARDS ENGLAND.

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To the Editor of the Nineteenth Century,

Dear Sir:—I have observed in English publications so many dissertations upon American sentiment towards England as to make it appear that the matter is of some interest to the English people, but I have seen nothing on this subject from the point of view of the American masses. The opinions expressed have all been those of individuals or of little coteries in New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Washington.

It seems as if it might be worth while to let Englishmen know how the American people in general feel. It has been my business for sixteen years to keep in touch with popular sentiment in this country. I have been engaged for that length of time in newspaper work in San Francisco, New York and Washington—principally in "yellow journalism," which, however superior people may dislike it, is the kind that reaches the masses. For several years I have been the chief editorial writer of the "New York Journal."

I do not profess to be an expert in matters of British policy, but I do know how the average American feels, and believing that an account of that feeling might be interesting and useful in England, I send you the enclosed article.

Very truly yours, Samuel E. Moffett.]

For those who would like to see a cordial understanding develop between the two branches of the English-speaking race, it is painful to read most of the literature from which the English people have to form their ideas of American sentiment. The so-called American writers in English reviews are mostly denationalized persons, whose only aim is to show how superior they are to the mass of their countrymen. The American correspondents of English newspapers, with rare exceptions, have always been completely out of touch with American opinion, and have generally exerted themselves, as if of set malevolent purpose, to misrepresent that opinion, and rouse resentments where none are called for. Perhaps a better understanding may be prompted by a little plain truth.

First let us consider the Boer War. The general feeling in England is that gratitude for British sympathy shown to the United States in the war with Spain for the liberation of Cuba should have made Americans enthusiastic admirers of the British attempt to destroy the independence of the South African Republics. Some Englishmen believe that this has actually happened and that all that is best in America is following the progress of the British

arms with breathless sympathy. Others, reading of Boer meetings and resolutions in Congress, and perhaps catching a glimpse of American newspapers published west or south of New York, jump to the conclusion that Americans are a churlish, ungrateful lot, from whom no response to friendly advances is to be expected.

As a matter of fact, the effect of England's recent friendliness to America upon America's opinion of the enterprise in which England is now engaged is, briefly, this:

Four years ago America's attitude would have been one of sympathy for the Boers, intensified by hostility towards England. Now it is one of sympathy for the Boers, checked by friendship for England.

At the close of the Spanish War it seemed as if the old anti-British spirit in the United States had become extinct. If England had become involved in a war with any Power of Europe, or, still better, with a combination of Powers, American sympathy would have poured out in a resistless flood. The stronger the league of England's enemies, the higher would have arisen the tide of American goodwill, and, in case of need, sympathy would have been translated into action.

Unfortunately, the new American regard for England-something, let it be remembered, for which there was neither precedent nor preparation in all the century and a quarter of our national existence-was subjected at the very outset to a strain that would have tested severely a friendship rooted in the habits of generations. Great Britain could have engaged in no enterprise so well adapted to chill American sympathy as her attempt to extinguish the independence of the little South African Republics. Americans do not feel altogether easy in their consciences about their own position in the Philippines; but they found themselves charged there with the responsibility for the maintenance of order in a country that had never had an independent Government, among a variety of races in all stages of civilization and barbarism, and they were vehemently assured by their European friends, especially in England, that if they shirked that responsibility they would be committing a crime against humanity. But they have never regarded the enterprise with enthusiasm. cherished vindictive against the Filipinos fighting for their independence.

The South African Republic has been substantially, and the Orange Free State fully, independent for decades. They have had the sort of government their people want, and Americans cannot see that the desires of a horde of nomadic gold-hunters afford any just reason for interfering with them. If it be said that the Boers have no right to monopolize their territory, and prevent its proper development, the instinctive answer is, that the Boers have a right to think of their posterity. All nations desire to expand. The Boers have no room for expansion outside of their own borders, but they have room inside. The area of the Transvaal Republic might possibly support 5,000,000 people. The Republic could never have hoped to become a great Power, but it might have looked forward to being in time another prosperous and contented Holland. That it should have objected to having its prospects trampled down by a mob of cosmopolitan fortuneseekers was neither unnatural nor reprehensible.

As to the argument that England's interference was justified because the Boer States were ruled by a corrupt oligarchy, it proves too much to pass muster in America. We know something of corrupt oligarchies ourselves. If the Government of Kruger was as black as its bitterest enemies ever

painted it, it was no worse than the city government of New York, and infinitely better than the city government of Philadelphia and the state government of Pennsylvania. If England had a right to subjugate the Boer Republics in the name of honesty, she has an equal right to assume the administration of New York to save the people from Tammany, and of Pennsylvania to rescue them from the Republican machine.

Internal corruption is a country's own affair, and its people must deal with it for themselves. Every nation has experienced it at one time or another. If the Boers deserve to lose their independence now because some of their rulers have been dishonest, then England deserved to lose hers in the time of Walpole and Newcastle.

The apologists for the Boer War have often appealed to American analogies, usually with lack of knowledge, and therefore with unfortunate effect upon the people to whom the appeals have been addressed. For instance, one English writer has said: "Let me ask my American reader what he supposes would happen to Mexico if that Republic possessed rich gold fields, a system of government like Mr. Kruger's, and a numerically dominant body of American Outlanders whose capital and industry had made the wealth of the country."

Any American familiar with the history of his own country can answer that very simply. The American Outlanders in Mexico under such conditions would take care of themselves. They would neither expect nor receive assistance from the United States. They would take possession of the Government of Mexico by their own force and at their own risk; and when they had their Government peacefully established, they would probably apply for annexation to the United States, which might or might not grant the

application. Precisely this procedure was followed in Texas. The Texans formed a Republic of their own, defeated the Mexicans with their own arms, secured the recognition of their independence by England, France and Belgium, as well as by the United States, and finally, after they had maintained their Government for nine years, had kept their territory absolutely clear of Mexican soldiers for that length of time, and had made repeated overtures for annexation, their application was granted.

If any numerically dominant body of American Outlanders in any country should beg for the protection of the United States against a minority of natives, the comic papers would propose to send them a nurse. Oppressed majorities unable or afraid to take care of themselves get very little sympathy from us.

The thoroughgoing Imperialists do not seem to realize how very dangerous their arguments for a raid upon the South African Republics are when addressed to Americans. If the principles so advanced were generally adopted in international relations, there would be no moral restraint in the way of the conquest of Canada by the United States. There are rich gold fields in the Klondike. There is a numerically dominant body of American Outlanders there. If digging out gold and sending it away can be called making the wealth of the country, then their capital and industry have made the wealth of that country. The system of government is not exactly like Mr. Kruger's, but the Outlanders in the Klondike consider it very oppressive. Shall we demand for the Americans at Dawson the right to vote without renouncing their allegiance to the United States, and threaten to invade the country if our terms be not granted to

Englishmen should not delude them-

selves with the belief that their South African enterprise has any support from the moral sense of the world. In that undertaking England stands as completely isolated as France stood in the persecution of Dreyfus. Americans cannot feel that gratitude requires them to repress their consciences in this matter. They cannot feel that England's sympathy with them when they were right compels them to sympathize with her when she is wrong. And this attitude does not imply any ill-feeling towards England. It is true that the long agony of the Boers has blown into flame all the embers of anti-English sentiment that seemed on the point of extinction three years ago. But those who feel most keenly England's desertion of the cause of human freedom are her truest friends. It is not with hatred or with exultation that they see her sapping her prestige and throwing away her moral influence in an unholy and disastrous enterprise, but with the sincerest regret. would like to see her strong, prosperous and admired, as she was in the climax of her national glory-the Jubilee year, when loyal Cape Colony voluntarily offered a battleship to the British Navy.

It is only the enemies of England that have reason to be satisfied with her present position, and they are enjoying that satisfaction to the full.

As disillusionizing to Americans as the war itself has been the spirit in which it has been carried on. If an Empire with nearly one-third of the population of the globe really found it necessary to contend in arms with two little States containing, all told, as many inhabitants as a second-rate English town, one would think that it would go about the matter as quietly as possible. It would not work itself up into a fever of martial enthusiasm over what ought to be merely a distasteful little piece of police duty. If

it really found difficulty in subduing its tiny antagonists, it would not admit the fact. It would not ask the world to admire the valor of the elephant contending with the mouse; although it might feel a little generous thrill of admiration for the courage of the mouse defying the elephant. But this inglorious little war has roused the British people to transports of excitement that could not have been exceeded if combined Europe had been threatening their island with invasion. They have taken Mr. Kruger as seriously as their fathers took Napoleon. They have welcomed their returning troops with delirious orgies that have given a new word to the language. They have displayed a bitterness toward their indomitable enemies, whose homes they have destroyed, that the French hardly exhibited towards the invading Prussians. They have allowed mobs to break up peace meetings with the connivance of the Government.

All these things have had a chilling effect on the spirit of Anglo-Saxon fraternity in America. We have passed the stage at which we condemn a thing because it is English, or defend it because it is American. We are learning now to treat each affair upon its own merits. We fully realize all the blunders of which our own Government has been guilty in the Philippines, in Cuba and in Porto Rico; and if there have been any things worse than blunders, we have not hesitated frankly to condemn them. But we have not seen at home the ugly spectacles that have been developed in England by the South African war, which, bad in its inception, seems to have had the faculty of bringing out all that is most forbidding in human nature. was a nation of eighteen million people, with an army on paper forty times as large as our own, with a navy believed by many European experts to be stronger than ours, and with two hundred thousand men under arms in Cuba; yet we never became wildly excited over the war with Spain. We never had a Mafeking night; we never had any personal animosity toward the Spanish people; and when Cervera and his men came to us as prisoners, we welcomed them as long-lost brothers.

The Philippines have about ten million people, and their conquest has been illuminated by many deeds of epic heroism; but we have always felt a little ashamed of that enterprise. tried to dismiss it from our minds after the first few battles, and we never sang about our "Absent-Minded Beggars" in Luzon. Certainly there has never been among us the slightest trace of that vindictive feeling towards the Filipinos which has been so painfully in evidence in England against the Boers. Our most ardent Imperialists have merely regretted that the Filipinos should have misunderstood and resisted our efforts for their good, and insurgent emissaries have freely travelled, written and agitated in the United States throughout the period of hostilities. It would have been impossible at any time to raise a mob in any American city to break up a meeting of Filipino sympathizers; and if such a mob had been raised, the police would have disposed of it in short order.

So much for matters of sentiment. But there have been other things in the way of the Anglo-American ententethings coming nearer home. It is a strange fatuity that leads English thinkers to saddle upon American school histories and the "Irish vote" the responsibility for such anti-English feeling as may have been persisting in the United States. There is nothing in American school histories to keep alive hostility to England. Nor does the "Irish vote" have any direct influence in that direction, although it may have a certain indirect influence. through its relation to the manner in

which facts and arguments are presented to the American people by the press and by politicians. The fact that England is the hereditary enemy, with whom our most important foreign wars have been waged, may have some little weight. The bitterly contemptuous treatment of American affairs that was formerly fashionable in Great Britain—especially during our civil war—might count for something if Americans read the old files of "Punch" and the "Times;" but most of them do not.

All these things, however important they may have been at one time or another, are trivial in the year 1901. The real situation is simple, and it is most important that Englishmen should understand it, whether they desire to preserve friendly relations with the United States or not. It is important in either case, because its understanding will enable friendship to be preserved if it is desired; and, in the other alternative, it will enable England to adopt a definite and dignified policy of hostility, instead of blundering into a succession of unintended collisions, with annoying consequences. The thing to understand, then, is this:-The relations between England and the United States do not depend upon ancient history, nor upon the "Irish vote," nor upon sentimental considerations of any kind, but upon the present policies of the two nations. If England's policy to-day be consistent, or can be made consistent, with that of the United States, then the two continents can go on harmoniously together, and the ties of a common language, a common possession of Shakespeare, and the rest of the things customarily enumerated American ambassadors at London dinners, can perform unchecked their work of bringing together the "hands across the sea." But if the English people do not feel that the American national policy is consistent with their own aspirations, then no international compliments will be of any avail in preserving a good understanding between the two nations.

The American policy is simple. It is based upon the fact that the United States is, and intends to remain, the paramount Power of the Western Hemisphere. This determination is ingrained in the fibre of the American people. It has been growing in intensity for three generations, and it has now passed all possibilities of alteration. For other Powers the only question is whether they will accept it or collide with it.

If this fundamental principle be once accepted, no country will have any trouble in maintaining harmonious relations with the United States. The American people take very little interest in affairs outside of their own hemisphere. They have found themselves accidentally involved, to some extent, in Asia, but they do not enjoy the experience. They are perfectly willing to give England a free hand in South Africa, although, sentimentally, they deeply deplore her course. They are not inclined to be exigent in looking after the interests of American citizens abroad. They have no desire to interfere with the tariff arrangements of other countries, however hardly they may press upon their commerce. In diplomatic conferences affecting matters outside their own sphere of influence they will usually be found easygoing, but in discussions with European Powers on matters affecting the American continent they are as hard as Krupp armor-plate. They would give up all China more willingly than a single inch of Alaska.

Here is the root of all serious difficulties between England and the United States. The British Empire is spread all over the world. Naturally the British people regard their interests in one quarter as of equal importance

with their interests in another. It is hard for them to comprehend the position of a people whose policy is so intensely concentrated that they will not tolerate in one region what they pass by with indifference elsewhere. Most of the Anglo-American disputes have arisen from the fact that on one side American questions have been treated as of equal interest to England and the United States, while on the other the United States has claimed an exceptional position in their settlement. Fifty years ago England and France tried to induce the United States to enter into an agreement binding all the contracting Powers to keep their hands off Cuba. The United States declined. on the ground, among others, that the proposed convention assumed that the "United States had no other or greater interest in the question than England or France," while the President considered "the condition of Cuba as mainly an American question, and to a limited extent only a European question." This doctrine was emphatically challenged by the British Government. which responded: "But if it is intended on the part of the United States to maintain that Great Britain France have no interest in the maintenance of the present status quo in Cuba, and that the United States have alone a right to a voice in that matter. Her Majesty's Government at once refuses to admit such a claim." This academic denial of the American hegemony has been repeated from time to time down to Lord Lansdowne's note rejecting the Senate amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. On each occasion the reflex effect of the denial in the United States has been misinterpreted in England as an outburst of anti-British feeling.

The truth is that while incidents of this kind have given to such anti-British feeling as exists a chance to display itself, and have increased it to some extent by making England appear in the light of a persistent obstructor of American aspirations, they have not in themselves sprung from anti-British sentiment, or anti-anything else. They have simply afforded an occasion for renewed expressions of the unchangeable American policy, regardless of anything that might happen to be in It is unfortunate for the the way. good relations between the two great English-speaking Powers that the obstruction on the track of the American express has almost always been an English one. Other Powers have usually been satisfied with a single experience. France tried a generation ago to set up an empire in Mexico. There has been no trouble in that quarter since. Some people think that Germany has an eye on part of Brazil. If so, it will soon become evident that the American policy in Mexico, in Venezuela and in Alaska has not been based upon anti-English feeling.

England has suffered in her relations with America, as many English critics say she has in her relations with Russia, by not having a definite policy of her own. She has refused frankly to admit the American theory about the Western Hemisphere, and at the same time she has been unwilling to carry her refusal to its logical conclusion. The result is that in each separate incident she has first irritated the American people by opposing their claims, and then has submitted to the humiliation of yielding because that particular incident has not seemed to her worth fighting about; while to the Americans it has not been an incident, but a part of a policy, for which, if necessary, they would withstand the combined world.

The failure of the English Government and people to look ahead makes their relations with the United States a series of annoying surprises. President Cleveland's Venezuelan Message,

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for instance, is commonly spoken of in England as a "bolt from the blue." Even those Englishmen who are most kindly in their feelings towards America believe that it was an unprovoked and unexpected affront to England, and that its enthusiastic reception by the American people indicated a furious hostility towards the mother-land. The truth is that the Cleveland Message was the logical, inevitable outcome of twenty years of negotiation and of steadily intensifying national sentiment. Hostility to England had no part in it. If France or Germany had chosen to challenge the unchangeable American policy as England did, the issue would have come to a head much sooner. As it was, the fact that the time for a final understanding was at hand was foreshadowed for months before the crisis arrived. When the British forces occupied Corinto, in Nicaragua, the spokesman of the Cleveland Administration quieted the popular excitement by intimating that the President was refraining from intervention in that quarter in order to be able to speak with more weight in the case of Venezuela. English writers in America in the autumn of 1895 described the growing tension of American feeling, and warned their Government that unless it changed its course there would be a collision. Yet when the Venezuelan Message came out one would have thought, to read the comments in the London papers, that the subject had never been mentioned before. The most charitable of them ascribed it to the necessity of "twisting the tail of the British lion" for electioneering purposes.

There has been a precisely similar experience in the matter of the Nicaragua Canal. For more than fifty years the American people have looked forward to the construction of that work. For twenty years the belief has been growing among them that it should be

a national undertaking at the expense, and under the exclusive control, of the United States. Yet when the Senate, as an unquestioned part of the treatymaking Power, undertook to amend the uncompleted project of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty in accordance with the now almost unanimous American sentiment, its action was denounced in England as an example of bad manners, bad faith and tail-twisting hostility to Great Britain. Anyone who had taken the trouble to give a little elementary study to the Constitution of the United States would have seen that the Senate had acted entirely within its rights. The Hay-Pauncefote arrangement was not a treaty, but merely an uncompleted project of a treaty. The Senate had as much right to suggest amendments to it as Mr. Hay or Lord Lansdowne had. It had as much right to insert in it, for the consideration of the other contracting party, the clause abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as any other clause. Whether the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty could be abrogated by either party or not, it certainly could be abrogated by mutual consent, and that was what the Senate proposed.

It cannot be denied that the obstructive attitude of England in this Nicaraguan matter has produced a very painful impression in the United States. Here was a great work of peaceful commerce, which the American people proposed to build entirely at their own expense, and dedicate to the use of the world. They asked no special commercial privileges from their exclusive investment of 200,000,000 dollars, as any other nation would have done. All they stipulated was that this investment should not be turned to their own injury in case of war. Yet England, whose possession of the bulk of the merchant shipping of the world would have made her the chief beneficiary of this gift to international commerce,

considered the right to use the American Canal for hostile operations against American cities so important that, rather than forego it, she was willing to give up all the benefits of a short cut between the Atlantic and Pacific for her vessels in time of peace. For the sake of securing to herself this right of hostile use of the Canal she insisted upon leaving the United States exposed to the attacks of Germany, or France, or Russia or any other Power with which at any time we might conceivably be at war. Such an attitude would have seemed natural in the Venezuelan days, but it appears hardly consistent with effusive friendship.

Even those English writers who admit that England ought not to stand any longer in the way of the construction of the Canal generally hold that she has a right to demand "compensation" for the abandonment of the facilities for obstruction given her by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The view commonly held in America is that rights which are admitted to be of less than no value would be abundantly compensated by the use of an American investment of 200,000,000 dollars on equal terms with those enjoyed by the people who furnish the money. The United States would not expect to build a canal for profit. Its chief aim would be to put the tolls so low as to regulate railroad rates across the American continent, for it is the desire to promote trade between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States that forms the mainspring of the American anxiety for the Canal. The world's commerce with us is incidental. We look upon the Canal primarily as a factor in the American coasting trade. Regarding it from that point of view, it is not at all impossible that we shall decide in time to make it entirely free, as the State of New York has made the Erie Canal. In that case we shall have laid out 200,000,000 dollars, and a large

annual sum for running expenses, as a free gift to the world. Yet Englishmen think that we should give them additional "compensation" for allowing us the privilege. So far from American opposition to the original Hay-Pauncefote Treaty being an indication of hostility to England, nothing but a feeling of tenderness toward England could have induced the American people to consider such a proposition for a moment. No President would have ventured to submit such a treaty to the Senate four years ago.

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Almost all the serious controversies in which the Government of the United States has ever been engaged have been with England. By remembering this fact England would be spared the necessity of puzzling over school histories. Irish votes and the other recondite causes to which they are accustomed to attribute the hostility they think they find in America. Here is a useful rule to remember. Americans consider nothing really serious unless it affects the Western Hemisphere, and nothing that does affect the Western Hemisphere seems to them trivial. The Powers of continental Europe appear to understand this principle, or at least they instinctively act upon it. They hardly ever engage in a dispute with the United States upon a purely American matter. Russia can make us the object of tariff reprisals with impunity. Americans feel that each country has a right to regulate its own fiscal system to suit itself; but Russia long ago made provision against the possibility of a dispute with the United States over the sort of question about which Americans feel warmly by selling Alaska, and gracefully withdrawing from the Western Hemisphere. That was an act that overbalances a hundred tariff wars.

That England is not able to occupy a similarly happy position is due to the unfortunate situation of Canada. There never were such possibilities of irritation and danger in the relative positions of any two countries in the world as there are in those of Canada and the United States. The relation of the Transvaal Republic and the British colonies in South Africa was one of easy-going comfort compared with it. The position of Scotland as an ally of France before the union of the Scottish and English crowns had some analogy with it, but the geographical isolation of Scotland made the inconvenience in that case incomparably less. Englishmen may be able to realize to some extent the feelings of Americans on the Canadian question by imagining a French colony in possession of the region between the Thames and the English Channel. The territories of Canada and of the United States are dovetailed into each other in such a way that the natural currents of trade cut across the international boundary. The shortest route to market for the products of the American North-West is from Georgian Bay on Lake Huron to Montreal. But for the division of the country between two flags there would be an American canal along this route fit for the passage of the largest ocean steamers.

The most rapidly growing cities in the United States are on the Great Lakes. One of them has a million and three-quarters of inhabitants. Two others have nearly four hundred thousand each, two others nearly three hundred thousand each; and the shores of the Lakes are dotted with scores of other towns of all sizes. All of these cities are absolutely unprotected from a naval attack. They lie on the open shore, they have no fortifications, and they could get no benefit from them if they had any. But for the position of Canada they would rest in perfect security. No enemy could ever get at them. But Canada is building a system of canals, one of whose avowed objects is to permit the passage of British war-vessels to range the Great Lakes, and lay those cities under contribution.

Nowhere else in the world is the key of one country's treasury thus left in the hands of another. The nearest approach to such a situation is the position of Russia, with the Dardanelles in the possession of Turkey. But Russia's interests on the Black Sea do not compare with those of the United States on the Great Lakes. Odessa, Batoum and Sebastopol are a small stake beside Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Toledo and Duluth.

It is evident that this position of Canada is one that needs to be treated with the utmost circumspection. A cinder in the eye may be bearable as long as it rests quietly, but if it begins to wriggle around and attract attention to itself the victim is likely to express

annoyance. With Canada as a quiet, easy-going neighbor the possibilities of danger in her anomalous situation may be overlooked; but Canada aggressive, assertive, exacting, sticking pins into her neighbors across every frontier, is bound to keep international relations in an unhealthy state of tension.

To summarize, then, there is no reason why Englishmen and Americans should be anything but friends. As Englishmen and Americans they have no cause for quarrel and every cause for goodwill. The only thing that can possibly impair their good relations is English interference with the American policy in the Western Hemisphere, and the danger of such an interference is due almost entirely to the position of Canada. Hence the necessity for the exercise of the highest diplomatic skill in dealing with Canadian questions.

Samuel E. Moffett.

The Nineteepth Century and After.

SONNET.

TO ONE ESPOUSING UNPOPULAR TRUTH.

Not yet, dejected though thy cause, despair,
Nor doubt of Dawn for all her laggard wing.
In shrewdest March the earth was mellowing,
And had conceived the Summer unaware.
With delicate ministration, like the air,
The sovereign forces that conspire to bring
Light out of darkness, out of Winter Spring,
Perform unseen their tasks benign and fair.
The sower soweth seed o'er vale and hill,
And long the folded life waits to be born;
Yet hath it never slept, nor once been still:
And clouds and suns have served it night and morn;
The winds are of its secret council sworn;
And Time and nurturing Silence work its will.

The Speaker.

William Watson.

IN PRAISE OF WALKING.

As a man grows old, he is told by some moralists that he may find consolation for increasing infirmities in looking back upon a well-spent life. No doubt such a retrospect must be very agreeable, but the question must occur to many of us whether our life offers the necessary materials for selfcomplacency. What part of it, if any, has been well spent? To that I find it convenient to reply, for my own purposes, any part in which I thoroughly enjoyed myself. If it be proposed to add "innocently," I will not quarrel with Perhaps, indeed, I the amendment. may have a momentary regret for some pleasures which do not quite deserve that epithet, but the pleasure of which I am about to speak is even obtrusively and pre-eminently innocent. Walking is among recreations what ploughing and fishing are among industrial labors; it is primitive and simple; it brings us into contact with mother earth and unsophisticated nature; it requires no elaborate apparatus and no extraneous excitement. It is fit even for poets and philosophers, and he who can thoroughly enjoy it must have at least some capacity for worshipping the "cherub Contemplation." He must be able to enjoy his own society without the factitious stimulants of the more violent physical recreations. I have always been a humble admirer of athletic excellence. I retain, in spite of much headshaking from wise educationalists, my early veneration for the heroes of the river and the cricket-field. To me they have still the halo which surrounded them in the days when "muscular Christianity" was preached and the whole duty of man said to consist in fearing God and walking 1000 miles in 1000 hours. I rejoice unselfishly in these later days to see the stream of bicyclists restoring animation to deserted high roads or to watch even respected contemporaries renewing their youth in the absorbing delights of golf. While honoring all genuine delight in manly exercise, I regret only the occasional admixture of lower motives which may lead to its degeneration. Now it is one merit of walking that its real devotees are little exposed to such temptations. Of course there are such things as professional pedestrians making "records" seeking the applause of the mob. When I read of the immortal Captain Barclay performing his marvellous feats, I admire respectfully, but I fear that his motives included more of vanity than of emotions congenial to the higher intellect. The true walker is one to whom the pursuit is in itself delightful; who is not indeed priggish enough to be above a certain complacency in the physical prowess required for his pursuit, but to whom the muscular effort of the legs is subsidiary to the "cerebration" stimulated by the effort to the quiet musings and imaginings which arise most spontaneously as he walks, and generate the intellectual harmony which is the natural accompaniment to the monotonous tramp of his feet. The cyclist or the golfplayer, I am told, can hold such intercourse with himself in the intervals of striking the ball or working his machine.

But the true pedestrian loves walking because, so far from distracting his mind, it is favorable to the equable and abundant flow of tranquil and halfconscious meditation. Therefore I should be sorry if the pleasures of cycling or any other recreation tended to put out of fashion the habit of the good reminiscences, generally clusters round old walking-tour.

a flogging, or some solemn words from

For my part, when I try to summon up remembrance of "well-spent" moments, I find myself taking a kind of inverted view of the past; inverted, that is, so far as the accidental becomes the essential. If I turn over the intellectual album which memory is always compiling, I find that the most distinct pictures which it contains are those of old walks. Other memories of incomparably greater intrinsic value coalesce into wholes. They are more massive but less distinct. The memory of a friendship that has brightened one's whole life survives not as a series of incidents but as a general impression of the friend's characteristic qualities due to the superposition of innumerable forgotten pictures. I remember him, not the specific conversations by which he revealed himself. The memories of walks are all localized and dated; they are hitched on to particular times and places; they spontaneously form a kind of calendar or connecting thread upon which other memories may be strung. As I look back, a long series of little vignettes presents itself, each representing a definite stage of my earthly pilgrimage summed up and embodied in a walk. Their background of scenery recalls places once familiar, and the thoughts associated with the places revive thoughts of the contemporary occupations. The labor of scribbling books happily leaves no distinct impression, and I would forget that it had ever been undergone; but the picture of some delightful ramble includes incidentally a reference to the nightmare of literary toil from which it relieved me. The author is but the accidental appendage of the tramp. My days are bound each to each not by "natural piety" (or not, let me say, by natural piety alone) but by pedestrian enthusiasm. The memory of school days, if one may trust to the usual a flogging, or some solemn words from the spiritual teacher instilling the seed of a guiding principle of life. I remember a sermon or two rather ruefully: and I confess to memories of a flogging so unjust that I am even now stung by the thought of it. But what comes most spontaneously to my mind is the memory of certain strolls, "out of bounds," when I could forget the Latin grammar, and enjoy such a sense of the beauties of nature as is embodied for a child in a pond haunted by waterrats, or a field made romantic by threats of "man-traps and springguns." Then, after a crude fashion, one was becoming more or less of a reflecting and individual being, not a mere automaton set in movement by pedagogic machinery.

The day on which I was fully initiated into the mysteries is marked by a white stone. It was when I put on a knapsack and started from Heidelberg for a march through the Odenwald. Then I first knew the delightful sensation of independence and detachment enjoyed during a walking tour. Free from all bothers of railway time-tables and extraneous machinery, you trust to your own legs, stop when you please, diverge into any track that takes your fancy, and drop in upon some quaint variety of human life at every inn where you put up for the night. You share for the time the mood in which Borrow settled down in the dingle after escaping from his bondage in the publishers' London slums. no dignity to support, and the dresscoat of conventional life has dropped into oblivion, like the bundle from Christian's shoulders. You are in the world of Lavengro, and would be prepared to take tea with Miss Isopel Berners or with the Welsh preacher who thought that he had committed the unpardonable sin. Borrow, of course, took the life more seriously than the liter-

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ary gentleman who is only escaping on ticket-of-leave from the prison-house of respectability, and is quite unequal to a personal conflict with "blazing Bosville"-the flaming tinman. He is only dipping in the element where his model was thoroughly at home. I remember, indeed, one figure in that first walk which I associate with Benedict Moll, the strange treasure-seeker whom Borrow encountered in his Spanish ram-My acquaintance was a mild German innkeeper, who sat beside me on a bench while I was trying to assimilate certain pancakes, the only dinner he could provide, still fearful in memory, but just attackable after a thirty-miles tramp. He confided to me that, poor as he was, he had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. kept his machine upstairs, where it discharged the humble duty of supplying the place of a shoeblack; but he was about to go to London to offer it to a British capitalist. He looked wistfully at me as possibly a capitalist in disguise, and I thought it wise to evade a full explanation. I have not been worthy to encounter many of such quaint incidents and characters as seem to have been normal in Borrow's experience; but the first walk, commonplace enough, remains distinct in my memory. I kept no journal, but I could still give the narrative day by day-the sights which I dutifully admired and the very state of my bootlaces. Walking tours thus rescue a bit of one's life from oblivion. They play in one's personal recollections the part of those historical passages in which Carlyle is an unequalled master; the little islands of light in the midst of the darkening gloom of the past, on which you distinguish the actors in some old drama actually alive and moving. The devotee of other athletic sports remembers special incidents; the occasion on which he hit a cricket-ball over the pavilion at Lord's, or the crab which he

caught as his boat was shooting Barnes Bridge. But those are memories of exceptional moments of glory or the reverse, and apt to be tainted by vanity or the spirit of competition. The walks are the unobtrusive connecting thread of other memories, and yet each walk is a little drama in itself, with a definite plot with episodes and catastrophes, according to the requirements of Aristotle; and it is naturally interwoven with all the thoughts, the friendships and the interests that form the staple of ordinary life.

Walking is the natural recreation for a man who desires not absolutely to suppress his intellect but to turn it out to play for a season. All great men of letters have, therefore, been enthusiastic walkers (exceptions, of course, excepted). Shakespeare, besides being a sportsman, a lawyer, a divine, and soforth, conscientiously observed his own maxim, "Jog on, jog on, the footpath way;" though a full proof of this could only be given in an octavo volume. Anyhow, he divined the connection between walking and a "merry heart;" that is, of course, a cheerful acceptance of our position in the universe founded upon the deepest moral and philosophical principles. His friend, Ben Jonson, walked from London to Scotland. Another gentleman of the period (I forget his name) danced from London to-Norwich. Tom Coryate hung up in hisparish church the shoes in which he walked from Venice and then started: to walk (with occasional lifts) to India... Contemporary walkers of more serious: character might be quoted, such as the admirable Barclay, the famous Quaker apologist, from whom the great Captain Barclay inherited his prowess. Every one, too, must remember the incident in Walton's "Life of Hooker." Walking from Oxford to Exeter, he went to see his godfather, Bishop Jewel, at Salisbury. The bishop said that he would lend him "a horse which

hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease," and "presently delivered into his hands a walking staff with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany." He added ten groats and munificently promised ten groats more when Hooker should restore "horse." When, in later days, Hooker once rode to London, he expressed more passion than that mild divine was ever known to show upon any other occasion against a friend who had dissuaded him from "footing it." The hack, it seems, "trotted when he did not," and discomposed the thoughts which had been soothed by the walking staff. His biographer must be counted. I fear, among those who do not enjoy walking without the incidental stimulus of sport. Yet the "Compleat Angler" and his friends start by a walk of twenty good miles before they take their "morning draught." Swift, perhaps, was the first person to show a full appreciation of the moral and physical advantages of walking. He preached constantly upon this text to Stella, and practiced his own advice. It is true that his notions of a journey were somewhat limited. Ten miles a day was his regular allowance when he went from London to Holyhead, but then he spent time in lounging at wayside inns to enjoy the talk of the tramps and ostlers. The fact, though his biographers are rather scandalized, shows that he really appreciated one of the true charms of pedestrian expeditions. Wesley is generally credited with certain moral reforms, but one secret of his power is not always noticed. In his early expeditions he went on foot to save horse hire, and made the great discovery that twenty or thirty miles a day was a wholesome allowance for a healthy man. The fresh air and exercise put "spirit into his sermons," which could not be rivalled by the ordinary parson of the

period, who too often passed his leisure lounging by his fireside. points the contrast. Trulliber, embodying the clerical somnolence of the day, never gets beyond his pigsties, but the model Parson Adams steps out so vigorously that he distances the stagecoach, and disappears in the distance rapt in the congenial pleasures of walking and composing a sermon. Fielding. no doubt, shared his hero's taste, and that explains the contrast between his vigorous naturalism and the sentimentalism of Richardson, who was to be seen, as he tells us, "stealing along from Hammersmith to Kensington with his eyes on the ground, propping his unsteady limbs with a stick." Even the ponderous Johnson used to dissipate his early hypochondria by walking from Lichfield to Birmingham and back (thirty-two miles), and his later melancholy would have changed to a more cheerful view of life could he have kept up the practice in his beloved London streets. The literary movement at the end of the eighteenth century was obviously due in great part, if not mainly, to the renewed practice of walking. Wordsworth's poetical autobiography shows how every stage in his early mental development was connected with some walk in the Lakes. The sunrise which startled him on a walk after a night spent in dancing first set him apart as a "dedicated spirit." His walking tour in the Alps -then a novel performance-roused him to his first considerable poem. His chief performance is the record of an excursion on foot. He kept up the practice, and De Quincey calculates somewhere what multiple of earth's circumference he had measured on his legs, assuming, it appears, that he averaged ten miles a day. De Quincey himself, we are told, slight and fragile as he was, was a good walker, and would run up a hill "like a squirrel." Opium-eating is not congenial to

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walking, yet even Coleridge, after beginning the habit, speaks of walking forty miles a day in Scotland, and, as we all know, the great manifesto of the new school of poetry, the "Lyrical Ballads," was suggested by the famous walk with Wordsworth, when the first stanzas of the "Ancient Mariner" were composed. A remarkable illustration of the wholesome influence might be given from the cases of Scott and Byron. Scott, in spite of his lameness, delighted in walks of twenty and thirty miles a day, and in climbing crags, trusting to the strength of his arms to remedy the stumblings of his foot. The early strolls enabled him to saturate his mind with local traditions, and the passion for walking under difficulties showed the manly nature which has endeared him to three generations. Byron's lameness was too severe to admit of walking, and therefore all the unwholesome humors which would have been walked off in a good cross-country march accumulated in his brain and caused the defects, the morbid affectation and perverse misanthropy which half ruined the achievement of the most masculine intellect of his time.

It is needless to accumulate examples of a doctrine which will no doubt be accepted as soon as it is announced. Walking is the best of panaceas for the morbid tendencies of authors. It is, I need only observe, as good for reasoners as for poets. The name of "peripatetic" suggests the connection. To it may be justly ascribed the utilitarian philosophy. Old Jeremy Bentham kept himself up to his work for eighty years by his regular "post-jentacular circumgyrations." His chief disciple, John Mill, walked incessantly and preached as he walked. John Stuart Mill imbibed at once psychology, political economy, and a love of walks from his father. Walking was his one recreation; it saved him from becoming a

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mere smokedried pedant; and though he put forward the pretext of botanical researches, it helped him to perceive that man is something besides a mere logic machine. Mill's great rival as a spiritual guide, Carlyle, was a vigorous walker, and even in his latest years was a striking figure when performing his regular constitutionals in London. One of the vivid passages in the "Reminiscences" describes his walk with Irvin from Glasgow to Drumclog. Here they sat on the "brow of a peat hag, while far, far away to the westward, over our brown horizon, towered up white and visible at the many miles of distance a high irregular pyramid. Ailsa Craig we at once guessed, and thought of the seas and oceans over yonder." The vision naturally led to a solemn conversation, which was an event in both lives. Neither Irving nor Carlyle himself feared any amount of walking in those days, it is added, and next day Carlyle took his longest walk, fifty-four miles. Carlyle is unsurpassable in his descriptions of scenery; from the pictures of mountains in "Sartor Resartus" to the battle-pieces in Frederick. Ruskin, himself a good walker, is more rhetorical but not so graphic: and it is self-evident that nothing educates an eye for the features of a landscape so well as the practice of measuring it by your own legs.

The great men, it is true, have not always acknowledged their debt to the genius, whoever he may be, who presides over pedestrian exercise. Indeed, they have inclined to ignore the true source of their impulse. Even when they speak of the beauties of nature, they would give us to understand that they might have been disembodied spirits, taking aerial flights among mountain solitudes, and independent of the physical machinery of legs and stomachs. When long ago the Alps cast their spell upon me, it was woven

in a great degree by the eloquence of of their unapproachable eloquence, but "Modern Painters." I hoped to share Ruskin's ecstacies in a reverent worship of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. The influence of any cult, however, depends upon the character of the worshipper, and I fear that in this case the charm operated rather perversely. It stimulated a passion for climbing which absorbed my energies and distracted me from the prophet's loftier teaching. I might have followed him from the mountains to picture-galleries, and spent among the stones of Venice hours which I devoted to attacking hitherto unascended peaks and so lost my last chance of becoming an art critic. I became a fair judge of an Alpine guide, but I do not even know how to make a judicious allusion to Botticelli or Tintoretto. I can't say that I feel the smallest remorse. I had a good time, and at least escaped one temptation to talking nonsense. It follows, however, that my passion for the mountains had something earthly in its composition. It is associated with memories of eating and drinking. It meant delightful comradeship with some of the best of friends; but our end, I admit, was not always of the most exalted or æsthetic strain. A certain difficulty results. I feel an uncomfortable diffidence. I hold that Alpine walks are the poetry of the pursuit: I could try to justify the opinion by relating some of the emotions suggested by the great scenic effects; the sunrise on the snow fields; the stormclouds gathering under the great peaks; the high pasturages knee-deep in flowers; the torrents plunging through the "cloven ravines," and so forth. But the thing has been done before, better than I could hope to do it; and when I look back at those old passages in "Modern Painters," and think of the enthusiasm which prompted to exuberant sentences of three or four hundred words, I am not only abashed by the thought

feel as though they conveyed a tacit reproach. You, they seem to say, are, after all, a poor prosaic creature, affecting a love of sublime scenery as a cloak for more grovelling motives. I could protest against this judgment, but it is better at present to omit the topic, even though it would give the strongest groundwork for my argument.

Perhaps, therefore, it is better to

trust the case for walking to where the external stimulus of splendors and sublimities is not so overpowering. A philosophic historian divides the world into regions where man is stronger than nature and the regions where nature is stronger than man. true charm of walking is most unequivocally shown when it is obviously dependent upon the walker himself. I became an enthusiast in the Alps, but I have found almost equal pleasure in walks such as one described by Cowper, where the view from a summit is bounded, not by Alps or Apennines, but by "a lofty quickset hedge." Walking gives a charm to the most commonplace British scenery. A love of walking not only makes any English county tolerable but seems to make the charm inexhaustible. I know only two or three districts minutely, but the more familiar I have become with either of them the more I have wished to return, to invent some new combination of old strolls or to inspect some hitherto unexplored nook. I love the English lakes, and certainly not on account of associations. I cannot "associate." Much as I respect Wordsworth, I don't care to see the cottage in which he lived; it only suggests to me that anybody else might have lived there. There is an intrinsic charm about the Lake Country, and to me at least a music in the very names of Helvellyn and Skiddaw and Scawfell. But this may be due to the suggestion that it is

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a miniature of the Alps. I appeal. therefore, to the Fen Country, the country of which Alton Locke's farmer boasted that it had none of your "darned ups and downs" and "was as flat as his barn-door for forty miles on end." I used to climb the range of the Gogmagogs, to see the tower of Ely, some sixteen miles across the dead level, and I boasted that every term I devised a new route for walking to the cathedral from Cambridge. Many of these routes led by the little publichouse called "Five Miles from Anywhere;" which in my day was the Mecca to which a remarkable club. called-from the name of the villagethe "Upware Republic," made periodic pilgrimages. What its members specifically did when they got there beyond consuming beer is unknown to me; but the charm was in the distance "from anywhere"-a sense of solitude under the great canopy of the heavens, where, like emblems of infinity,

The trenched waters run from sky to sky.

I have always loved walks in the Fens. In a steady march along one of the great dykes by the monotonous canal with the exuberant vegetation dozing in its stagnant waters, we were imbibing the spirit of the scenery. Our talk might be of senior wranglers or the University crew, but we felt the curious charm of the great flats. The absence, perhaps, of definite barriers makes you realize that you are on the surface of a planet rolling through free and boundless space. One queer figure comes back to me-a kind of scholargipsy of the fens. Certain peculiarities made it undesirable to trust him with cash, and his family used to support him by periodically paying his score at riverside publics. They allowed him to print certain poems, moreover, which he would impart when one met him on

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the towpath. In my boyhood, I remember, I used to fancy that the most delightful of all lives must be that of a bargee-enjoying a perpetual picnic. This gentleman seemed to have carried out the idea; and in the intervals of lectures, I could fancy that he had chosen the better part. His poems, alas! have long vanished from my memory. and I therefore cannot quote what would doubtless have given the essence of the local sentiment and invested such names as Wicken Fen or Swaffham Lode with associations equal to those of Arnold's Hincksey ridge and Fyfield elm.

Another set of walks may, perhaps, appeal to more general sympathy. The voice of the sea, we know, is as powerful as the voice of the mountains; and, to my taste, it is difficult to say whether the Land's End is not in itself a more impressive station than the top of Mount Blanc. The solitude of the frozen peaks suggests tombstones and death. The sea is always alive and at work. The hovering gulls and plunging gannets and the rollicking porpoises are animating symbols of a gallant struggle with wind and wave. Even the unassociative mind has a vague sense of the Armada and Hakluyt's heroes in the background. America and Australia are just over the way. "Is not this a dull place?" asked some one of an old woman whose cottage was near to the Lizard lighthouse. "No," she replied, "it is so cosmopolitan." That was a simple-minded way of expressing the one charm in Milton's wonderful phrase-

Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount

Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.

She could mentally follow the great ships coming and going, and shake hands with people at the ends of the earth. The very sight of a fishing-

boat, as painters seem to have found out, is a poem in itself. But is it not all written in "Westward Ho!" and in the "Prose Idylls," in which Kingsley put his most genuine power? Of all walks that I have made, I can remember none more delightful than those round the south-western promontory. I have followed the coast at different times from the mouth of the Bristol Avon by the Land's End to the Isle of Wight, and I am only puzzled to decide which bay or cape is the most delightful. I only know that the most delightful was the more enjoyable when placed in its proper setting by a long walk. When you have made an early start, followed the coastguard track on the slopes above the cliffs, struggled through the gold and purple carpeting of gorse and heather on the moors, dipped down into quaint little coves with a primitive fishing village, followed the blinding whiteness of the sands round a lonely bay, and at last emerged upon a headland where you can settle into a nook of the rocks, look down upon the glorious blue of the Atlantic waves breaking into foam on the granite, and see the distant sea-levels glimmering away till they blend imperceptibly into cloudland; then you can consume your modest sandwiches, light your pipe, and feel more virtuous and thoroughly at peace with the universe, than it is easy even to conceive yourself elsewhere. I have fancied myself on such occasions to be a felicitous blend of poet and saint-which is an agreeable sensation. What I wish to point out, however, is that the sensation is confined to the walker. I respect the cyclist, as I have said; but he is enslaved by his machine; he has to follow the high road, and can only come upon what points of view open to the commonplace tourist. He can see nothing of the retired scenery which may be close to him, and cannot have his mind brought into due harmony by the solitude and by the long succession of lovely bits of scenery which stand so coyly aside from public notice.

The cockney cyclist who wisely seeks to escape at intervals from the region "where houses thick and sewers annoy the air," suffers the same disadvantages. To me, for many years, it was a necessity of life to interpolate gulps of fresh air between the periods of inhaling London fogs. When once beyond the "town" I looked out for notices that trespassers would be prose-That gave a strong presumption that the trespass must have some attraction. The cyclist could only reflect that trespassing for him was not only forbidden but impossible. To me it was a reminder of the many delicious bits of walking which, even in the neighborhood of London await the man who has no superstitious reverence for legal rights. It is indeed surprising how many charming walks can be contrived by a judicious combination of a little trespassing with the rights of way happily preserved over so many commons and footpaths. London, it is true, goes on stretching its vast octopus arms farther into the country. Unlike the devouring dragon of Wantley, to whom "houses and churches" were like "geese and turkies," it spreads houses and churches over the fields of our childhood. And yet, between the great lines of railway there are still fields not even desecrated by advertisements of liver pills. It is a fact that within twenty miles of Lordon two travellers recently asked their way at a lonely farmhouse; and that the mistress of the house, seeing that they were far from an inn, not only gave them a seat and a luncheon, but positively refused to accept payment. That suggested an idyllic state of society which, it is true, one must not count upon discovering. pitality, the virtue of primitive regions,

has not quite ceased, it would appear, even from this over-civilized region. The travellers, perhaps, had something specially attractive in their manners. In that or some not distant ramble they made time run back for a couple of centuries. They visited the quiet grave where Penn lies under the shadow of the old Friends' meeting-house, and came to the cottage where the seat on which Milton talked to Ellwood about "Paradise Regained" seems to be still waiting for his return; and climbed the hill to the queer monument which records how Captain Cook demonstrated the goodness of Providence by disproving the existence of a continent in the South Sea-(the argument is too obvious to require exposition); and then gazed reverently upon the obelisk, not far off, which marks the point at which George III concluded a famous stag hunt. A little valley in the quiet chalk country of Buckinghamshire leads past these and other memorials, and the lover of historical associations, with the help of Thorne's "Environs of London," may add indefinitely to the list. I don't object to an association when it presents itself spontaneously and It should not be the unobtrusively. avowed goal but the accidental addition to the interest of a walk; and it is then pleasant to think of one's ancestors as sharers in the pleasures. The region enclosed within a radius of thirty miles of Charing Cross has charms enough even for the least historical of minds. You can't hold a fire in your hand, according to a high authority, by thinking on the frosty Caucasus; but I can comfort myself now and then, when the fellow passengers who tread on my heels in London have put me out of temper, by thinking of Leith Hill. It only rises to the height of 1000 feet by help of the "Folly" on the top, but you can see, says my authority, twelve counties from the tower; and, if cerlegendary ordnance surveyors

spoke the truth, distinguish the English Channel to the south, and Dunstable Hill, far beyond London, to the north. The Crystal Palace, too, as we are assured, "sparkles like a diamond." That is gratifying; but to me the panorama suggests a whole network of paths, which have been the scene of personally conducted expeditions, in which I displayed the skill on which I most pride myself-skill, I mean, in devising judicious geographical combinations, and especially of contriving admirable short cuts. The persistence of some companions in asserting that my short cuts might be the longest way round shows that the best of men are not free from jealousy. Mine, at any rate, led me and my friends through pleasant places innumerable. My favorite passage in "Pilgrim's Progress"-an allegory which could have occurred, by the way, to no one who was not both a good man and a good walker-was always that in which Christian and Hopeful leave the highroad to cross a stile into "Bypath Meadow." I should certainly have approved the plan. The path led them, it is true, into the castle of Giant Despair; but the law of trespass has become milder; and the incident really added that spice of adventure which is delightful to the genuine pilgrim. Wedefied Giant Despair; and if our walks were not quite so edifying as those of Christian and his friends, they add a pleasant strand to the thread of memory which joins the past years. Conversation, we are often told, like letterwriting, is a lost art. We live too much in crowds. But if ever men can converse pleasantly, it is when they are invigorated by a good march; when the reserve is lowered by the long familiarity of a common pursuit, or when, if bored, you can quietly drop behind, or perhaps increase the pace sufficiently to check the breath of the persistent argufier.

Nowhere, at least, have I found talk a unit of the "monstrous ant-hill in a flow so freely and pleasantly as in a too busy world." Of course, according march through pleasant country. And yet there is also a peculiar charm in the solitary expedition when your interlocutor must be yourself. That may be enjoyed, perhaps, even best enjoyed, in London streets themselves. I have read somewhere of a distinguished person who composed his writings during such perambulations, and the statement was supposed to prove his remarkable power of intellectual concentration. My own experience would tend to diminish the wonder. I hopelessly envy men who can think consecutively under conditions distracting to others-in a crowded meeting or in the midst of their children-for I am as sensitive as most people to distraction; but if I can think at all, I do not know if the roar of the Strand is not a more favorable environment than the quiet of my own study. The mind-one must only judge from one's own-seems to me to be a singularly ill-constructed apparatus. Thoughts are slippery things. It is terribly hard to keep them in the track presented by logic. They jostle each other, and suddenly skip aside to make room for irrelevant and accidental neighbors; till the stream of thought, of which people talk, resembles rather such a railway journey as one makes in dreams, where at every few yards you are shunted on to the wrong line. Now, though a London street is full of distractions, they become so multitudinous that they neutralize each other. The whirl of conflicting impulses becomes a continuous current because it is so chaotic and determines a mood of sentiment if not a particular vein of reflection. Wordsworth describes the influence upon himself in a curious passage of his "Prelude;" he wandered through London as a raw country lad. seeing all the sights from Bartholomew Fair to St. Stephen's, and became

to his custom, he drew a moral, and a most excellent moral, from the bewildering complicity of his new surroundings. He learnt, it seems, to recognize the unity of man and to feel that the spirit of nature was upon him "in London's vast domain" as well as on the mountains. That comes of being a philosophical poet with a turn for optimism. I will not try to interpret or to comment, for I am afraid that I have not shared the emotions which he expresses. A cockney, born and bred, takes surroundings for granted. The hubbub has ceased to distract him; he is like the people who were said to become deaf because they always lived within the roar of a waterfall; he realizes the common saying that the deepest solitude is solitude in a crowd; he derives a certain stimulus from a vague sympathy with the active life around him, but each particular stimulus remains, as the phrase goes, "below the threshold of consciousness." To some such effect, till psychologists will give me a better theory. I attribute the fact that what I please to call my "mind" seems to walk more continuously and coherently in a street walk than elsewhere. This, indeed, may sound like a confession of cynicism. The man who should open his mind to the impressions naturally suggested by the "monstrous ant-hill" would be in danger of becoming a philanthropist or a pessimist. of being overpowered thoughts of gigantic problems, or of the impotence of the individual to solve them. Carlyle, if I remember rightly, took Emerson round London in order to convince his optimistic friend that the devil was still in full activity. The gates of hell might be found in every street. I remember how, when coming home from a country walk on a sweltering summer night, and seeing the squalid population turning out for

a gasp of air in their only playground, the vast labyrinth of hideous lanes, I seemed to be in Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night." Even the vanishing of quaint old nooks is painful when one's attention is aroused. There is a certain churchyard wall, which I pass sometimes, with an inscription to commemorate the benefactor who erected it "to keep out the pigs." I regret the pigs and the village-green which they presumably imply. The heart, it may be urged, must be hardened not to be moved by many such texts for melancholy reflection. I will not argue the point. None of us can be always thinking over the riddle of the universe, and I confess that my mind is generally employed on much humbler topics. I do not defend my insensibility nor argue that London walks are the best. I only maintain that, even in London, walking has a peculiar fascination. The top of an omnibus is an excellent place for meditation; but it has not, for me at least, that peculiar hypnotic influence which seems to be favorable to thinking, and to pleasant day dreaming when locomotion is carried on by one's own muscles. The charm, however, is that even a walk in London often vaguely recalls better places and nobler forms of the exercise. Wordsworth's Susan hears a thrush at the corner of Wood Street and straightway sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees,

Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,

And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

The gulls which seem lately to have found out the merits of London give to occasional Susans, I hope, a whiff of fresh sea-breezes. But, even without gulls or thrushes, I can often find portents in the heart of London for recalling the old memories, without any definable pretext, little pictures of scenery, sometimes assignable to no definable place, start up invested with a faint aroma of old friendly walks and solitary meditations and strenuous exercise, and I feel convinced that, if 1 am not a thorough scoundrel, I owe that relative excellence to the harmless monomania which so often took me, to appropriate Bunyan's phrase, from the amusements of "Vanity Fair" to the "Delectable Mountains" of pedestrianism.

Leslie Stephen.

The Monthly Review.

SONG IN THE SONGLESS.

They have no song, the sedges dry,
And still they sing.
It is within my breast they sing,
As I pass by.
Within my breast they touch a string,
They wake a sigh.
There is but the sound of sedges dry;
In me they sing.

George Meredith.

THE BORES OF JANE AUSTEN.

The biographical notice of Jane Austen in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is curt and cool; somewhat inclined to damn with faint praise, to adopt the easy course of fault-finding as opposed to the better and more difficult art of true criticism. Still, the writer does grudgingly concede that she is "one of the most distinguished of modern British novelists," rather as if the Mrs. Aphra Behns, the Mrs. Radcliffes, constituted a more ancient and superior school of fiction.

Evidently, despite an increasing number of dainty new editions of six classical novels. Jane Austen is not yet a really popular writer, although enthusiasts are of opinion that she is essentially one of those whom to know is to love: to love, a liberal education. Little could she foresee her own brilliant future, when she sat at her small rosewood desk in a parlor frequented by what her best biographer calls "a circle of busy females," liable to constant interruptions sometimes from a certain terrible Mrs. Stent, "who would frequently ejaculate some wonder about the cocks and hens."

Mr. Andrew Lang, in those charming bits of literary patchwork, "Letters to Dead Authors," deplores this fact of a lack of general appreciation. It is somewhat surprising that, whilst avowing himself one of Miss Austen's most fervent admirers, he does not call attention to the remarkable selectness and great eminence of the company which he thus joins.

George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, bore this much of resemblance to Byron's famous Corsair, that, like him, he "linked one virtue with a thousand crimes." For if he never fulfilled what Thackeray, in his merciless indictment

against him, calls severely "a windy project of establishing a literary Order of Minerva, with an eight-pointed star and a primrose ribbon" (let us hope he forgot that yellow is proverbially the color of jealousy), he at least ordered his librarian, Mr. Clarke, to take care that there was a copy of "Pride and Prejudice" in every palace he inhabited. Mr. Clarke was also deputed to express his royal master's approval of that work, to show Miss Austen over Carlton House, and to give her gracious permission to dedicate the sparkling "Emma" to the first gentleman of Europe, who himself never invented anvthing except a "large new shoe-buckle, spreading elegantly across the foot."

If "Pride and Prejudice" had not been written before this single token of recognition, sly Jane might have been thought to have modelled the epistolary style of Mr. Collins on that of Mr. Clarke. With the usual fear of turning an authorly head by excess of eulogy, his appreciation is tepid. But he teems with suggestions for future plots, both as to a "romance of the House of Coburg," which would be agreeably topical, and "I also, dear madame, wished to be allowed to ask you to delineate in some future work the habits of life, character and enthusiasm of a clergyman who should pass his time between the metropolis and the country, and should be something like Beattie's Minstrel:

Silent when glad, affectionate when shy.

And in his looks was most demurely sad;

And now he laughed aloud, and none knew why.

Jane's reply to the suggestion that

concluded with this incomprehensible quotation was characteristic: "I am quite honored by your thinking I could draw such a clergyman, but I could not. The comic part of the character I might be equal to, but not the good, the enthusiastic, the literary." The modesty of her conclusion to her pompous patron is witty indeed: "I think I may boast myself to be, with all possible vanity, the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress."

It is surely to be regretted that Miss Austen, delighted as she was with "Waverley," never knew of Sir Walter Scott's delight in her. In 1826 he writes in his diary: "Read again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely-written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself with any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied me."

Generous, warm-hearted Mary Mitford said to Miss Austen's nephew that she "would cut off one hand, to write like your aunt with the other;" and Lady Trevelyan herself told Mr. Austen Leigh that Lord Macauley had fully intended to write a memoir of Miss Austen. He has left one note of admiration in his essay on Madame D'Arblay, in which he goes so far as to apply to certain of her qualities the adjective "Shakespearian." Coleridge, Guizot. Swinburne-these are names taken at random from an amazing list of those who have left fervent expressions of their opinions.

That Disraeli wrote "Henrietta Temple" and yet had read "Pride and Prejudice" seventeen times, seems nearly impossible, though he says so himself; it is easy, however, to realize genial, kindly Sidney Smith "quite in love with dear Fanny Price." Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, in his charming little volume, "Jane Austen and Her Contemporaries," avows himself Emma's devoted knight, and in a delightfully persuasive manner gives her the first place of all.

Miss Austen was criticized at some length in 1815 in the "Quarterly Review." It is said by no less an authority than Mr. Murray that Sir Walter Scott was the writer of an article which never perceived her to be humorous at all! By the light of the entries in his journal the thing seems incredible.

That Dickens should have been as blind as this clumsy critic is astonishing, but it is a blot on his scutcheon, not on hers. To deny women humor was ungrateful of Dickens, when they so loved his own books; to commit them without calling the writer of "Emma" as chief witness for the defence, was an act of scandalous injustice.

George Henry Lewes was such an adorer of Miss Austen that he showed his odd lack of critical acumen by asking Charlotte Brontë to imitate her, as who should bid a heavy-scented honeysuckle flinging cream-colored blossoms over a green hedge in perfumed luxuriance, to change itself by magic into a charming gold-laced, brown velvet polyanthus, sitting primly, yet with its own quaint fascination, in the tidiest of garden borders. Mr. Lewes raves about Jane's "mild eyes" to flery Charlotte; he tells her to "learn to admire Miss Austen as one of the greatest artists, the greatest painters of human character."

Yet it was neither of these who really expressed clearly why the Austenite of to-day can, undaunted even by the "Encyclopædia, take up her books again and again, as Tennyson's life told us was his common custom. A short time after the untimely death of Miss Austen, who certainly achieved literary immortality in her brief thirty-eight years, a second notice in the "Quarterly," by Archbishop Whateley, did her thorough justice, because it pointed out that her humor was her strongest, her impregnable point.

"Like Shakespeare," he said, "she shows as admirable a discrimination in the character of fools as people of sense, a merit which is far from common. To invent, indeed, a conversation full of wit or wisdom requires that the writer should himself possess ability; but the converse does not hold good. It is no fool that can describe fools well."

Thus in 1824, the keynote was struck, and some verses by the Earl of Carlisle, which appeared in the "Keepsake" of 1825, certainly give their writer a claim to be regarded as a gentleman of parts, if not as a great poet. For he sang of the bores who, if their prototypes weary us in fact, delight us when seen through the rose-colored spectacles of a writer never malicious, rarely severe.

Lord Carlisle's verses have an especial àpropos, for in them he testified to his devotion, not to saucy, delightful Elizabeth, "sweet and twenty," or naughty, nice Miss Crawford, with the arch black eyes, but to the immortal little band of bores unparalleled in English fiction.

The dictionary does not throw any very blinding light upon the origin of the word fraught with so tiresome a meaning, but can any of us plead ignorance of the thing itself? Pascal's optimistic belief, "plus on est original, plus on rencontre d'originaux," is scarcely the experience of the ordinary clever man or woman wearily speculating upon the utility of the bore, apt in society to be as inveterate in his at-

tendance as that "little lamb" so sure to follow Mary.

It is comfortable to conclude that the purpose of the bore is to charm us in fiction, and to agree with Lord Carlisle:—

All-perfect Austen. Here

Let one poor wreath adorn thy early bier,

That scarce allowed thy modest youth to claim

Its living portion of thy certain fame. Oh, Mrs. Bennet! Mrs. Norris, too!

While memory survives we'll dream of you.

And Mr. Woodhouse, whose abstemious lip

Must thin, but not too thin, his gruel sip:

Miss Bates, our idol, though the village bore;

And Mrs. Elton, ardent to explore:

While the dear style flows on without pretence,

With unstained purity, and unmatched sense."

To take the books in chronological order, is to begin with "Northanger Abbey," sold for ten pounds to a publisher who regretted his bargain, never published until Miss Austen was dead. It is over one hundred years old, having been written in 1798, and is, of course, in parts, a skit upon Mrs. Ratcliffe and the gloomy school of imitators of "The Castle of Otranto." In parts only: for if Catherine Morland's lively imagination led her to all kinds of romantic conclusions as to the conduct of dreadful General Tilney, there was no memory of Laurentinas and skeletons in households, in the bright photograph of a Bath that seems more amusing than the Milsom Street or Laura Place of to-day.

Miss Austen entered her kingdom at once. "Northanger" contains a good bore or two, even if they are but of the second rank of excellence in comparison with their successors. Mrs. Allen, the chaperon-friend of the lively, igno-

rant, good-hearted Catherine, is thus described: "Mrs. Allen was one of that numerous class of females whose society can raise no other emotion than suprise at there being any men in the world who could like them well enough to marry them." She could not let her scissors fall without remarking on the occurrence, and she dribbles out her vapid, quite pointless chatter with enviable complacency.

Henry Tilney, who talked much better than any other Austen hero, quite struck Mrs. Allen with his genius when he gravely assured her Miss Morland's new sprigged muslin would not wash. That he fully understood the lady is manifested later, when he and Catherine discuss the relative advantages of town and country. "Here," said Catherine, "I see a variety of people in every street. There I can only go and call on Mrs. Allen." Mr. Tilney was much amused. "Only go and call on Mrs. Allen," he repeated. "What a picture of intellectual poverty! However, when you sink into this abyss you will have more to say. You will be able to talk of Bath."

Mr. Tilney gauged Mrs. Allen well. The only advice she ever gave her young charge was to wear a white gown to make a call in February; and when Catherine, full of doubts, hopes and fears, comes to her for counsel, she is quite occupied with the fact that "veal is uncommonly scarce."

Even the engagement of poor sallow James to the beautiful, fickle Isabella does not flutter Mrs. Allen, though when she hears he has gone secretly to Fullerton to ask the consent of his parents she is quite roused from her usual lethargy. "She could not listen with perfect calmness, but repeatedly regretted the necessity of concealment, wished she had known of his intention, wished she could have seen him before he went, as she should certainly have troubled him with her best regards to

his father and mother, her kind compliments to all the Skinners." Evidently her regrets occupied her tongue for some time, and on the whole, it is scarcely surprising her husband was so particularly fond of a rubber of whist.

John Thorpe, the horsey, slangy undergraduate, is so very diverting that it is necessary to view him from Catherine's standpoint to call him a bore at all. Poor Catherine held a different opinion when driving out in his curricle and hearing his endless boasting about the pace and blood of the horse, "who went off in the quietest manner possible," after he had warned her of the capers and plunges she might expect. Mr. Thorpe's language is too often like that of the heathen Chinee. Catherine hears his big talk with amazement. She, to quote her own words, "had not been brought up to understand the propensities of a rattle, nor to know to how many idle assertions and impudent falsehoods an excess of vanity will lead. Her whole family were plain matter-of-fact people who seldom aimed at wit of any kind, her father being contented with a pun, her mother with a proverb." Catherine bore with the effusions of his endless conceit, and thought, doubtless, of that sprightly young clergyman, Henry Tilney, so agreeable and courteous even to the dreary Mrs. Allen.

It is unnecessary to linger over the pompous, platitudinous General Tilney. He might be rather justly dismissed with the reproach of being nearly the only unnatural character in the six novels. Still, it would be of interest to know what the Marquis of Longtown and General Courtney, "his very old friends," would have thought of his really disgraceful treatment of his guest after she had listened so politely to his eternal boasting about his pineries and succession houses.

"Sense and sensibility" was the first of Miss Austen's novels that was published, although "Pride and Prejudice" was written before it. It appeared in 1811 under the title of "First Impressions," was originally called "Elinor and Marianne," and written in the form of letters à la Richardson. It is rather singular that no reviews and few details of its reception are extant, yet it sold well, and secured a cheque for one hundred and fifty pounds for the authoress.

It is sad to have to confess that both the heroes of "Sense and Sensibility" are bores, because the heroines are not, and even Elinor's excessive goodness does not destroy her amusement when the good-hearted Mrs. Jennings offers her unhappy jilted sister a glass of old Constantia wine, "because her poor husband had been so fond of it when he had a touch of his colicky gout."

Edward Ferrars is a typical English dullard, and does not deserve that Elinor should forgive him his silly entanglement with pert, pretty Lucy Steele, who ultimately secures his dandified brother, with his magnificent plans for cottages at Dawlish.

Robert Ferrars is most characteristically introduced choosing a toothpick case at a jeweller's in Bond street, and finally deciding it must be made to order, and appointing the gold, the ivory, and the pearls. "Bestowing a glance on the Miss Dashwoods, but such a one as seemed to demand rather than express admiration, he walked off with a happy air of real conceit and affected indifference."

A more disagreeable family than the Ferrars it would be hard to find, yet how we are diverted by Mrs. Ferrars, with her selfish scheming, Mrs. John Dashwood and her mean husband. Bores of the first class, the dialogue between this happy couple, and the way they talk each other out of conscientious scruples, is quite delightful.

Sir John and Lady Middleton have also their several claims to consideration, though there is amiability about Sir John, with his passion for what he calls "little hops," and "for collecting parties of young people to eat ham and chicken out of doors," even in late October. Lady Middleton was "reserved. cold, and had nothing to say for herself beyond the most commonplace in-But she had a quiry or remark." greedy eagerness for flattery, and even the elder Miss Steele, with her terrible talk of conquests and "smart beaux." knows how to get invited to stay with her two months.

Surely Miss Austen must have drawn the Miss Steeles from life, in spite of her own denial that she ever painted portraits. Miss Steele, who wears pink because it is "the doctor's favorite color," and wants to run upstairs to see the broken-hearted Marianne out of sheer vulgar curiosity, is so entirely real. Even when she hastens away to put on a pair of silk stockings before going to walk in Kensington Gardens with "a very genteel family," she is inimitable and we like to know, by means of a private letter from Aunt Jane to a favorite niece, that she never got her doctor, or, indeed, a husband at all.

Jolly, common Mrs. Jennings, if she never seems quite the mother of correct, tiresome Lady Middleton, is very funny. She is the solitary character in Miss Austen's novels whose remarks are occasionally rather plain-spoken. She thus describes Delaford, Colonel Brandon's place; "close to the church, and only a quarter of a mile from the turnpike road, so 'tis never dull, for you may sit up in an old yew harbor and watch the carriages as they pass And such a mulberry tree! Lord, how Charlotte and I did stuff the only time we were there." She is very partial to worthy Colonel Brandon, "whom everybody is glad to see and no

one remembers to talk to;" so when Willoughby proves false to poor, romantic Marianne, she announces, "Well, I shall spirit the Colonel up as soon as I can. One shoulder of mutton, you know, drives another down."

It is clear that Mr. Austin Dobson, in his pleasant introduction to the edition of "Sense and Sensibility," illustrated scarcely as happily as usual by Mr. Hugh Thompson, gives the book the lower place that it must perforce occupy, despite its many merits. For, in 1813, "Pride and Prejudice," the rejected of publishers, made its triumphant début, and may lay claim to being the most enjoyable book any woman ever wrote.

It is pleasing to quote Miss Austen's own verdict as to Elizabeth, who, if she has no business even to smile for a moment in the company of bores, exacts a passing tribute for the incomparable contrast she affords to the best of them all; "I must confess that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print." Mr. George Saintsbury frankly avows he would like to have married her, therefore he ought to have some sympathy with Mr. Collins, who, with Mrs. Bennet and Lady Catherine de Bourgh, are never approached as the perfection of bores by any except, it may be, Mrs. Norris, of "Mansfield Park."

From the moment Mr. Collins writes to saturnine Mr. Bennet, with his grim humor, and Mr. Bennet reads that letter to his assembled family, his whole character is plain. Mary Bennet, the only bore among the sisters, expresses her approval of a style that closely resembles her own reflections on "pride as a very common failing." "The idea of the olive-branch is not wholly new," she decides sententiously, "yet I think it is well expressed;" whilst Elizabeth "has a notion he may be an oddity." "Can he be a sensible man, sir?" she asks her father. "No, my dear. I have

great hopes of finding him quite the reverse." But it is evident that Mr. Bennet got very tired of the heir to the entail of Longbourn.

Miss Austen shows her knowledge of character by never letting Mr. Collins even think of dull Mary, who, "without taste or voice, was ever anxious to take her place at the instrument." Mary would have married him, but she, as again we learn from private sources, had to be contented with one of the clerks of "broad-faced, stuffy Uncle Phillips." No; when Mrs. Bennet, most determined of match-making mammas. hinted untruthfully that beautiful Jane was even then the bride of blue-coated, elegant Bingley, he at once decided on Elizabeth, and gave us some of the best scenes in the book that is always said to have owed its excellent title to a sentence in Madame D'Arblay's "Cecilia" "as to the whole unfortunate business being the result of 'pride and prejudice.' "

Mrs. Bennet is excessively angry with Elizabeth's refusal. She is no favorite with her vulgar parent, as is giddy, silly Lydia. Elizabeth—we seem to see her in her short-waisted gown and muslin chemisette—is called down to be interviewed, and the matter concludes by Mr. Bennet saying gravely, "An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do."

However, Mrs. Bennet forgot all that when the glorious news almost stunned her that Elizabeth was to marry ten thousand a year, because Darcy, who is a much better fellow than has ever been fairly stated, was so much in love as even to overlook his fearful mother-in-law. It is the only occasion ever recorded when Mrs. Bennet was unable to speak. Her fatal readiness to discuss the affairs of her family was one

of her most appalling qualifications. Mr. Bennet paid severely for being "caught by some beauty" in his youth, and her utter lack of a true moral sense is painfully apparent over the Wickham elopement, when, with all its scandalous circumstances, she is quite ready to go for an airing to boast of a most disreputable marriage to Lady Lucas, who has had the happiness of getting her plain Charlotte allied to Mr. Collins.

Miss Austen was wise not to betray whether Lady Catherine de Bourgh had an actual original. After Elizabeth herself, she is the most carefully drawn figure in the picture. She is as vulgar as Mrs. Bennet, in the way that some great ladies can be vulgar. Insolent, inquisitive, overbearing, it is easy to understand why she gave the living of Hunsford to Mr. Collins, who, whether he is comparing the "small summer breakfast parlor" of Rosings to Mrs. Phillips' best drawing-room, or paying his patroness and her plain, sickly daughter little premeditated compliments, is exactly the man to suit Mr. Darcy's imperious, commonminded aunt.

Lady Catherine's has been an absolute monarchy till she meets, and is worsted by, the witty Elizabeth as they walk together in "the prettyish kind of little shrubbery."

"Mansfield Park," begun in 1812, was published in 1814, the second edition appearing very near the actual date of Waterloo. For some unexplained cause it was not included in that first review of Miss Austen in the "Quarterly." Yet the true Austenite will agree with Mr. Austin Dobson that "it contains a closer grasp of plot and a greater attention to artistic evolution" than its predecessors, and will rank it very high, partly on account of those scenes in connection with the amateur theatricals, mainly because of its real heroine, Aunt Norris.

A mean, stingy busybody, Aunt Norris is the most amusing widow in fiction. She talks Sir Thomas into adopting Fanny Price, and talks him out of expecting her to take any share in the concurrent expenses with equal facilitv. She sponges on Mrs. Rushworth's housekeeper till she goes home laden with plants, cream cheeses and golden pheasants' eggs, which are to be hatched in Lady Bertram's coops. She bullies poor Fanny mercilessly. schemes for the marriage of the dull Rushworth with the handsome Maria. and so enjoys planning the green baize curtain for the theatricals that she actually winks at the indecorum of "Lovers' Vows," and is so busy saving the absent Sir Thomas "at least two shillings in curtain rings" as to be quite blind to Maria's flirtations.

Does any one speak, Mrs. Norris interrupts. Is the luckless Fanny tired or ill, Mrs. Norris is the first to perceive the desirability of harrying her from the sofa, of setting her to work on the poor basket. She breaks in on an account of a shipwreck with: "Do, Sir Thomas, have a basin of soup;" and there is only peace when she goes back to her cottage after the ball "with all the supernumerary jellies to nurse a sick maid."

The theatricals were approved by her, "as the whole arrangement would bring very little expense to anybody, and none to herself. She foresaw in them all the comforts of hurry, bustle, and importance, and derived the immediate advantage of leaving her own house, where she had been living a month at her own cost, to take up her abode at Mansfield Park."

The theatricals prove, though it is melancholy to have to admit it, that Edmund Bertram, hero and beloved of two fair ladies, was in truth a bore. They also afford evidence that Mr. Rushworth was a much worse one. To look into a musty old volume of trans-

lations from Kotzebue, and read even one of the forty-two speeches he was to deliver in a pink satin cloak contrived by Aunt Norris, is to shudder with pity for the audience. Sir Thomas Bertram did well to stop that performance. With unwilling, inconsistent Edmund pouring out the lengthy platitudes of Anhalt in "one weak, washy, everlasting flood," with Count Cassel blundering over the forty-two, there would have been small chance of any one suffering from insomnia.

There are several editions of "Lovers' Vows." It is evident that the Bertrams used the version altered by Mrs. Inchbald, the names being different in the more exact translation included in "The German Theatre" as done into English, in 1811, by Benjamin Thompson, Esq. That popularity of the dreary sentimentalities of Kotzebue is incomprehensible except when we go with Arthur Pendennis to see the Fotheringay shine as Mrs. Haller in "The Stranger."

Times have changed since it was necessary to interlard every sentence with French. "For you must know, most amiable Amelia, this pot de pommade cannot be made in Germany. The people here don't understand it. They simply can't get the odeurs." The thing that "cannot be made in Germany" is now as rare as the egg of the great auk.

However, "Lovers' Vows," if its plot was risky, was ponderous enough to be an ideal play for bores. To have sat out Anhalt's tirades would have been a punishment well calculated to fit the crime of one of Mr. Gilbert's "prosy, dull Society sinners who chatter and bleat and bore." Poor Edmund would have been a sorry stick of an actor, and Fanny's troubles as prompter to Mr. Rushworth would have equalled those of any holder of that thankless office before or since,

The sudden arrival of Sir Thomas, &CLECTIC. VOL. LXXIV. 320 as we all know, stopped the play for ever, still it is consolatory to Mrs. Norris's admirers to be assured that she took away the curtain that had drawn up into such handsome festoons, as "she happened to be particularly in want of green baize at her cottage."

Much as we like the really fascinating villain, Henry Crawford, although pleasant William Price, in his navailieutenant's uniform, is always welcome, it is Mrs. Norris for whose sake "Mansfield Park" is worth re-reading again and again. "Let other pens dwell on guilt and misery. I quit such odious subjects as soon as I can," wrote Miss Austen in this very book, and we who smile over her sparkling pages have cause to be proportionately grateful for her decision.

Professor Goldwin Smith tells a story that a group of literary men at a country house were asked to write down their favorite novels, and voted unanimously for "Mansfield Park."

It is, therefore, not quite unorthodox -despite Mr. Pollock-to give it a preference above "Emma," which, though it appeared in 1815, does not contain the least reflex of that stirring period. Yet "Miss Bates, our idol, though the village bore," who can thankfully say her petticoat is still very strong without blushing to mention what was probably a very homely garment, has a strong claim upon our affections. We never quite forgive Emma for making fun of her after Frank Churchill's gallant riddle as to the two letters that spell perfection-"M" and "A." Emma is clever, but not nearly as fine-natured as Elizabeth Bennet; and Miss Bates, proffering her home-baked apples, is so kindly and so simple.

Miss Austen's description of her is worth quoting as a choice example of her careful analysis, and the skill in never caricaturing that placed her immeasurably above Miss Edgeworth and Miss Ferrier. "Miss Bates enjoyed an uncommon degree of popularity for a woman neither young, handsome, rich, or married. She stood in the worst predicament in the world for having much of the public favor, and she had no intellectual superiority to make atonement to herself, or frighten those who might hate her into outward respect. Her youth had passed without distinction, and her middle life was devoted to the care of a failing mother and the endeavor to make a small income go as far as possible. And yet she was a happy woman, and a woman no one named without goodwill. It was her own contented temper that worked such wonders. She loved everybody, was interested in everybody's happiness."

After that tribute it is easy to forgive her for being "a great talker on little matters, full of trivial communications and harmless gossip," though Emma may be pardoned for fleeing from the reading of Jane Churchill's thickly-crossed letters by the worthy aunt.

To call courteous, gentlemanly Mr. Woodhouse a bore is to echo Lord Carlisle, but he is such a dear old fellow it sounds rather harsh. We are sorry for Miss Bates when, in his anxiety for her health, he sends out the asparagus, thinking it not quite dressed. He makes amends with presents of pork, as "a leg of pork boiled delicately with a little turnip is not unwholesome." He is a malade imaginaire, humored by his doctor, and apt to be rather prolix over little Bella's sore throat and his one acrostic; "Kitty, a fair but frozen maid, kindled a flame that I deplore."

Still, no one could dislike Mr. Woodhouse, as all must dislike Mrs. Elton, the vulgar, over-dressed bride of the young vicar Emma had to refuse under the awkward circumstance of being shut up with him in her own carriage. If Emma's match-making was at fault, her judgment was not when she condemned Miss Hawkins of Bath, with "no real elegance" behind her brag of her sister married in a great way, mistress of Maple Grove, proprietress of that barouche-landau which, like the heroine of Daudet's "Arlésienne" is always spoken of and never seen.

Whether she is irritating poor Emma as she dines at Hartfield in lace and pearls, patronizing sweet, patient Jane Fairfax, exploring to Box Hill, or officiating at Mr. Knightley's strawberry party with a little basket and a pink riband, she is always intolerable. Mrs. Elton goads even Jane into a bitterness and an eloquence very rare in Miss Austen's heroines; she is worse still with her underbred chaff upon Jane's engagement.

However, it must have annoyed her dreadfully to see Emma, after all, mistress of Donwell Abbey by means of that wedding she described, in a letter to Maple Grove, as "a most pitiful affair." It is pleasanter to think of Jane with diamonds in her dark hair than in Mrs. Bragge's schoolroom by the light of those wax candles; and we fancy even "Mr. E.," her caro sposo as she called him, found Augusta trying at times.

In Jane Fairfax there is, as it were, something of an anticipation of Anne Elliot in "Persuasion," Miss Austen's last novel, much shorter than either of the others except "Northanger Abbey." Two circumstances place "Persuasion" in a class apart from the rest. There is a pathos in knowing that this story never saw the light until the brilliant writer's place was vacant. Revised. corrected, its last chapter wholly rewritten by the hand destined so soon to lay down the well-used pen for ever, the spirit of humor is less manifestly apparent in it, though never wholly want-

There is in Miss Austen's short, simple biography just the hint of an unnamed gentleman who paid her great atten-

Romantic readers of "Persuasion" may like to connect him with . that pretty passage in which sweet Anne speaks with a gentle dignity that is especially her own: "All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not a very enviable one, you need not covet it), is that of loving longest when existence or when hope is gone."

We do not desire to raise the veil, to drag Jane Austen's little love story into the special editions of the halfpenny press, but we shall, like stern Dr. Whewell of Trinity, feel an especial admiration for the fact that nothing ever soured or embittered her, and that her last book painted Bath as well, asnay, better than-her first, and in Sir Walter Elliot gave us a final addition to the ranks of bores notable.

"Sir Walter Elliot of Kellynch Hall, in Somersetshire, was a man who for his own amusement never took up any book but the Baronetage. ... There he could read his own history with an interest that never failed." Sir Walter has to let Kellynch. as other noble baronets have occasionally been compelled to let their estates. He is properly condescending over this business, but finally admits handsomely that his tenant, Admiral Croft is the best-looking sailor he ever saw, and goes so far as to say that if his own man had the arranging of his hair he should not be at all ashamed to be seen with him.

He is exceedingly vain, and always talking of appearances. "I would send Mary a new pelisse if I were not afraid it would tempt her to go out in the sharp winds and grow coarse. She had a red nose when I last saw her, but I

tion, and died soon after their first hope that may not happen every day," he remarks on one occasion. This same Mary is his one rival for priority as a bore. She is thoroughly selfish, always aggrieved, a very poor exchange for Anne, by whom her husband had previously been refused. Very clever is Mary's long letter to Anne, with its grumbles and its quaint change of tone.

> Captain Benwick the broken-hearted. so soon consoled, might have developed into a bore if he had been allowed to quote, instead of to talk of, "The Giaour" and "The Bride of Abydos." We are merely told that he repeated "in a voice broken by tremulous feeling the various lines which imaged a broken heart;" and though poor dear Anne had to listen, readers are spared.

Miss Austen left three incomplete novels. No one can deplore that she abandoned "Lady Susan," written in a style that shows she had not found herself at the uncertain date of its composition. The second was not named. The third, "The Watsons" began well, and contained more than one promising sketch of a bore instinct with the old vividness.

To quote a living critic whose obiter dictum is of worth, is to agree with Mr. Andrew Lang. "Ah, madame, what a relief it is to come back to your witty volumes, and forget the follies of today. . . . How fine, nay, how noble is your art, in its delicate reserve, never insisting, never forcing the note, never pushing the sketch into the caricature." Or, again, to echo the words of Miss Thackeray: "Dear books, sparkling with wit, in which the homely heroines charm, the dull hours fly, the very bores are enchanting."

Rowland Grey.

The Fortnightly Review.

SOME NOTES ON AN EXAMINATION.

My experience is that the teaching of English literature in the schools whose work I see is steadily improving. The examinations that do harm are those that profess to examine boys and girls in English literature generally, without setting special books or authors for them to study. I may, perhaps be allowed to illustrate from an examination which, through circumstances which I need not go into, I have been privileged to take part in this very month-the matriculation examination of the University of London. I have examined nearly six hundred papers out of as many thousands, and the conviction is strong upon me that the examination requires the very careful reconsideration of the Board responsible for it.

The subject of the examination as announced in the University Calendar is as follows: "English grammar and composition, with elementary questions on the history of the language and literature." The paper set this June consisted of fifteen questions, of which not more than ten were to be answered; seven in Language and three in Composition and Literature. With the former section of the paper I am not now directly concerned, but I should like in passing to ask two questions that were continually in my mind as I read the papers. The first was: What purpose have we in view in teaching English grammar to English children? Must it not be to train them in speaking and writing good English, and in reading English authors with exact comprehension of their meaning? If that be so, and I do not think it can be disputed, it seems to follow that the only legitimate way to examine in grammar is to set sentences from good

authors to be parsed and analyzed. idioms from good authors to be explained, and so forth. The English fact, whatever it is, should be given to English children, and what is asked for should be the explanation of the fact. I cannot conceive any better logical exercise for young people than the analysis of passages in our standard writers. Grammar papers usually contain such set passages, but too many of the questions are of a different type. All sorts of tabulated lists are asked for, which grammar books supply, and these are crammed solely for examination purposes. Now I submit that it should be a first principle with an examiner in grammar never to ask for a list of any kind. To learn such lists is bad for the pupil in all sorts of ways; it wastes his time and misdirects his energies; it stuffs his mind with unrelated facts: worst of all, it represses thought. In the paper upon which I am taking the liberty of commenting there was a capital passage analysis from for Milton's set "L'Allegro:"

And ever, against eating cares, Lap me in soft Lydian airs, Married to immortal verse; Such as the meeting soul may pierce, In notes, with many a winding bout Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

I examined the analysis of this passage through the whole five hundred candidates, independently of the other questions, and with special care, because it seemed to me the one test of real importance in the paper. And the test succeeded, for the majority of candidates failed to meet it. The prevailing impression was that it was the poet who was said, by a figure of rhetoric,

to be "married to immortal verse." and so required tucking up in "soft Lydian airs;" and the soul was as regularly taken as the piercer instead of the pierced. That is to say, the majority of the candidates whose papers I saw were uneducated in English up to the level of being able to construe a Tairly simple passage of verse; and they ought to have been plucked accordingly. But when I turned to the other answers it was evident that the time that ought to have been spent in the practice of scrutinizing sentences had been given to mere cramming. The questions that piled up the marks were such as the following:

In how many ways can the sound of f be expressed? Mention one instance each of words in which the following letters are silent: b, g, h, k, l, s, t, w.

Give five instances of adjectives that can be used as substantives, and take the inflexional s in the plural.

Give a classification of the strong verbs.

How may pronouns be classified?

Write down short sentences illustrating the use as various parts of speech of the words that, before, but.

The precision with which these lists were given was shocking; even the last question was usually answered pat from memory, of course with various degrees of accuracy; but scarcely a candidate failed to record the interesting fact that but could be used both as a verb and a noun, because a character in Shakespeare says "But me no buts." One point of interest struck me; that the candidates who did the analysis well avoided the lists of strong verbs and pronouns. It is fortunate that I knew these young scholars merely by their numbers, or I might be tempted now to advertise the schools in which they were bred. The second question I asked myself concerned the reasonableness of requiring junior students to offer historical grammar; because elementary historical grammar is not learning at all, but cram, It was a wise man who said "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Being asked to "name ten common words which we have borrowed from the Scandinavian," the young people reeled off their lists with admirable precision; unless, by a not infrequent chance, they reeled off the Celtic list by mistake. The education gained by those who gave the right list and those who gave the wrong was equal; and but for my bond to the senior examiner I should have given them equal marks for an equivalent feat of memory. Neither those who were right nor those who were wrong had any idea of the process by which the philologer attempts to distinguish the Anglian stock from the Scandinavian importation; and to learn results apart from processes is not scientific education, but the teaching proper to parrots; and this a great university, it seems to me, should disdain to encourage.

I pass now to the literary side of the paper. And here I would ask with all respect and seriousness of the Board that controls this examination whether they think that pupils of the sort likely to matriculate at London University, that is, those who are finishing their education at secondary schools all over the country with no intention of going on to Oxford or Cambridge, are likely to have, or ought to be required to have, a knowledge of the history of English literature upon which even the most elementary questions can reasonably be based. I am afraid the phrase "elementary question on the history of English literature" conveys to my mind no meaning at all. Either you have read a man's works or you have not read them; and if you have not read them I do not see how you can have even the simplest elements of knowledge about them. The usual acquirement in English literature of a London boy of sixteen is a play or two of Shakespeare, a novel or two of Scott, perhaps a poem or two of Tennyson; but for the purposes of this examination he is supposed to have a general acquaintance with the whole course of the literature from Chaucer downwards. Inevitably he flies to handbooks that he may know about writings which he does not know; and crams up short biographies of the bigger names. I hasten to say that the senior examiner does, in my humble judgment, as well as he conceivably can with his directions; no one who knows anything of Professor Hales can be unaware how much he cares for the satisfactory teaching of the subject to which he has given his life. And so, having to ask "elementary questions in the history of English literature," he asks for biographies of people of whom the candidates may reasonably be expected to have heard, and gives them a wide field of choice. "Give," he asks, "a very short account of the life and chief works of two of the following: Milton, Swift, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson."

The examining of several hundred papers, in the short space of time that can be given to the process, does not allow of many notes being made by the way; but I jotted down from time to time a few characteristic passages, and I will offer a selection of these for the consideration of parents and guardians. To begin with Milton. Almost everybody who wrote Milton's life knew that his father was a scrivener, and that the poet was born in Bread Street, though a few by a natural confusion said Milk Street. Several were still more particular on a matter of such high importance, and located the house as the "Spread Eagle." Variations of his nickname at college were "Christ's lady" and "the lady Christ." As a rule the fact that he served under the Commonwealth and lost his eyesight in the service was known, and there were few but knew that he had three wives and unsympathetic daughters. Beyond that he was, as likely as not, confused with other poets such as Shakespeare. Byron, Spenser, Shelley and Chaucer; "he married Jane Hathaway;" "he lived at Newstead Abbey;" "he fell in love with a fair widow's daughter of the glen;" "he published in his youth several worthless tales;" "he fought in France, where he was captured and shortly after released," and so forth. But when his works came to be enumerated still wilder confusion prevailed, as was only natural, considering how many lists of entirely unknown books had been committed to memory on the chance of their being asked for. Here is a list I happened to note: "Every Man in His Humor," "Every Man out of His Humor," "Samson Agonistes," "Eikon Basilike," "Areopagitica." The appended literary judgments were no less striking. "Milton wrote in very varying metres and uses 89 per cent. of Anglo-Saxon verbs." (This seems to refer to Tennyson.) "'Paradise Lost' is the most famous lyric poem in the English language, and with Homer's 'Illyad' holds the chief place among lyric poems ever written." "The Paradise Lost' like a stately temple is vast in conception but involved in detail." "Milton's style was sublime and comprehensive, and at the same time soothing." How much more salutary would it have been for these young people if they had been set to master a single book of "Paradise Lost" instead of being encouraged to offer criticism of what they had never read. Candidates who had not learned, or had forgotten, their biographies were tempted by such questions to indulge in such empty fine writing as the following: "Milton had the great misfortune to be born blind. Yet his life is an example of what may be done by a man under seemingly overwhelming physical disadvantages. This extraordinary man was born in the Midlands in the time of Charles I. He took the side of the Parliamentarians in the Civil War, and this led to the distinction of being made secretary to the great Oliver Cromwell. The name of Milton was destined not to suffer by association with that of the Protector, and will go down to posterity with equal lustre."

I should like to record how one candidate sounded for once a wholly natural note by remarking that "although Milton returned from his continental journey at the outbreak of the Civil War without seeing Greece, yet England was not much better for his sacrifice, for he opened a school in Aldersgate Street." It struck me that the contempt of this young student for a schoolmaster's life may have arisen from the method employed to prepare him for his examination.

Of Wordsworth's life such details as his birth at Cockermouth and his burial at Grasmere were generally known, as well as the fact that he lived in retirement; "took up," as one phrased it, "the position of retired poet." The papers then divided themselves into those which offered simply a more or less imaginative list of works, and those which gushed about the "poetry of Nature." "Wordsworth died a natural death. He was the author of the 'Excursionist.'" "Wordsworth was an early Victorian poet. He wrote the 'Excursion.' He also wrote "The Ring and the Book." "Wordsworth's 'Excursion' is one of the finest poems of its sort ever written. Besides this he wrote numerous preludes which are very beautiful." "Wordsworth wrote 'The Fate of the Nortons' and 'Intimations of Immortality.'" "Wordsworth regarded Nature as a His principal work is sweetheart. 'Tales of a Wayside Inn.'" "William Wordsworth is known as the poet of Nature. In his youth he received a university education, and that led him to say that the meanest flower that blew gave him thoughts too deep for tears. It seemed as if a blade of grass spoke to him. Probably the beauties of his home surroundings (Lake District) led him to love Nature. His longest poem was the 'Excursion;' but many shorter ones are well known, as 'Lucy Gray,' 'The Post-Boy,' 'The Pet Lamb,' while his 'Ode on Immortality' is indeed grand." But for the unfortunate intrusion of the "Post-Boy," one might perhaps have been almost persuaded that this young gentleman had read the poems of which he spoke so glibly.

I don't know what induced the examiners to ask for a life of Byron, but the examinees were prepared to be asked. They had all ready both a list of his works and a censure of his morals; and though one unfortunate youth described him as the contemporary of Addison, Steele and Tennyson, as a rule the main dates were accurately given. The general style of the answers may be judged from the following extracts: "Byron was the son of a dissolute guardsman and an Aberdeenshire heiress, and he inherited the defects of both parents." "Byron was born of noble but dissolute parents, and led a private life which does not bear too searching an investigation." "'Cain' is the most thoughtful of his works; others are 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'Don Juan,' and 'Beppo.' He has not much imagination, but the powers of his intellect are wonderful, and we wonder at his amazing productiveness."

Swift was another author of whom most of the candidates thought meanly on insufficient grounds. "Swift studied for the church, and on only getting a deanery when he had hoped for a bishopric he was a disappointed man, and spent his time in writing books." "Swift," said another wiseacre, "was

the author of 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'Three Men in a Tub'!"

When we come to Tennyson there are a few indications that the candidates had read some of the poems with whose names they were so painfully familiar. Thus there was a very general reference to the "Ballad of the Revenge" in the list of minor works with which the biographies concluded; but it was a little distressing to read labored eulogiums of the "In Memoriam" when the terms of the eulogy showed that the work had never been opened by its panegyrists. One described it as dedicated to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe; another to that of the Prince Consort: another to the historian Henry Hallam; another gave as an alternative title "The Passing of Arthur Hallam." Great stress was almost invariably laid on Tennyson's "beautiful," or "magnificent" or "unparalleled" poem of "Timbuctoo," which I dare lay a wager none of them had ever seen. I suppose the word stuck in their memories. I find the following among my notes: "Tennyson tells of his early life in the Prelude." "Tennyson was born in Lincolnshire, and we can trace the influence of the fens and flats in many of his poems." Whether this was meant for epigram I am not sure. "Tennyson was a poet who lived in recent times. He became Poet Laureate and retired to the Isle of Wight, where he was scarcely ever seen. He was a very great smoker."

Now answers of this sort are apt to raise a smile, but the smile becomes a little sardonic when we recollect that the perpetrators of such unconscious jests have been through a process which their parents fondly believe to be education. For the matriculation examination at London University is not parallel to that at an Oxford or Cambridge college. There a paper is often set in general knowledge, but the candidates have no notion of the sort

of questions they will be asked in it. and so they must go in upon their general knowledge; at London these general questions are prepared for by wholesale cramming. Of that the answers leave no doubt. Another question in the paper-and, under the circumstances, an excellent one-was: "Write a brief account of any one of Shakespeare's plays." In many cases the answers to this question were quite satisfactory; the writers had evidently read the play which they described. But the crammer had as plainly anticipated this question as the other. From some descriptions it was perfectly obvious that what had been read was a summary of the play, and not the play itself. The "Merchant of Venice" was a favorite choice, and all sorts of queer variations were introduced. was married to Portia; Jessica came into court disguised as a judge to outwit her father; Antonius is a young gallant who courts Portia; or the plot turns on an unnamed "Moor of Venice, who, being in money difficulties, borrows some money from a Jew."

Of the answers based upon reading about plays instead of reading the plays themselves I will give a short specimen at full length: "In Shakespeare's 'King Lear' the principal character is King Lear. He is an old king, and has his share of national trouble. Some of his courtiers and advisers go against the old man, in order that they themselves may gain; and he has to endure storms and cold and hunger when he is driven from home. He is a man more sinned against than sinning, and he knows how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child, as a bastard son of his is induced to take up arms against him. The bitter things that he is compelled to endure, besides physical discomforts, gradually drive him mad. He is depicted in a shocking condition, wandering about among caves and goblins, when his only loved one, Cornelia, a daughter, visits him. Hers was a noble character; her voice was ever soft, gentle and fair—an excellent thing in woman. She died before her father, whose affairs were just then looking better, owing to the faithful service rendered by the Duke of Kent."

The literature questions, then, in this examination being the teacher's despair and the crammer's opportunity, I venture to suggest that, in the interests of literary education, they should either be suppressed altogether or else made a little more commensurate with the dignity and importance of the subject. To assume that the ordinary candidates for a pass have any serious acquaintance with Shakespeare, much

less with Milton, or Byron or Swift, is absurd, and to allow them to prate about what they have not read must be immoral. If English literature is thought to be of as much importance to English boys as the literature of Greece and Rome, let books be set in it, as books are set from the classical authors; else let all the questions asked in this part of the paper be of the type of certain of the others: "Explain what is meant by bathos, tautology, hyperbole, personification; by blank verse, common (or ballad) metre, octosullabic verse"questions which are comparatively harmless. Now that the University of London has become a teaching university it behooves it to look into this mat-

H. C. Beeching.

Longman's Magazine.

LATTER RAIN.

No shadow trails along the hill From field to darkening field, to fall Soft-glooming down the blinding wall, With sudden tide of ease to fill The noontide garden faint and still.

So Time looks down with iron face:
No motion of delight may cross
The passion of an ancient loss,
That dried the dew of morning grace
And strewed the blossom in its place.

Night comes to slake the steady fire:
But ere the night, a twilight hour
Breathes of the rain on leaf and flower.
Here, and in lands of old desire,
Low on the verge the clouds conspire.

John Halsham,

The Argosy.

NEW LIGHT ON SHAKESPEARE.

Fresh life has been infused into the grand old Bacon-Shakespeare controversy by the activities of certain American writers who profess to have unravelled a cipher running through theplays (and throughother works now also attributed to Francis Bacon), of a kind that has not hitherto been detect-The present "discoveries" are wholly unlike that which failed to command much general respect when Mr. Ignatius Donnelly published his theory of "The Great Cryptogram." Nor is the general force of the literary argument that supports the Baconian idea, affected one way or the other by the curious allegations now brought forward. Supposing these to be substantiated indeed, the Bacon case is demonstrated up to the hilt, but they may be entirely rejected or shown to be a gigantic literary fraud without detracting by one iota from the value, such as it is, of the internal evidences which tend to show that Bacon was the author of the plays, or of the circumstantial evidence which, for many inquirers, makes it quite certain that Shakespeare, at all events, was not. Meanwhile, however, the present expansion of the Bacon doctrine is sufficiently interesting in itself to be worthy of much more attentive consideration than it has received yet at the hands cf English critics, for it throws light not merely on the question of authorship, but on the whole course of Elizabethan his-For the fact that he was the writer of the plays put out under Shakespeare's name, was for Francis Bacon, very much the least important of the revelations he desired to make to the world, and yet, for fully intelligible reasons, was unable to make openly. According to the story now told, Bacon was the legitimate son of the Queen,

who was married - twice over, indeed. by reason of some doubt cast on the validity of the first ceremony - to Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester. He, Bacon, claims to have been in this way the real heir to the throne, and all through his life he was nourishing hopes that his royal mother would acknowledge him. But to have acknowledged him, would have been to acknowlege the earl as her husband. and she could not tolerate, in that capacity, any one whose open recognition as such might have crippled the magnificent autocracy she wielded. The story is full of detail, the interest of which is fascinating, and the manner in which the narrative fits in with some well-known incidents of the period, is very striking. But before going into a more minute consideration of its plausibility, a survey of the general argument for the Bacon authorship will prepare the reader's mind for the new aspect of the whole theory, and for what purports to be Bacon's own explanation of the reasons which induced him to keep that authorship secret during his lifetime. Hitherto the motive for that secrecy has been supposed to reside in the simple idea that his ambition as a lawyer precluded him from openly avowing his participation in pursuits regarded at the time as unworthy of aspirations to the woolsack; but if his aspirations pointed towards the throne, then indeed, there were reasons enough to justify him in disguising the connection with so humble a calling as that of the playwright.

The difficulty hitherto of getting a fair hearing for the mere literary argument has chiefly arisen from the illogical resentment shown by many people at the bare idea of dethroning a national idol. Shakespeare has so

long been thought of as a genius of the very foremost order, that any suggestion tending to prove that he was a very commonplace person in reality, is treated as though it involved an attempt to detract from the sublimity of the works bearing his name. But in reason it must be conceded that we worship the memory of Shakespeare because we admire Hamlet, King Lear, and the rest. We do not admire the plays because any particular man wrote them. It would indeed be distressing to find any newfangled theorist trying to rob the memory of the author of the glory that should attach to it. But that argument cuts both ways. Tf the real author has been robbed this time of the glory due to him, is it not full time to redress that wrong by at last acknowledging his claims on the admiration of posterity? vague sentiment ought to stifle honest efforts to get at the truth, as in fact those efforts have, to a great extent, been stifled for the last fifty years. For as long ago as 1848 the Baconian theory was first set afloat. It has been much more thoroughly ventilated in America than in this country, and an essay already some years old by Mr. W. H. Wyman, of Cincinnati, enumerates two hundred and fifty-five books and pamphlets dealing with the problem. A Bacon Society was set going in London in 1893 the object of which was to collect and publish all facts bearing on the great case, and another similar society was started in the United States. But the question still remains one which most English newspapers and periodicals are afraid to discuss freely for fear of offending the blind prejudice above referred to. Orthodox Shakespearian biographers simply ignore the important question as though it were a craze in notorious antagonism to well-known facts, like the idea that the earth is flat; and in this way the minds of people who might be capable of independent judgment if they had the evidence before them, are left in complete ignorance of the prodigious force residing in the Baconian argument—unless indeed they have gone out of their way to make a special study of the Baconian books.

The contention these embody resolves itself into two main divisions. we are confronted with the facts and reasons which make it almost inconceivable - independently of all conjecture as to who may have been the real author of the plays-that the personage known to history as Shakespeare could have written them. It is freely admitted by all Shakespearian biographers, even by those absolutely orthodox, that very little is known with definite certainty about the circumstances of Shakespeare's life. We know that he was the son of a tradesman at Stratford, who could not read or write. That from the age of fourteen, when he seems to have been helping his father in business, he lived among companions of the pothouse; and belonged to a club called the "Biddeford Topers," who engaged in competitive drinking bouts with the lads of other villages; that he married at eighteen, started a family, got into trouble with the neighboring squire for poaching, and ran away to London at about nineteen, to escape some of the consequences, And his orthodox biographer in the "Dictionary of National Biography" acknowledges that his family heard no more of him for the next eleven years. This somewhat meagre story is supplemented-by writers who start with the assumption that he began to write the plays as soon as he got to town-with absolutely gratuitous theories to the effect that, previous to the age of fourteen, he must have obtained a classical education at the Stratford Grammar School, that he

must have spent some time in an attorney's office, because the plays show a familiarity with legal expressions, and that he must have roamed about the Warwickshire lanes and fields imbibing a sense of their beauty, because the plays exhibit an appreciation of Nature. These, and a score of other similar assumptions. having thrown out in the first instance as conjectures, are then generally treated in the orthodox biographies as so many established facts concerning Shakespeare's youth, and become the foundation for argument to the effect that by the time he got to London he was ready to commence a career of dramatic authorship. If we pare away from the beautiful soufilé generally given to us as Shakespearian biography, all statements that rest on the idea that because he was the author of the plays, so and so must have been the case, there really remains nothing beyond the bald facts above recounted to explain the genesis of the plays that began to appear almost immediately after Shakespeare's arrival in town. There is no rag of evidence to show that he ever went to school. There is no evidence-except the theory that he wrote the plays-to show that he could write at all! The five signatures by him that are all the autographic remains he has left to posterity, certainly do not go far to suggest that he was used to wielding a pen. Each is a scrawl differing from the others in the shape of the letters and in spelling, although the undeniably educated men of the period wrote as clearly as we do. Ben Johnson's signature, Bacon's own, that of Inigo Jones are perfectly firm and legible, only unlike modern writing in being more formal. When he settled at Stratford a rich man at the close of his career as a theatrical manager, he lived for many years without such a thing as a book in his posses-He never taught his favorite

daughter Judith to read or write, his will disposes of household and other property in much detail, but makes no mention of copyrights, though shortly after his death many of his (?) plays were published for the first time for the profit of others. Apart, indeed. from the unquestionable fact that the plays were, for the most part, ascribed to his authorship when they were published, every fact we know of connected with him adds to the mountain of improbability-as regards the bona fides of that ascription-which grows beneath our hands as we study the whole subject.

If we turn next to the positive evidences that reveal Bacon as the actual author of the plays, we gradually build up a structure of circumstantial proof that cannot easily be shaken. With the consideration of the new developments chiefly in view, I do not propose to do more, as regards the old argument, than sum it up comprehensively. The writer of the plays was evidently a thorough-going lawyer. They are saturated with legal phraseology, always correctly used. Campbell's testimony to this effect is emphatic. The writer must have been acquainted with certain law books of the period, and must have had "a full and accurate knowledge of that rather obscure and intricate subject, "Felony and Benefit of Clergy." Sonnet 46 is "so intensely legal in its language and imagery that without a considerable knowledge of English forensic procedure it cannot be fully understood," much less composed. Scores of quotations can be employed to show the finished accuracy of the law laid down in the plays. But Bacon, it is urged, though certainly a lawyer, was not a poet. That was not his own view, for he writes in glowing terms in praise of the influence of poetry on the mind, discusses the question of poetic meters, and on his death-bed employed him-

self in writing metrical translatious of the Psalms. Macaulay thinks "the poetic faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind." And in a letter written after the queen's death he begs his correspondent to be good to all "concealed poets," evidently from the context referring to himself. The evidence which shows that he put out a great deal of "concealed" writing is abundant. He sends to his friend Sir Tobie Matthew "a little work of my recreation," which he wishes kept private; and Sir Tobie, much later on, writes to him: "The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation is of your lordship's name, though known by another." Bacon constantly uses the word "weed" to signify "disguise," and in one letter he claims to have labored to procure the good of all men, "though in a dispised weed." Again, critics who do not estimate poetic thought merely by reference to the form of its expression, find innumerable metaphors and comparisons in Bacon's avowed works that are distinctly poetical in their conception.

While thus it may be argued that Bacon was a poet, it may with equal force be contended that the writer of the plays was a philosopher. I have no time to repeat the quotations by which the Baconian advocates identify the philosophical passages in the plays with Bacon's drift of thought. The familiarity which the plays show with court life is, of course, an argument that leaps to the eyes in favor of their being written by some one mixing in that world. Inspiration, however effective it may conceivably be in suggesting noble ideas to an untaught writer, does not endow him with the specific freemasonry of fashionable life. But less conspicuous circumstances linking Bacon with the plays may be found when sought for. All through the plays there are no allusions to Stratford (Stony Stratford once re-

ferred to is a village in Bucks, not Shakespeare's Stratford), whereas the allusions to St. Albans-Bacon's country home-are very many. Warwickshire as a county is almost entirely ignored, while Kent, the county to which Sir Nicholas Bacon-our Bacon's reputed father-belonged, is repeatedly glorified. A minor point is that while Bacon seems to have gone north to curry favor with James on his accession. Macbeth was written just after that event. Certainly there is no reason to suppose that Shakespeare ever went to Scotland. The political sympathies shown in the plays are in all cases those of the courtier, not of the countryman. The "people" are always "the mob," "the unwashed multitude," the "swinish rabble." That was precisely Bacon's view of the masses, but it would be a strange one to have arisen in the heart of a man directly springing from the masses. Nor does the dramatist's contempt for the inferior orders stop short at the lowest levels. He extends it to tradesmen generally. "Let me have no lying. It becomes none but tradesmen." ("Winter's Tale.") And yet the dramatist was no mere selfish man of fashion. He was a philanthropist, as Bacon claims to have been. Bacon was attached to the Essex party and opposed to that of his uncle Burleigh. These sympathies are reflected in the plays. Lord Southampton was of this party. He was the intimate friend of Bacon, and to him "Shakespeare" dedicated "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece." Bacon hated Coke. There are many slaps at Coke in the plays, and phrases caricatured that Coke is known to have used. Many other sympathies and antipathies can be quoted as identifying Bacon with the writer of the plays. So with all allusions to religion, in the plays we find Bacon's ideas on this subject faintly reflected. In 1594 Bacon seems to have come to grief at the hands of a Jew money-lender. In 1595 "The Merchant of Venice" appeared.

Bacon's motives both for writing the plays and for keeping his authorship secret are intelligible enough even before we encounter the huge motive for secrecy suggested by the latest discoveries. He was left quite without resources, and he took up dramatic writing for the sake of the money it earned him. It was long before his profession as a lawyer became remunerative. In one letter to a friend he excuses his neglect of the law on the ground that he finds other work more remunerative. After Bacon obtained an office of profit at forty-six no more Shakespeare plays appeared, though the reputed author lived for ten more years in dignified leisure at Stratford. Many were published, but the more remunerative method of production was abandoned. But while forced by circumstances to work in a path of literature that would pay. Bacon shrank from compromising his social reputation by any open connection with the despised vocation of the playwright. Orthodox Shakespearians admit that at the time the pursuit was scarcely respectable. For a courtier hoping for dignified appointments, connection with it would have been fa-All these points are expanded with great effect in the literature of the subject of which I am here merely skimming the surface.

The one argument advanced in favor of the Shakespearian authorship—that Shakespeare's name appears on the title-pages—is imperfect. For six years after certain of the plays now assigned to him had been produced his name does not appear on the title-pages. These were published in several quarto editions anonymously. Along another line of argument attention is turned to identical expressions made use of in Bacon's avowed writings and in the plays. These are legion. I can only quote a few: "Eager" as an adjective

applied to biting air; "The expense of spirit" used to mean strain on the nervous system; "Concord of sweet" sounds; "Rough-hew," Bacon speaks of a rough-hewn seaman. Bacon speaks of "trueness to a man's self." (I need not quote from "Hamlet.") "Discourse of reason," a phrase in "Hamlet" that has been sometimes regarded as a misprint for "discourse and reason" is used several times by Bacon as it stands in the play, with the preposition "of." The "Two Gentlemen of Verona" yields the phrase, "love must creep in service where it cannot go." Bacon's letter to King James says, "love must creep where it cannot go." Are we to suppose that he was, without acknowledgment, quoting a phrase from Shakespeare? The suggestion might be plausible if the striking instance just given stood alone, but it breaks down in presence of the innumerable identities of which the two or three I have noticed are the merest samples.

But I must now pass from what may be called the old-fasmoned literary argument to the dazzling discoveries set forth in the last great book on the subject, "The Bi-Literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon," by Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup. The lady mentioned discovered this cipher while helping another Baconian student of America, Dr. Owen, in the elucidation of another cryptograph of which it is unnecessary to say more than this. It confirms the story of the bi-literal cipher though this last appears to have been used for the fullest exposition of the story the author of the cryptographs wished to imbed in the plays. Bacon was, of course, notoriously fond of ciphers. He writes about them in "The Advancement of Learning," and in the latest version of that work he actually describes the very cipher now detected in the plays. The bewildering part of the discovery is that the same bi-literal cipher runs

not merely through the Shakespeare plays, but also through a quantity of other Elizabethan literature, suggesting the conclusion that writings published under the names of Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Spenser and Burton were all really from the pen of the one prodigious genius. But to soften the shock let us assume that the presence of the cipher in these books, does not absolutely prove their authorship. It merely shows that Bacon had some control over the manner of their publication. For the bi-literal cipher is not a cryptograph of the kind that the user must have in his mind all the time he is composing the work in which it is ultimately involved. It has only to be thought about when he is correcting his proofs. The method is identical in its nature with the Morse alphabet. Any two signals arranged in groups will spell the whole alphabet. In the Morse system, use is made of long and short marks or sounds. In the Bacon cipher use is made of ordinary and unusual letters. Suppose you find an italic letter where there ought to be a Roman letter, that would be a signal of the second order. All ordinary letters correctly printed would be signals of the first order. To explain the system a little more clearly let me use the letter a as representing ordinary letters of any value, and the letter b as signifying unusual letters. Then five usual letters in order a a a a a would mean "A" for cipher purposes. Four usual and one unusual, a a a a b, would mean Three usual, one unusual, and one usual, a a a b a, would signify "C." To illustrate what I mean let the phrase "God save the Queen" be written, or rather printed, with two italic letters out of place thus, "God save the Queen," that irregularity would spell the word "Cab" in the cipher. For irrespective of the length of words you have to break up the text into groups of five letters each to get at the con-

cealed meaning. "Godsa vethe Queen" will at once, on the system, be seen to spell "cab." And there need not be such a glaring difference as the italic letter involves. Any defective type will serve, or a wrong font. Nobody could use the bi-literal cipher in these days, because the art of printing is so much more perfect than of old, but sixteenth-century printing was rugged enough to veil the intentional errors of the system. Of course we must go to the right editions in search of the cipher. For the plays, the folio of 1623 must be consulted. The first detection of the cipher must have been a task of enormous magnitude, but now it is relatively easy, though still a formidable labor, to go a second time over the ground thus surveyed.

Whoever will have the patience to do this and to verify the cipher story as now deciphered by Mrs. Gallup, will put the whole Bacon-Shakespeare controversy on a footing that will leave no element of controversy in it any more. And meanwhile in the present volume we are provided with a considerable mass of fac-simile reproductions of the original works in which the cipher has been found. These are apologized for by the authoress as being less satisfactory to decipher than the originals. The minute differences of the usual and unusual letters is partly lost by the processes of reproduction applied to the photographs, but nevertheless I am informed by one patient student that without referring to Mrs. Gallup's translation of these pages, simply working with the key she supplies, my friend has actually been able to bring out the same concealed story which is given later on in the book under discussion. Such a result is bringing us within very short range of a definite proof that the whole revelation now brought forward is solid history, which it would be mere folly to dispute any longer.

Now as to the substance of the unveiled

narrative, that is much more concerned with the wrongs of the unrecognized heir than with declarations of authorship, though these also crop up continually. The main outline of the story is repeated over and over again. "Our name," he says for instance, "is Fr. Bacon by adoption, yet it shall be different, being of roial blood, for the Queen, our sovraigne, who married by a private rite the Earle of Leicester. and at a subsequent time also as to make surer thereby, without pompe, but i' th' presence o' a suitable number of witnesses, bound herself by those hymeneal bands again, is our mother, and wee were not base-born or basebegot, we be Tudor, and our stile shall be Francis First in all proper course of time, th' king of our realm." The Earl of Essex it appears was also the Queen's son, younger brother to Francis, "trained up by Devereux," while "he who doth speak to you th' foster sonne to two well famed frie'ds o' th' Que . ., Sir Nichola' Bacon, her wo'thie advisor and counselor, and that partne' of loving labor or dutie, my most loved Lady Anne Bacon." All through the narrative we meet with a protracted wail over the part which Bacon was forced to play in obedience to the immovable will of the Queen in the prosecution of Essex on account of his final treasons. One of the most interesting aspects of the whole historical picture is that which thus shows us the absolute supremacy of the great Queen. One might moan over the terrible nature of her commands, but to disobey her was something outside the range of practical thinking. Bacon speaks of her as "holding all our lives in the hollow of her small palm," and all his hopes of the throne depend on the chance that she might relent in his favor at last.

The cipher story wanders about, touching sometimes on the authorship of the plays, but much more frequently

on the "sterne and tragick" tale of the writer's political wrongs. And he is very bitter against "a fox seen oft at our court in th' form and outward appearance of a man named Robbert Cecill the hunchback," who poisoned the Queen's mind against him by hinting that he would, if recognized, aspire to the throne in the Queen's own lifetime. "The terrors he conjured up could by no art be exorcis'd, and many trialls came therefrom not alone in youth but in my earlie manhoode." The fact that Essex was the Queen's second son is luminous as explaining her toleration of his vagaries and occasional insolence. He of course knew the secret of his birth, and this explains his audacity and his final treasons when he attempted to seize the Queen's person, probably with a view to ultimately declaring his own sovereignty. Though the younger son, and thus destitute of any proper right to the throne, even had the Queen died, he was always so distinctly her favorite that he built his aspirations on that encouragement. Bacon says: "This it was, although so well disguised that kept me from my crowne, and as th' days and moneths wore towards th' close o' life her desires master'd her wisedome soe farre that shee did meditate naming my brother successor; but his attempt to snatch this prize did thwart alike her hope and his at forfeit of his life."

Bacon at about the age of sixteen learned the truth of his parentage through the indiscretions of a lady at the court. And he had a stormy interview on the subject with the Queen herself, "her wrath driving her to admissions quite unthought, wholly unpremeditated, but when thus spoken to our hearing, not to be retracted or denyed." He says that in her "gracious moodes" her Majesty showed a certain pride in him, but gave him clearly to understand where her favor stopped short.

"'You are my own borne sonne, but you, though truly royall, of a fresh masterlie spirit, shall rule nor England, or your mother, nor reigne ore subjects yet t' bee. . . . It would well beseem you to make such tales skulk out of sight, but this suteth not t' your kin'ly spirit. . . . What will this brave boy do? Tell a, b, c, s?' Ending her tirade thus she bade me rise. Tremblingly I obeyed her charge." Then he went "weeping and sobbing sore" to Mistresse Bacon. So far he supposed that though son of the queen he was "baseborn," but his distress led Lady Bacon to tell him all. "I besought her to speake my father's name. She said he is the Earle of Leicester. . . . I took a most solemn oath not to reveale your storie to you. . . . Nevertheless Queene Bess did likewise give her solemn oath of baldfaced deniall of her marriage to Lord Leicester, as well as her mother-hood. Her oath so broken robs me of a sonne. O Francis, Francis, breake not your mother's heart. I cannot let you go forth after all the years you have beene the sonne o' my heart."

Shortly after this Bacon was sent to France "in th' company and care of Sir Amyas Paulet," and there he fell in love.

I made myselfe ready to accompanie Sir Amylas to that sunny land o' th' south I learned soe supremely to love that afterwards I would have left England and every hope o' advancement to remain my whole life there. Nor yet could this be due to th' deligyts of th' country by itselfe, for love o' sweete Marguerite, the beautiful young sister o' th' king (married to gallant Henri th' king o' Navarre) did make it Eden to my innocent heart, and even when I learned her perfidie, love did keepe her like th' angels in my thoughts half o' th' time-as to th' other half she was devilish and I myselfe was plunged into hell. This lasted dur'g many years and not untill four decades or eight lustres o' life were outlived, did I take any other to my sore heart.

The narrative, as it is tracked through the mazes of the cipher, wavers backwards and forwards, and repeats itself, and is interspersed with references to the author's literary work, to which I will turn directly; but it is ever the recognition of his wrongs as the disinherited prince that he piteously seeks to secure. "I am perswaded we had wonne out," he says in one place, "if her anger against the Earle our father-who ventured on matrimony with Dowager Countesse of Essex, assur'd, no doubt, it would not be declared illegall by our warie mother-had not outlived softer feelings. For in the presence o' severall that well knew to whom shee referr'd, when she was ill in minde as in body, and the councill askt her to name th' king, she reply'd, 'It shall be noe rascall's sonne;' and when they press'd to know whom, said, 'send to Scotland.'"

Assuming that the cipher proves legible to others as well as to Mrs. Gallup, the interest of fitting in the incidents of the present story with the more familiar facts of the great Queen's reign will be intense. And whoever may be fond of weaving imaginary history will find rich material here in the connection with speculations as to what might have been the effect on our national progress if the greatest genius of the age had come to the throne instead of the founder of the Stuart dynasty. But the time has long gone by when even the fullest recognition of Bacon's royal birth could have any practical bearing on politics. The literary problem stands on a very different basis. In connection with that side of the present disclosures there is a huge retrospective injustice to be remedied, a vast body of delusion to be cleared away. Though wearily returning again and again to the record of his

principal grievance, Bacon is by no means indifferent to the acknowledgment of his literary genius. In one place, writing after the accession of James and the final abandonment of his greater hopes, he says: "Ended now is my desire to sit on British throne. Larger worke doth invite my hand than Majestie doth offer. To wield the penne doth ever require a greater minde then to sway the royall scepter."

Not that he can remain long in the attitude of humble resignation. Soon he laments again: "Think not in your inmost heart that you or any other whom you would put in the same case as ours would manifest a wiser or calmer minde, because none who doe not stand as I stood on Pisgah's very height, do dream of the fair beauty of that land that I have seene. England as she might bee if wisely govern'd is th' dream or beateous vision I see from Mt. Pisgah's loftie toppe." Refraining, however, from further quotation concerning that same beauteous vision, let me trace the scattered declarations of authorship continually cropping up in the unhappy "Prince's" cipher story:

When the Masques in my friend Ben Jonson's name have been entirely deciphered, take Greene's and Peele's workes in th' order giv'n in th' Faerie Queen. My plaies are not yet finished but I intend to put forth severall soone. . . . The next volume will be under W. Shakespeare's name. As some which have now been produced have borne upon the title page his name though all are my owne work, I have allowed it to stand on manie others which I myselfe regard as equall in merite. When I have assumed men's names th' next step is to create for each a stile natural to th' man that yet should [let] my owne bee seene as a thrid o' warpe in my entire fabric soe that it may be all My next work is not begun here; much of it shall bee found in th' plays o' Shakespeare which have not yet come out.

Severall comdies . . . will as soone as may be found toward and propitious, be publish't by Shakespeare, i. e., in his name, having masqued thus manie of the best plaies that wee have been able to produce. To these wee are steadily making additions writing from two to six stage plays every year.

The reader will understand that the extracts I am now giving are taken from different parts of the concealed work. A great deal of it involves elaborate directions to the decipherer, with whom, so to speak, Bacon gossips the whole time, wondering who he will be, at what period the mystery will be unravelled, and speculating with almost pathetic naïveté on the intense interest it will excite when cleared up. The idea that the cipher might be unravelled, and yet that the world should withhold its acknowledgments from the real author, never seems to have crossed Bacon's mind. But to resume my quotations:

My best playes, at present as William Shakespeare's work fostered, will as soon as one more plaie bee completed weare a fine but yet a quiet dress... and be put forth in folio enlarged and multiplyed.... As half the number I shall assemble have alreadie appeared in Will Shakespeare's name I think that it will be well to bring out the folio also by some means in th' same name, although he be gone to that undiscover'd cou'try from whose bourne no traveller returns.

In part of the cipher contained in the folio itself occurs the formal statement: "Francis of Verulam is author of all the plays heretofore published by Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Shakespeare, and of the twenty-two now put out for the first time. Some are altered to continue his history." The partisans of the old orthodox theory that assigns the authorship to the "butcher's ap-

prentice" of Stratford are well entrenched. I know, behind an enormous mass of general ignorance on the subject; but prejudices, however embittered, are apt to give way eventually in face of evidence that cannot be resist-Even Popes came at length to recognize that the earth was round! And assuredly the time has come when the champions of the corresponding fact in the history of literature will be in a position to claim an authoritative judgment from some competent tribunal which may finally put the laurel crown of Shakespearian authorship on the brow really qualified to wear it. If we had in this country any high court of literature corresponding to the French Academy, it would be the duty of such a body to appoint a committee of investigation to check the newlydiscovered cipher, for the authenticity of which there is at least sufficient prima facie evidence to justify the effort. Till now no authoritative result could have been reached by the mere

consideration of the general evidence that has long sufficed to carry conviction to the minds of those who have hitherto maintained the Baconian theory. The value to be attached to probabilities would always have been variously estimated according to fundamental prepossessions, but we now have to deal with allegations which leave nothing to opinion. If the cipher can be verified there is an end of all rational dispute. The people, if there should be any, who would thereafter continue to regard the manager of the Globe Theatre as the writer of the plays produced under his name, would be the literary counterparts of the flat earth men who still survive here and there for the amusement of the sane inhabitants of the world at large. In the absence of any organization corresponding to the academy of France, a self-constituted committee of wellknown literary men might be embodied to undertake the work.

A. P. Sinnett.

The National Review.

IN THE CHURCHES OF THE OLD TIME.

In the old times, many people left particular injunctions as to the burialplaces of their hearts. They mentioned in their wills that they wished their bodies to be buried in specified places and their hearts to be conveyed to other destinations, also specially indicated: or they informed those they could trust of their desires, who ultimately carried them out. In a few instances, as in that of the late Marquis of Bute, the custom has not yet been altogether abandoned, though it has become of very rare occurrence. The Holy Land was frequently chosen for the depository of hearts, as in the case cited above, and curiously, some persons dying in that sacred region enjoined their survivors to carry their hearts back to their own country and deposit them with the remains of their ancestors and families. Now and then, in repairs or alterations to our old churches, very small caskets of lead or iron, evidently the receptacles in which hearts have been buried, are found built up in the walls. In some of these discoveries only conjectures can be made concerning the identity of their contents; in others inscriptions give us the interesting information of their ownership, or heraldic devices make the matter sufficiently clear. The earliest heart-burial that has been ascertained is that of Stephen, Earl of Richmond, in St. Martin's, York, in 1104.

From this date they took place occasionally through the centuries to our own time. The third Earl of Warren, slain in one of the Crusades, sent his heart home in 1149, as did the Earl of Essex in 1190, the first for burial in Lewes Priory, the latter in Walden, Essex.

Coming down to a later time, not to make too long a list, Sir Robert Peckham sent his heart home from Rome in 1569; and Captain Thomas Hodges sent his from Antwerp in 1583. The Lady Eleanor Percy, widow of the Duke of Buckingham beheaded on Tower Hill, directed in her will, dated 1528, that her heart should be buried in the church of the Grey Friars in the metropolis, and her body in the church of the White Friars at Bristol, if she should happen to die in those parts. Our cathedrals have instances of the burial of the hearts of their respective bishops, although their bodies have been interred elsewhere; and in some cases bishops, buried in their own cathedrals, have arranged that their hearts should be taken to places they preferred. Ludlow Church had at least three heart-interments, one being that of Prince Arthur, the elder son of Henry the Seventh and husband of Catherine of Aragon, the first wife of Henry the Eighth; another that of Sir Henry Sydney; and a third that of Robert Vaughan, of Merionethshire. There were several in Westminster Abbey. Hammersmith Church has an example, as we may read in an inscription: "Within this urn is entombed the heart of Sir Nicholas Crispe, Knight and Baronet," with the date, 1665.

When Queen Eleanor died not only were handsome crosses erected wherever her body rested in the long journey from the county where her death took place, but there were three separate interments of her remains, her viscera being deposited near the altar in Lincoln Cathedral, her heart in the church of the Black Friars in London. and her body in Westminster Abbey. In niches in the vaults in the last-mentioned building are the hearts of Queen Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots: and the hearts of several subsequent sovereigns were also disposed of in separate caskets. That of an earlier one. Richard, Cœur de Lion, was buried in Rouen Cathedral. In 1836 the casket containing it was uncovered opened. Within two leaden cases was a third of thin silver, and in this was the heart that was once so courageous. Those who saw it say it was withered to the semblance of a faded leaf. On the silver case was inscribed, in Latin, "Here lies the heart of Richard King of England." This custom of the separate burial of the heart may, perhaps, explain some of the frequent instances in which we find the representation of a heart held in the hands of effigies on ancient tombs or engraved in brasses laid in the floors of old churches.

Another curious custom has been more completely discontinued. This is the representation of dead people in their winding-sheets, or shrouds; or in very emaciated conditions, or as skeletons. In various parts of the country are handsome and costly tombs with effigies of this distressing description. That of Thomas de Beckington in Wells Cathedral will come to mind. In full canonicals the prelate's effigy reposes on an altar-like slab raised on columns richly carved, below which, on another slab, is a representation of his frame after death and time have worked their will with it. Sedgefield Church has two brasses representing skeletons in shrouds. Peniton Church, Devon, had, and probably has, an example of an emaciated figure larger than life.

The hanging up of garlands in churches is another old custom that is only kept up in a few places. In these scattered and widely distant localities

they are still used as memorials, especially of young maidens; and when windows and doors are opened and let in the winds, we may see these touching tokens of affectionate regard, generally withered and dry, lightly and gently wafting and fluttering to and fro, suspended from the roof-timbers. In some other places garlands are still hung up, apparently in continuation of old customs in connection with particular festivals. A garland has been placed on the rood-loft in the church in Charlton-On-Otmoor in May from time immemorial, and it remains there till a fresh one supplants it in the following year. In old times some were made of roses and some of woodruff, for there is an entry in the churchwardens' books at St. Mary's-at-Hill, in the metropolis, made in the reign of Edward the Sixth, "For rose garlandis and woodrowe garlandis on St. Barnebas day xjd." The books of the same officials in Trinity Church, Lambeth, also record expenditure for garlands. Those of St. Martin-in-the-Fields mention, in 1546, "Item. Paid for garland for Holy Thursday vjd."

The armor of dead warriors is a very pathetic item in our ancient churches. The jupon of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral is of great interest. Those who have had the privilege of examining it minutely have noticed that the fleur-de-lis embroidered on it correspond exactly with those shown on the jupon on the latten effigy of the prince even to the reproduction of half a one required by its particular form, leaving us to infer that the features have been given with a similar regard to exactness. Westminster Abbey has its touching examples, including the helmet of Henry the Fifth and his saddle and shield used at Agincourt; and here and there, all over the country, in the ancient churches may be seen a helmet or a pair of gauntlets, or spurs, the remaining items, doubtless in some instances, of the whole suit of armor of some warrior of distinction. There is a helmet in Beverley Minster; there are four in Cobham Church, and four in St. Mary's, Warwick; another in the ancient church at Witton-le-Wear; four more in Stratford-on-Avon Church; one in Kendal Church; and, again, another in Easington Church. One is now placed in the Lumley Chapel, in the old churchyard at Cheam, in Surrey. In Norton Church, a surcoat, helmet, sword and spurs have been preserved. Hemingborough Church has a helmet and a pair of gauntlets; Llanwrst Church a pair of spurs. Broadwater Church has a helmet. Sometimes the names of the owners of the armor have been handed down, as in that of the Forster helmet in Bamborough Church, or the Fenwick helmet in Hexham Abbey Church, rightly or wrongly, but in other cases they are forgotten. sides these personal relics, many churches bear testimony to the fact that they were used as a depository for the arms required by such of the inhabitants who undertook to defend the district. Entries in the churchwardens' books mention sums paid for frames to hang the armor upon, and others for cleaning and polishing the armor. A Cheddar book tells of twelve pence being paid to Thomas Smith for a frame to hang the armor upon. The vestry book of Houghton-le-Spring, in 1599, has an entry: "To the armerer for dressing the armer belonginge to the parish vjs." Later, in 1624, an inventory mentions the names of fourteen persons to whom fourteen swords and belts were delivered; and there are numerous entries relating to the cleaning of the common armor. At Pittington, the common arms of the parish, in 1662, consisted of three muskets and three cutlasses, as well as pikes, and were kept in repair at the charge of the whole parish. Besides armor, we may still see here and there in our old

churches a banner or flag that has survived from the days of old, when, probably, it saw deeds so doughty and chivalrous, and was so encompassed by associations of valor and death in the field, that only the church was deemed a fitting place for it. Middleham Church, Lancashire, for instance, has a banner that waved over Flodden field when the flowers of the forest were a' wed away (but not before they had given a good account of themselves), as well as a helmet, a sword, and a pair of spurs. The placing of old regimental colors in our grand churches is a continuity of custom, evidently; and the display of banners over the stalls of the Knights of the Garter at Windsor is but the maintenance of an observance that has been from the beginning.

In the old time peculiar means were taken in the construction of some churches to aid the conveyance of Those superintending the erection of the masonry caused earthenware pots to be placed in the walls, not always in the same parts, but in various positions, though these always lead us to infer that the particular arrangement was made with a view of increasing the volume of the voices of the officiating clergy, that they might be heard in the remotest parts of the building. Sometimes large numbers of these pots, or vases, have been counted; in others only two or three have been come upon. About fifty were found built up in Leeds Church, Kent; and three churches in Norwich have been found to have been provided with them. Nine or ten were found in Ashburton Church, and three rows of them in Fairwell Church; and seven have been uncovered at Fountains Abbey. Another plan formerly adopted to convey sound was the insertion of horses' skulls in the stonework. These have been found built up in the bell-cot on the western gable of Elsdon Church in the heart of vast Northumbrian moors, and in the chancel of Steynton Church.

When books were rare and exceedingly costly they were frequently furnished with chains and fastened to the shelf, or desk or table on which they were kept, both in libraries and churches, so that they could not be taken away. Sometimes they were borrowed with the consent of the authorities, as we may see in a list of the books belonging to Hulne Priory, preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, in which is set down that a great Bible in red boards was lent to Lord de Percy for his lifetime. We may still see chained books in many old churches; and there is an example in one of the early Nonconformists' places of worship at Lydgate, near Huddersfield, where there are three volumes of Tillotson's Sermons chained to the Communion-table. There are four folios chained to a desk in Bridlington Church-"Hooker's "Jewel's Apologie," "Heylyn's Bishops' Rights," 1681, and "Combe on the Prayer-book." "Jewel's Reply vnto Mr. Hardinge's Ansyveare" is chained to a lectern in All Saints Pavement, York; a prayer-book is chained in Great Malvern Church; there are chained Bibles in Canterbury Cathedral, Minster Church, and various other places. and Bible recently has been brought back to Buckingham Church after an absence of many years. Minster has about 240 books, the oldest of which is lettered Reginum Animarum 1343: Hereford Cathedral has about 1500 of these relics; one of the parish churches in the same city has 286, all chained to shelves, in a small chamber opening out of the sacred building; Grantham Church has 286 volumes; Turton Church, Lancashire, about forty more. And so we may picture those who lived and moved and had their being in our pleasant land, so long before ourselves, coming to linger over the learning in these old-time books, clad in the costumes of the different centuries—embroidered tunics or jupons, or doublets and trunk-hose, or bombards and ruffs, or three-cornered hats, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes, as the fashions changed, but all having in their hearts a respect for knowledge and a desire to acquire it. When we remember, too, that the scribe who The Sunday Magazine.

wrote the Wimborne book may have had his pulse quickened with the news from Agincourt, or, not to go through the treasures too searchingly, that the printers who set up "Jewel's Apologie" may have been eye-witnesses of the Great Fire and the Great Frost, we must feel their works to be as links in the chain of years between us and the old time.

Sarah Wilson.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE TRUSTS.

The nineteenth century was par excellence the age of competition; is the twentieth century to be the age of combination and monopoly? The formation of the American Steel Trust, with a capital of a "billion dollars," as the American Press proudly puts it, is simply the most conspicuous instance of a tendency which has for the last decade been at work, wherever industry is highly organized and competition extreme. This tendency was noted by thinkers as far back as the younger Stephenson, whose aphorism, "where combination is possible, competition fails," is famous. England, Germany, Austria, and even Russia have their Trusts, as well as the United States. But in the United States, these organizations of capital have attained to dimensions which are, without exaggeration, a threat to the world.

To England the danger from them is peculiarly great. The Steel Trust menaces our most vital industry, and menaces it in the most insidious manner, just at a time when we are beginning to feel the advancing price of coal and the scarcity of iron ore. One by one in the

past our leading industries have been hit by foreign competition. That competition has been fostered by protective tariffs, securing to the German, French, Belgian, or American manufacturer his home market, and enabling him to place his surplus products on neutral or unprotected markets at, or below, cost price. The French maker of cottons and woollens for example, has open to him the French market and, in addition to this, close to his own door, the English market. If he wishes to do so he can make for 80,000,000 of consumers-to use round figures-and half of these 80,000,000 must buy his own goods unless they are willing to pay higher prices for English or German products. English manufacturer has no such reserved market. In France he has the tariff against him; in England he has to face and compete with French, German, and American tariff-assisted goods.1 He has open to him as a free market, near at hand, only 40,000,000 consumers, and even there he has no discrimination in his favor, other than the cost of transportation. Moreover,

^{1&}quot; It was pointed out that, from a commercial point of view, the strength of American manufacturers lay in protection."—"Times!" Report of 22nd Meeting of the British Iron and Steel Institute. So,

too, Sir Alfred Hickman, in his letter to Lord George Hamilton, complains that the American manufacturer is supported by a virtual bounty of 80 to 40 per cent.

in many cases the discrimination of transportation costs is actually against him. It is a commonplace that certain goods can be moved from northern France, Berlin, or New York to London more cheaply than from Manchester, or Sussex, or Kent.

Under fierce competition British foreign trade has remained practically stationary so far as value is concerned, since 1872. Our exports were £256,000,-000 in that year; they were £291,000,-000 in 1900, an increase of only £35,000,-000 in a period of twenty-eight years, and even that increase 2 is to be ascribed to the larger quantity of coal exported, to the far higher price for which it was sold, and to the fact that new ships built for foreign customers were not included in 1872 in the returns. Coal, be it remembered, is a form of national capital, and when once gone can never be replaced. As against the expansion in the exportation of coal, we have to note the collapse of the silk industry, which in 1857 was producing goods to the value of £21,000,000 a year, and which in 1895 had shrunk to an output of £6,000,000; the collapse of the sugarrefining trade, in which an enormous capital had been invested, and which is now dead beyond hope; of the linen industry, in which there has been a steady decline; of agriculture, in which the acreage under corn crops has fallen from 13,300,000 acres in 1846, to 7,406,-000 in 1899; the decay of the cotton trade, in which a condition of stagnation was long since reached, and in which the return upon capital invested is now so low that a further decline is to be expected in the future; and of the woollen and worsted trades, production in which is markedly retrogressive and which have never recovered from the effects of the American tariffs.3

It was maintained by the earlier Free Traders that, though particular industries might suffer from unlimited competition, the country generally gained. It was assumed that labor displaced from the sugar-refinery or silkmill could easily obtain work elsewhere -an assumption which experience shows to have been ill-founded. Labor was represented by that strange abstraction, the "economic man," who knows his own interests, bargains on terms of perfect equality with the capitalist, has no ties of nationality, language, place and home, and has a mobility and adaptiveness which are not possessed by the human being of flesh and blood. Cobden's advice to the working classes was that they should accumulate £20 apiece, when they would be free to migrate to the United With the completest insou-States. ciance he was prepared to see England stripped of her best and most intelligent labor. In much the same way a modern disciple of Mr. Cobden writes in "The Times:" "To bolster up a declining industry by State aid is a most foolish thing. . . . It is folly for a people to produce things nature has forbidden them to produce. . . . li our labor is defective the sooner it is coerced into sound ways the better, and the spur to labor is competition."

Within limits such reasoning has its value. But there are limits. Moreover, what is meant by the phrase "nature has forbidden them to produce?" Is it really the fact that the world is divided like a chessboard, each square of which is ordained by nature to produce some particular commodity? What natural reason is there why Lancashire should manufacture cotton, which has to be imported from the Southern United States or India, when the mills of Bombay, Alabama and Georgia,

³ The figures for the exports in the two "boom" years, 1872 and 1900, are:—

	1872.	1890.
Cotton manufactures	£63,4 millio	ns. £62 millions
Woollen "	32.3	15.6
Iron and steel manufa.	35.9 11	82

² The value of the coal exported in 1900 was £28,000,-

are close to the raw material and to coal?4 Why should Yorkshire import wool from Australia or South Africa, make it up into cloth and then send it back again? Is that the "natural" order of things? Why should Sheffield bring iron ore from Spain, convert it into machinery and return it to Spain? In a word, does any British industry now rest on a "natural" basis? And if the word of nature is to be the ultimate law, what are we to say of such works as the Manchester Ship Canal, which turns an inland city into a sea-port? Nature can not infrequently be worsted by man, with a little patience and perseverance. There was a time when the beet-sugar industry in Germany might have been called an "unnatural" industry, yet the fact is that it is now able to hold its own without bounties. A certain initial outlay is necessary in most industries before they begin to pay. On the other hand, is that competition fair and "natural" which comes from the foreign manufacturer protected by the tariff?

The most important consideration from the public standpoint when asking whether a trade shall be allowed to perish is that of national self-sufficiency. It is not a good thing to be dependent upon the foreigner for food, clothing, steel or machinery. In war such complete dependence might, and probably would, spell disaster. "The idea of division of labor," says Mr. Macrosty, in "Trusts and the State," "as applied to countries, has been deliberately surrendered for the conception of a nation, not as a mere congeries of individuals. but as a unit which must be capable of performing a certain number of functions. . . . This 'neo-mercantilism,' of course, imposes, for some time at least, a burden upon the community at large, but so, too, does the maintenance of a

police force for the protection of property." In the United States, on the Continent, in the British Colonies, this opinion represents the policy of every practical statesman. Only in England is it regarded with suspicion. This is because for ninety years we have had no experience of war, and because we are probably the most intensely conservative people in the world. The Free Trade theories were in the air for well-nigh a generation before they became the basis of our economic system; it may be as long before they are modified and brought into line with Imperial and national requirements.

Nevertheless it is highly probable that the American Steel Trust, when it gets to work, will effect a drastic change in our views. Of all factors in the international competition it is the most important. In proportion as men are familiar with its organizer, with its possibilities, and with the kind of procedure to which such organizations resort, is their uneasiness. The optimism on this side of the Atlantic comes mainly from those who have not studied American Trusts in their latest "We are doomed," were the words to me of a great captain of industry who has just returned from America. "The situation is one without precedent," writes the "Engineer." "The conditions are such as no political economist has ever dreamt of as possible. The Trust will be able to manufacture over 12,000,000 tons of pig-iron every year; and at least three-fourths of all the steel used in the United States. . . . Mr. Morgan and his immediate partners can fix the price of iron and steel. They are, for the moment at all events, beyond the fear of competi-

To consolidate its position, the Trust must destroy its competitors at home,

ence may reproduce. As against this the American operative tends sixteen looms; the British, four.

⁴ The damp climate of Lancashire, which, according to Mr. E. Atkinson gives an advantage of seven per cent. on the finer counts, is a factor which sci-

or at least compel them to accept the terms which its organizers consider reasonable. One of the most formidable of them is the Pennsylvania Steel Company. To fight competitors the gigantic sum of £40,000,000 is said to have been placed in Mr. Morgan's hands. The methods adopted will be those of commercial war. 6 Rivals will be systematically undersold in the American and in neutral markets. If the Pennsylvania Company tenders to supply steel rails at twenty-five dollars. it will find the Trust underbidding it at twenty. Agreements will be made with the great American railways, by which, in exchange for cheap rails and a monopoly in carrying the Trust's products, the railways will grant heavy rebates and low freights. The Standard Oil Company, as an example of the kind of thing that happens, obtained from certain railways a uniform freight of \$1.50 per barrel on all oil, while a rebate of \$1.06 was to be paid to it on every barrel shipped, by whomsoever it was shipped. That is to say, it not only paid \$1.06 per barrel less than its competitors, but actually levied a tax of the same amount on them on every barrel shipped by them, so that the discrimination in its favor was over \$2.12 per barrel. No wonder that it speedily expelled its rivals from the market, and established a monopoly which has been undisputed for twenty years. In the course of ten years it destroyed, drove bankrupt, or bought up on its own terms no less than seventyfour oil refineries in the State of Pennsylvania. Crossing the ocean, wrecked the Scotch paraffine industry, driving dearer but safer oil out of the market with its cheap and deadly product, and dictated the price which the Scotch makers were to charge for solid paraffine and lubricants. It has thus

acquired a vast power, and it holds the American and neutral markets in its grip.

The first consequence when the Steel Trust begins to attack its competitors will be a heavy fall in prices in all the markets open to it. While it is spending its £40,000,000 the price of the articles which it produces will be reduced below the cost of production. Even before the advent of the Trust, America, owing to superior organization, greater labor facilities, and better supply of raw material, claimed to be able to deliver steel in Europe at a price below that which European makers could profitably charge. for ship-building from the United States have for months competed successfully with British-made plates in the Glasgow market. American locomotives and cars have for years been steadily displacing British locomotives and cars in the open market. Cape Colony Railway Department has warned British makers not only that most prejudicial delays occur in the completion of orders placed with them, but also that the cost of the British article is much higher. New Zealand, according to Mr. Demarest Lloyd * buys 38-ton American locomotives for £1,650 delivered at Wellington, whereas the English article costs in England £2,150-or, adding freight charges, 40 per cent. more. Since the Wellington and Manawatu Railway Company tried the experiment of importing American locomotives, it has bought none from England. When ten years ago or so the New Zealand State Railways ordered twenty engines in England, the Colony had to wait two years for delivery, found the first two locomotives were of excessive weight, and finally had to alter the whole twenty to fit the New Zealand bridges. As a contrast,

⁵ Unless an agreement can be reached. Trusts, like States, do not fight until they have exhausted diplomacy.

 ⁶ Mr. Lloyd gives the English price as £3,150, which
 I read is a misprint for £2,150.
 7 Rous-Marten. "Engineering Magazine," March,

twelve engines ordered about the same time in America, were delivered within four months at a price £410 under that charged by British firms, and according to Mr. Rous-Marten, a perfectly impartial expert, did their work excellently. In 1897, under a wave of patriotic emotion, New Zealand made a further attempt to buy engines in England. Again the manufacturers were "so full of orders that they could hold out no hope of a reasonably early delivery." with one exception, and the business consequently went to the United States. As to the quality of the American engines, Mr. Allison Smith, the New Zealand locomotive superintendent, is entirely favorable. "So much better are American engines suited than British engines to colonial railways, with their rough and lighter roads," he writes, "that in my opinion no others ought to be used on these lines." On Australian railways Baldwin (American) locomotives are at work in New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland with satisfactory results. For the Sudan railways American engines had to be ordered for the old, old reason that British works were busy with orders. "The American engines," says Mr. Winston Churchill, "were sooner delivered and £1,000 cheaper. They broke down rarely. All their similar parts were interchangable. . . . The fact that they were considerably faster soon won them a good reputation on the railway, and the soldier who travelled to the front was as anxious to avoid his country's locomotives as to preserve its honor. 'They were,' said one of the subalterns, 'the product of a higher class of labor than that employed in England. They represented greater talent though less toil." From India and Burma comes much the same story.

1901. But see id., August, 1899, p. 560-1, where it ap pears that the New Zealand specifications, and not the manufacturers, were at fault. The same writer, in a recent issue of the "Engineer," has pointed out

In Cape Colony orders were given for sixty saloons and six locomotives to American makers in 1897; in 1899 six Pullman saloons were ordered; in 1900 a considerable number of American locomotives, steel platform cars of 40tons capacity and switches. In addition to these a large quantity of steel rails was purchased in America. In England we have seen the Midland Railway ordering forty locomotives across the Atlantic, which accomptives, according to the Midland chief mechanical engineer, "are doing their work in a satisfactory manner." We have seen the Great Northern, Great Central, and Barry Railway following the Midland's example. We have seen an order for 8,000 tons of rails and fish-plates sent to the Carnegie Company-now absorbed in the Steel Trust-by the Great Eastern, because, in the words of the Chairman, "We have no option but to go where we knew we could rely upon good material and prompt delivery, and that at a price below what we should have been compelled to pay in England,"

As with steel plates, rails, locomotives, and rolling stock, so with other iron and steel wares. In the case of the Atbara Bridge, where time was an all-important consideration, the lowest British tender was at the rate of £15 15s. per ton, the first span to be delivered in two months, and the remainder to be delivered, span by span, every three weeks. The best American tender, which was accepted, was that . of the Pencoyd Iron Works, at the rate of £10 13s. 6d. a ton for material, the whole to be erected in fourteen weeks. Whether in the matter of price or time there could be no comparison. there were seven spans, the English firm would have required twenty-six weeks. In the case of the Goktelk Viaduct in Burma, a structure 2,260 feet

the folly of accepting, without careful analysis, the diatribes against American engines, so frequent of late.

long and 320 feet high, the lowest English tender was at a cost of £26 10s. a ton, the work to be erected in three years. The tender of the Pennsylvania Steel Company was £15 a ton, the work to be erected in one year. Here again the difference is simply astounding. As the next instance I will take the tenders for the Uganda railway bridges, giving the highest and lowest British and American figures. The highest British tender was for £18 10s. a ton, delivered in one hundred and four weeks; the lowest £15 5s., delivered in sixty weeks. The highest American tender was £14 5s., delivered free on board at New York in fortyeight weeks; the lowest that of the Pencoyd Iron Company, alias the American Bridge Company, one of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's concerns, £10 6s., delivered in any British port, and the time, including that required to erect the bridge, forty-six weeks. This last tender was accepted, and one can scarcely wonder at the fact.

To explain this extraordinary difference, we must suppose one of three things-either that American works are immeasurably superior in economy of construction, cheapness of material and labor; or that English works are handicapped, as manufacturers assert, by arbitrary restrictions in the contracts. which are waived in the case of American firms; or that our markets are being made a dumping ground for the American surplus products, under Mr. Carnegie's surplus law, at unremunerative prices." In any case the above figures are an ironical comment upon Lord Playfair's remark in 1887 that-"We [English] are a great exporting nation. . . . The United States cannot be so, for her cost of production is raised so high by protection that her exports are

of small account in the markets of the world."

Moreover, the United States is not the only tariff-protected industrial system which is threatening us. In simple defiance of Lord Playfair's confident prophecy. Germany is also producing. more cheaply than ourselves, goods in the manufacture of which till yesterday we had a monopoly. The German naval constructor, Süssenguth,9 in a paper on naval construction, shows that on authoritative English figures Germany is building battleships as cheaply as, or more cheaply than England, per ton of displacement. Yet obviously under Lord Playfair's law, the cost of production should have been raised so high by protection that there would be no possibility of comparison or competition in the home market. For observe that the cost of German ships is the cost not to foreign buyers, in whose case the Carnegie principle of dumping surplus products would come into play, but to the German Government.

The instances given-and they might be multiplied almost indefinitely, if we included the machine-tool industry and the manufacture of stationary engines-show that even before the days of the Trust the Americans were beating us in the open markets. Students agree that the American works concentrate their energies upon specialties to an extraordinary degree, standardize everything, and relentlessly send to the scrap-heap old machinery. Even locomotives in the United States are not built to last, or meant to last, more than fifteen years, because it is practically certain that with the rush of invention such provements will have been introduced before the lapse of that time that these locomotives will be uneconomical and

^{*}Compare Mr. Schwab's evidence before the American Industrial Commission, "that it had been and would be, the policy of his company to sell abroad at lower prices than in the United States in

order to hold the markets." He spoke definitely of "selling his surplus at a loss."

[&]quot;Marins Rundschau," March, 1899.

out of date. The lavish equipment of the American workshops is in striking contrast with European practice. Says the Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Steel Company,10 with regard to German shops-and the words apply equally to England: "In point of fact it may be doubted whether the general volume of business in Germany would enable any one modernized plant to secure enough business to keep things hustling the year round. The aggregate annual output of the four largest bridge-works in Germany is approximately 32,000 tons, which is equivalent to the tonnage of a single American shop of the first class." Another American engineer adds: "The European bridge constructors. . . can observe methods of design and imitate them, as some progressive American manufacturers have done. But how shall they get the constant market for bridges which has enabled American bridge companies to invest vast sums in labor-saving machinery and other appliances?" It is here that the advantage of the enormous market shows itself. The manufacturer with an open market of 80,000,000 souls can work on a vaster scale and specialize more completely than the manufacturer with a market of haif the size.

It will be observed that these American authorities insist upon the importance of modern plant, which means labor-saving machinery. But in England labor-saving machinery cannot be used to the same extent, because overtly or covertly the labor organizations set their face against it; prevent its introduction; limit the output of the machines; and insist upon their being handled by the skilled labor which they supersede. Capital dare not and cannot force labor to accept these appliances, because of the grave social problem which the situation of the dislodged workers would present.

Engineering Magazine." April, 1901, p. 52-8.

Two men with five automatic machines can do the work of ten men or of twenty men without machine-tools in our backward workshops, but then what becomes of the eight or eighteen dislodged men? Sir R. Giffen has spoken of the growth of "social wreckage" in our industrial system, and Mr. J. A. Hobson thinks that of the working classes "nearly two millions are liable at any time to figure as waste or surplus labor." Before such terrifying facts the attitudes of both unions and employers become intelligible. one class dreads the sacrifice of its members; the other class dreads the social results of the sacrifice. Competition is limited by mutual consent, only "nature," by which in this case is apparently meant the tariff-aided products of the foreign manufacturer, unhappily proceeds to bring down at once the British employer and his employee in common ruin. Industry after industry has declined, or stagnated to such a degree that it can offer no opportunity of employment to those displaced. In the United States, owing to the rapid expansion, variety of industries and phenomenal prosperity, the same problems have not as yet arisen.

The businesses which have been combined in the Steel Trust are all of giant size and cover the whole iron and steel Mines, railways, works, industries. and ports are all owned by the Trust, and placed under the virtual control of a single man. The power which Mr. Morgan wields is in many ways greater than that of Napoleon himself, and he has as lieutenants to assist him. such minds as Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller, each of whom has built up a gigantic fortune for himself; indeed last year the profits of the Carnegie Company reached the respectable sum of £8,000,000 sterling. The highest talent can be employed by the Trust, since it is able to pay its heads

of departments salaries which would be princely fortunes in Europe. Establishment charges and cost of management are at the same time reduced by the elimination of hundreds of engineers, managers and clerks who were required by the various concerns before their amalgamation, but who are now no longer needed and find themselves remorselessly turned adrift. We may next ask how, even apart from the question of cheap coal, cheap ironore, and pliable labor, the English businesses are to compete, when they lack the unity of direction and command that marks the Trust, and when they are saddled with multitudes of managers, engineers, clerks and officesall expensive luxuries; to say nothing of inflated capital and ignorant shareholders. Obviously there must be concentration and centralization in England; our organization, if we are to hold our own, must be raised to the same standard as the American, and at the same time the superfluous employees must be dismissed wholesale. It is useless to protest that American methods are horrible and repugnant, and that we prefer to keep our industrial organization upon its present footing. This is precisely what the Chinese said, when they deliberately decided against Western Civilization, and used what force they could to support their objection. American methods. with open competition, will overthrow our industry, not the less surely because we object to them. There is only one means by which we can preserve our existing system, and it is not absolutely certain that this means would be effective. We can put up a tariff wall round our islands, and round the Empire. Instead of examining this alternative, we are amusing ourselves with pleasant delusions, such as the hope that the United States will aban-

11 This rise is not necessarily permanent. An ex- diminish violent oscillations in the price-curve, but amination of Standard Oil prices shows that Trusts

don Protection and resort to Free Trade, and that the labor organizations will attack the Trusts. Protection however, is more firmly rooted than ever, and the labor organizations will receive their share of the spoil. precisely as they do in the Birmingham Alliances, and in the West Riding dyeing trade combination, and in many other cases where a sliding scale is adopted, giving the artisan a fair proportion of the monopolist's profit.

Already the effects of the Trust's competition are noticeable. Just as we should anticipate, prices have been slightly raised in the United States where steel rails have gone up from 26 to 28 dollars a ton." This, however, is due to the enormous demand for steel, caused by the trade expansion of the United States during the last few years and by the heavy orders from Russia. It might well have occurred had there been no Trust. For the moment Mr. Morgan's Trust finds that its whole energy is required to meet this home demand. But its capacity of output is immensely in excess of the normal American demand. In the United States firms have not, as in England, rested satisfied when from an excess of business they have not been able to take fresh orders. "In Chicago," says Mr. Consul Wyndham, "if a factory is busy and cannot, with the ordinary hands, fill the orders that are offered, the staff and works are increased. . . . It prevents rival businesses being started either here or in some other part of the States." This is a fact to be commended to the attention The Steel of British manufacturers. Trust may or may not increase its plant, but in any case, when the American demand returns to something like the normal proportions, there will be a gigantic surplus for the foreign market. And then will come our time of stress.

do not prevent a slow fall in prices.

Even now England is feeling the results of the organization of the Trust. "Scotch iron and steel makers," said a newspaper paragraph at the end of March, "have become alarmed at the prospects of the American Steel Trust swamping their export markets, and as buyers will not do business, prices are being cut down to a ruinous level. In the Glasgow Iron Market, to-day, Scotch iron fell to £2 12s. 6d. cash. Steel plates are now £2 a ton down from top prices." 12 In the Cleveland district 23 out of 97 blast furnaces have been put out since the end of 1900, and in the Midlands 12: whereas in America the number of furnaces in blast has actually increased by 60, from 211 to 271. The Directors of the North Eastern Steel Company in their report, give us a foretaste of what is coming. They regret that, for the first time in sixteen years, they cannot pay a dividend. They point out that in April, 1900, there was a collapse of prices in America, when the large producers placed their surplus on the British market at "prices greatly below the Company's cost of production. competition increased and the prices of finished steel declined, and as they are still falling, it is not possible to keep the Company's works fully employed." The Barrow Hæmatite Steel Company has just passed even its preference dividend. "The prospects of the iron and steel trade," said the Duke of Devonshire, its Chairman, "were not what they might wish them to be. A small quantity of material was being produced, foreign competition and reduced prices were unfavorable, and they heard of other things which would make still further inroads on the trade."

More serious, however, is the avowed intention of many great firms to migrate or, at least, move part of their works to points where protection can

be secured. It is a process which has been going on for years, so that to-day England has to face the fiercest competition from British capital and British organizers and employers, who find that Free Trade does not pay at home, and who, therefore, go abroad. plush trade in the West Riding was one of the first thus to migrate. I saw only the other day a Yorkshireman who, twenty years ago, was running a profitable business and employing a good number of work-people in one of the West Riding valleys. Then came the Dingley tariff, and preferring, as he said, to be "inside the wall," he left with the pick of his work-people for the United States, where he has prospered exceedingly. This is quite according to Mr. Cobden's views, but it is it wholly satisfactory from the national standpoint? Let anyone who fancies that it is visit the West Riding. and note the number of abandoned mills filled with rusting machinery, talk to the manufacturer and the millhand, and hear what they have to say of vanishing profits and perpetual short time.

Of the steel firms which have announced their intention thus to move. the most important are Messrs. Cammell, Jessop, and Saville. Messrs. Cammell and Saville, two large businesses, intend to establish subsidiary works in Russia. Messrs. Jessop, at their annual meeting, stated that they "contemplated establishing works for certain branches of their business in the United States, where the whole of the crucible steel makers in the States had gone into a large combination and compelled them to come to this conclusion." It is believed that the great firm of Vickers-Maxim are establishing huge ship-building and steel works in the States-to the profit of their shareholders, but not precisely to the advantage of England. Commenting on this policy of migration the New York "Sun"

¹⁵ There has sinve been some recovery,

remarked. "It involves the confession that American competition is invincible, but it also spells ruin to the industrial interests in several lines of British trade. There is not the slightest doubt that the most enlightened English manufacturers understand far better than the Americans themselves, the vast opportunities within reach of the United States for securing a great share of the world's trade." And it is a matter of common knowledge that high in almost every American business or factory are to be found Englishmen who have been driven by tariff-aided competition from their home, and who thus get their revenge upon their theory-ridden motherland. They have only followed the Cobdenite precepts in emigrating and selling their talent, regardless of patriotic considerations, in the best market. Yet their voices are not the least earnest raised to warn England of the consequences of her economic policy.

Whether or not we like to recognize the fact—and wilful blindness is one of our national failings—there is no disputing the truth, that an industry backed by the whole strength of the government and the nation stands a better chance than an industry which government and nation coldly decline to assist in any way. No doubt to back an industry, as Germany and the Uni-

The Fortnightly Review.

ted States support their iron and steel trades, may involve a certain amount of temporary sacrifice on the part of the community. But that in the long run the community suffers cannot be proved, whatever the disciples of Cobden say, and they are very prone to substitute vague assertions for argu-Moreover, in the words of ments. Lamennais, "Human society is based upon mutual giving, and upon the sacrifice of man for man, or of each man for all other men, and sacrifice is the very essence of true society." For a generation we have been limiting competition within the State and restraining its crude and cruel violence. By innumerable laws and restrictions we have raised the standard of comfort and life. But we still refuse to restrain the competition which comes from without, from countries man is regarded mere profit-making machine. The cheap labor the Southern American States,18 of Japan, of Germany, of Belgium, is freely to be allowed to lower our standard of living. Well may an American economic writer remark, that industrial England has entered a cul de sac from which there appears to be for her no retreat. For we are on the horns of a dilemma-either our high standard of living or our free trade system must go.

H. W. Wilson.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

Misadventure filled more than its fair share of space in early Alpine literature, partly because the mildly horrible has its own fascination, partly because even the mountaineer can find something not entirely displeasing in the benightments of his friends, partly because failure is, on the whole, more picturesque—or, at least, more suitable for fine writing—than success. I do not speak of serious accidents—majores majora canant; for accounts of

18 Within the last two years the Massachusetts mills have had to lower their wages to compete with

the South, thus showing that the efficiency of highly-paid labor has definite limits.

these, and receipts for their avoidance also, you may search not in vain in any Alpine library-but of the little roll down a snowslope, the little blow from a stone, the moment's peril when the snow-bridge breaks, the long hours of the unpremeditated bivouac and the twinges of rheumatism by which through long years you will retain its memory, of all those little slips and falls which complete the climber's "rake's progress" and turn him from a callow youth with colored tops to his stockings, who dallies with pretty bits of climbing and has a taste for carrying his own knapsack, into the scarred and bearded veteran who appreciates the moral support of the rope and plods obediently and unburdened after his veteran guide. To tell of such adventures was the joy of the writers of forty years ago; and Mr. Kennedy's night adventures on the Bristenstock, Mr. Whymper's fall on the Tête du Lion and his account of Reynaud's involuntary leap on the Col de la Pilatte, and the delightful indiscretions of Mr. Girdlestone have long ago passed beyond the fury of the leader-writers, who saw in each a fresh instance of the audacious wickedness of man, into the calm region of the classics. "Theirs was the giant race before the flood" of pamphlets, magazinearticles, and sober volumes bound in aniline-dyed cloth had dulled the popular palate and made it necessary to seek a newer world for him who would take his heroism to the best market. If we slip nowadays we don't tell about it. Yet even in these days, when the purchase of an axe at Anderegg's and a few nails at Andenmatten's will make you a mountaineer in the few hours between the arrival of the English mail and the grotesque time at which you will be rudely bidden to arise on the following morningeven in these days I fancy that you will suffer many a rough knock before you reach the seats of the mighty in

Savile Row. Some few there be, mighty athletes from their youth up, who take the sport by storm and seem to escape the chances of us ordinary creatures; but for the most of us the craft is long to learn, the conquering hard. And in the experience of many there are two distinct phases. There is the time when, flushed with youth and victory, you seem to go on from strength to strength, faster from year to year. more confident in foot and hand, more scornful of the rope which you have seen so often used, not as a means of safety, but as an assistance to the progression of the weaker brethren, until one day your foot unaccountably finds the step too small, or the bit of rock comes away in your hand, or the outraged spirit of the mountains smites you suddenly with a stone, and all is changed. Henceforth every well-worn and half-despised precaution has a new meaning for you; it becomes a point of honor to walk circumspectly, to turn the rope round every helpful projection when the leader moves, and to mark and keep your distance; and you begin to catch a little of the wisdom of our fathers. It is not until the slip comes-as it comes to all-that you believe a slip is possible; and were it not for slips the continual advance of cup to lip might become in time monotonous and irksome, and mountaineering nothing but a more laborious and elaborate form of walking up a damp flight of stairs. But when it has come, and there has passed away the result of the consequent shock to your self-esteem, and to other even more sensitive portions of your person, there succeeds a new pride of achievement, and you will have the advantages of the converted sinner over the ninety . and nine just persons whose knickerbockers are still unriven. Furthermore, you will have commenced the graduate state of your mountaineering education. Unlucky, too, will you be if your

experience has not given you something more than a juster estimate of your own moral and physical excellence: for your misfortune, if you have chosen your companions aright, will suddenly turn your grumbling hireling into a friend as gentle and as patient as a nurse, and disclose in those who were your friends qualities of calm and steadfastness, never revealed in the fret of the valley; while, if you need wine and oil for your wounds, when you reach home again, you will find in the inn some English doctor, asking nothing better than to devote the best part of his holiday to the gratuitous healing of the stranger.

The form of my own awakening was not such as to require wine or oil or consolation, and indeed, had I spoken of it at the time, would have scarcely escaped ridicule. We had reached the summit of our pass, and the guides and myself had decided that the steep wall of snow on the further side was an admirable place for a glissade. Accordingly we went through the inevitable ritual of the summit, consumed as much sour bread and wine as we could, with unerring accuracy applied the wrong names to all the newly disclosed mountain-tops, adjusted the rope and prepared for the descent. Unfortunately we omitted to explain the particular form of pleasure in which we were about to indulge to my companion, who was ignorant alike of mountaineering and the German tongue. The result was simple: the second guide, who was in front, set off with his feet together and his axe behind him: I followed in as correct an imitation of his attitude as I could induce my body to assume; but the novice stood still on the crest of the pass to "await in fitting silence the event," and the rope tightened. The jerk, after nearly cutting me in two, laid me on my back in the snow, and was then transmitted to the guide, who was also pulled off his feet and plunged

head foremost down. Our combined weights drew after us both my companion and the chief guide, who was taken unawares, and both came crushing upon me. We rolled over and over, mutually pounding one another as we rolled; hats and spectacles and axes preceded us, and huge snowballs followed in our wake, until, breathless and humiliated, we had cleared the Schrund, and came to an ignominious halt on the flat snow below.

This was no very rude introduction to my climbing deficiencies, but before the end of the season I had felt fear at the pit of my stomach. We (that is A. T. and myself) had scrambled up an Austrian mountain, and, on our way down, had come to where the little glacier intervenes between the precipice and the little moraine heaps above the forest. The glacier would hardly deserve the name in any other part of the Alps, so small is it; but it makes up for what it lacks in size by its exceeding steepness; the hardness of its ice. and the ferocity (if one may attribute personal characteristics to Nature) of the rock walls which keep in its stream on either hand, hem it in so closely that I think it must be always in deep shadow, even in the middle of a June day.

Here you must cross it very nearly on a level, and then skirt down its further side between ice and rock for a few feet before you come to a suitable place for the crossing of the big crevasse below you; and then a short slide down old avalanche debris shoots you deliciously into the sun again. The crossing of the glacier in the steps cut by the numerous parties who have passed on previous days is an extremely simple affair. But you must not hurry, for a slip could not be checked. and would probably finish in the before-mentioned crevasse. We started. however, in some fear: for a party ascending the mountain favored us with continual showers of stones of

all sizes, and the higher they climbed the more viciously came their artillery. Hence I was nervous and apt to go carelessly when we reached the middle of the ice, and here the worse began. I heard a strange, whizzing, whirring noise, whch sounded strangely familiar, accompanied by a physical shiver on my part and a curious knocking together of the knees; again and again it came, followed each time by a slight dull thud; and; looking at the rocks below us on each side, I saw a little white puff of dust rising at every concussion. Then I knew why the sound seemed familiar. I was reminded how, as a panting schoolboy, I had toiled up a long dusty road to a certain down with a rifle much too large for me, in the vain hope of shooting my thirdclass, and how, as we bruised our shoulders at the 200 yards' range, another young gentleman firing at the 400 yards at the parallel range on our left, had mistaken his mark and fired across our heads at the target beyond us on the right. Everything was present-the indescribable whirring of the bullet, its horrible invisibility while it flew, and the gray little cloud as it flattened itself on the white paint of the target. The sensation was horrible, the tendency to hurry irresistible, and but for my companion I should have risked slip and crevasse and everything to get out of line of fire. But my companion remained absolutely steady; while he poured forth curses in every language and every patois ever spoken in the Italian Tyrol, he still moved his feet as deliberately, improved the steps with as much care and minuteness as if he were a Chamounix guide conducting a Frenchman on the Mer de Glace. I know he felt the position as acutely as I did, for when, a week later, we had to cross the same place under a similar fire, and the third member of the party was sent on in front with a large rope to re-cut the steps, he

turned to me with impressive simplicity and said, "Adesso è quello in grande pericolo. If he is hit, we cannot save him." How long we took to cross I do not know. But when at last we reached the other bank we cast therope off with one impulse, and, bending under the shelter of the rocks, ran where I had found climbing hard in the morning, jumped the bergschrund, fell and rolled down the snow under a final volley from the mountain, and lay long by the stream panting and safe.

I suspect the danger here was far more apparent than real. My next adventure with a falling stone was more real than I like to think of. Four of us had been scrambling round the rocks beside the Ventina Glacier, and were returning to our camp to lunch. By bad luck, as it turned out, I reached level ground first, and, lying on my back amongst great boulders, watched with amusement the struggles of my companions who were about a hundred feet above me, apparently unable to get up or down. They were screaming to me, but the torrent drowned their voices, and I smoked my pipe in contentment. Suave mari magno. At last they moved, and with them the huge rock which they had been endeavoring to uphold and shouting to me to beware of. It crashed down towards me, but I determined to stop where I was. The roughness of the ground would have hindered my escape to any distance, and I calculated on stepping quickly aside when my enemy had declared himself for any particular path of attack. So I did, but the stone at that moment broke in pieces, and, quick as I was with desperation, one fragment was quicker still. It caught me, glancing as I turned, between the shoulder and the elbow, only just touching me, as I suppose, for the bone was quite unhurt. Up I went into the air and down I came among the stones, with all the wind knocked out of me, large bruises all over me, not hurt, but very much frightened.

Such experiences as this leave no very lasting impression, and might just as easily happen were the party accompanied by the best of guides. But I hardly think that any guide would have been crack-brained enough to take part in two expeditions which taught me what it feels like to slip on rock and ice respectively. The first slip took place during the winter. With one companion I was climbing in a long and not very difficult gully on a Welsh mountain. The frost had just broken, and there was more water in the pitches than was quite pleasant. It was very cold water, and my hands, which had been frost-bitten the week before, were still swathed in bandages. Hence progress was very slow, and at last my friend took the lead to spare me. He was climbing over a big overhanging stone jammed between the walls of the gully and forming an excellent spout for the water, which was thus poured conveniently down his neck. I stood on the shelving floor of the gully in perfect safety, and watched the shower-bath, which was gradually exhausting him. He asked for his axe, and I, in a moment of madness, came near and handed it up; his legs, which were all I could then see of him, were kicking in the water about five feet above my head. What happened next I do not know, but I shall always maintain that, seeing an eligible blade of grass above him, he plunged the adze in and hauled with both hands. The blade resented such treatment, and came out. Anyhow he fell on my head, and we commenced a mad career down the way we had ascended, rather rolling than falling, striking our heads and backs against the rocks, and apparently destined for the stony valley upon which we had looked down between our legs for hours. People who have escaped drowning say that, in what was their struggle for life, their minds travelled back over their whole history. I know that my brain at this moment suddenly acquired an unusual strength. In a few seconds we were safe, but in those seconds there was time for centuries of regret. There was no fear, that was to come later. But I felt vividly that I was present as a spectator of my own suicide and thought myself a feeble kind of fool. Had it been on the Dru or the Meije, I thought, it might have been worth it, but, half-drowned, to plunge a poor forty feet over the next pitch on a hill not 3,000 feet high, with a carriage road in sight, and a girl driving in the cows for milking in Nant Francon! And at the same time there came back a curious scrap from "Richard III," learnt at my private school and never apprehended-

Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown,

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!

We did not roll far, and stuck between the walls of the gully, where they narrowed. Then I arose and shook myself, unhurt. My companion made me light his pipe, which cheered me very much, and we each partook of an enormous mutton sandwich. Help was near, for another party of three was climbing in the next gully, and came to our shouts; one ran down to the farm for a hurdle, the rest began the descent. For hours we seemed to toil, for my companion, though with admirable fortitude he supported the pain of movement, had temporarily no power over his legs and the lower part of his body. could do little, but the others worked like blacks, and just at dark we reached the farm, and the ministrations of a Welsh doctor, who told my friend, quite erroneously, that there was nothing the matter with him, pointed out a swelling on my face as big as a pigeon's egg, which, he said, would probably lead to erysipelas, and then departed into the darkness.

A fall on ice has something in it more relentless, though, until the last catastrophe, less violent. We had all been victims to the fleshpots of the valley, and were perhaps hardly fit for a long ice slope when we began to cut up the last few feet to gain the arête of our mountain. The incline seemed to me very steep, and, third on the rope, I was watching the leader at his labors, half pitying him for his exertions, half envying him his immunity from the ice fragments which he was sending down to me. Below me the fourth man had barely left the great flat rock on which we had breakfasted: there was no reason to think of danger; when to my horror I saw the leader cut a step, put out his foot slowly, and then very slowly and deliberately sway over and fall forwards and downwards against the ice. We were in a diagonal line. but almost immediately beneath one another, and he swung quietly round like a pendulum, his axe holding him to the slope, until he was immediately beneath the second man. Very slowly, as it seemed, the rope grew taut; the weight began to tug at his waist; and then he, too, slowly and reflectively in the most correct mountaineering attitude, as though he were embarking upona well considered journey, began to slide. Now was the time for me to put into practice years of patient training. I dug my toes in and stiffened my back, anchored myself to the ice, and waited for the strain. It was an unconscionable time coming, and, when it came I still had time to think that I could bear it. Then the weight of twenty-seven stone in a remorseless way quietly pulled me from my standpoint, as though my resistance were an impudence. Still, like the others, I

held my axe against the ice and struggled like a cat on a polished floor, always seeing the big flat rock, and thinking of the bump with which we should bound from it and begin our career through the air: when suddenly the bump came and we all fell together in a heap on to the rock and the fourth man, who had stepped back upon it, my crampons running into his leg, and my axe, released from the pressure, going off through the air on the very journey which I had anticipated for us all. The others were for a fresh attack on the malicious mountain; but I was of milder mood, and very soon, torn and wiser, we were off on a slower but more convenient path to the valley than had seemed destined for us a few minutes before. But our cup was not yet full. Having no axe with which to check a slip, I was placed at the head of the line, and led slowly down, floundering a good deal for want of my usual support. The great couloir was seamed across with a gigantic crevasse. the angle of the slope being so sharp that the upper half overhung, and we had only crossed in the morning by standing on the lower lip, cutting handholes in the upper, and shoving up the leader from the shoulder of the second man: hence, in descending, our position was similar to that of a man on the mantelshelf who should wish to climb down into the fire itself. We chose the obvious alternative of a jump to the curb, which was, I suppose, about fifteen feet below us and made of steep ice with a deep and deceptive covering of snow. I jumped and slid away with this covering, to be arrested in my course by a rude jerk. I turned found indignant; but my companions were beyond my reproaches. One by one, full of snow, eloquent and bruised, they issued slowly from the crevasse into which I had hurled them, and, heedless of the humor of the situation. gloomily urged me downwards.

Some hours still passed before we reached our friendly Italian hut, left some days before for a raid into Swiss territory; there on the table were our provisions and shirts as we had left them, and a solemn array of bottles full of milk carried up during our absence by our shepherd friends; and there, on the pile, in stinging comment on our late proceedings, lay a slip of paper, the tribute of some Italian tourist, bearing the inscription "Omaggio ai bravi Inglesi ignoti." We felt very much ashamed.

When the soup has been eaten and the pipes are lighted, and you sit down outside your hut for the last talk before bed, you will find your guide's tongues suddenly acquire a new eloquence, and, if you are a novice at the craft, will be almost overwhelmed by the catalogue of misfortune which they will repeat to you. And so, too, upon us in the winter months comes the temptation to dwell on things done long ago and ill done, and, as we write of the sport for others, we give a false impression of peril and hardihood in things that were little more than matter for a moment's laughter. I too must plead guilty to a well-meant desire to make your flesh creep.

Mountaineering by skilled mountainneers is about as dangerous as hunting in a fair country, and requires as much pluck as to cross from the Temple to the Law Courts at midday. Difficult mountaineering is for the unskilled about as dangerous as riding a vicious horse in a steeplechase for a man who has never learnt to ride. But the tendency in those who speak or write of it for the outer world who are not mountaineers is to conceal a deficiency of charm of style by an attempt to slog in the melodramatic, and I plead guilty at once.

So we think and write as though to us our passion for the hills were a fancy of the summer, a mere flirtation.

Yet no one has lost the first bloom of his delight in Alpine adventure before the element of sternness has come to mar his memory and bind more closely his affections. You find the mildly Horatian presence of death somewhere near you, and that at a moment when, whatever your age and strength, and whatever your infirmities, you are at the full burst of youth; when Nature has been kindest she has been most capricious, and has flaunted her relentless savagery just when she has bent to kiss you. The weirdest rocks rise from Italian gardens, and the forms of hill seem oldest when you are most exultant-immortal age beside immortal youth. Yet it is not this, "the sense of tears," in things which are not mortal which must mark your Alpine paths with memories as heavy and as definite as those inscriptions which tell of obscure and sudden death on every hillside, and invite your prayers for the woodcutter and the You too will have seen shepherd. friends go out into the morning whom you have never welcomed home. There is a danger, sometimes encountered recklessly, sometimes ignorantly, but sometimes-hard as it may be to understand the mood-not in the mere spirit of the idle youth, but met with and overcome, or overcoming, in a resolution which knows no pleasure in conquest save when the essay is fierce, and is calmly willing to pay the penalty of failure. While for ourselves we enjoy the struggle none the less because we have taken every care that we shall win, they freely give all; and for such there is surely no law. While by every precept and example we impress the old rules of the craft on our companions and our successors, how can we find words of blame for those who have at least paid the extreme forfeit, and found "the sleep that is among the lonely hills?"

The penalty for failure is death; not

always exacted at the first slip, for Nature is merciful and ofttimes doth relent; but surely waiting for those who scorn the experience of others and slight her majesty in wilfulness, in ignorance, in the obstinate following of a fancy, in the vain pursuit of notoriety.

The rules are known, and those who break them, and by precept and example tempt to break them those whom

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they should teach, wrong the sport which they profess to love.

In this game as in any other, it should be a point of honor for us not to make the sport more difficult for others, and not to bring unnecessary sorrow upon the peasants, who help us to play it, and upon their families. It should be a point of honor to play the game, and, if disaster comes in playing it, we have, at least, done our best.

Francis Connell.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Thefuture of our two political parties has, perhaps, never been more completely shrouded in uncertainty than it is at the present moment: but no one can doubt that there will always be in England an active desire for reform, and that this desire will sooner or later seek once more to gratify itself by dealing with the House of Lords. This is certain, if only because the Upper House is one of the most ancient and most effective constituents of the Government of this country. So much the more desirable is it that we should make ourselves familiar with its real position and working in what I may call time of peace, when the heat of controversy is not developed on this subject, and when a cool judgment is possible here if not else-

The House of Lords is next to the king the oldest part of our Constitution, and the Lords Spiritual form the oldest part of that body.

The Lords Spiritual are called Lords of Parliament and are supposed to hold certain ancient Baronies under the Crown. For William the Conqueror thought proper to change the spiritual tenure of Frank-almoign (or free alms),

under which the Bishops held their lands during the Saxon government, into the Feudal or Norman tenure of Barony.

It is generally agreed that the main constitution of Parliament, as it now stands, was marked out as long ago as the 17th of King John A. D. 1215. In the Great Charter granted by that Prince wherein he promises to summon all Archbishops and Bishops, Abbots, Earls and greater Barons personally, and all other tenants-in-chief under the Crown to meet to assess aids and scutages, etc.

And there are still extant writs of Henry III A. D. 1266, to summon Knights, Citizens and Burgesses to Parliament.¹

There is no doubt that the bishops and the barons from their different standpoints were a powerful help in keeping in check any autocratic power attempted to be exercised by our feudal kings, and were the moving agents for obtaining from King John this Great Charter of our liberties, securing the freedom of the Church and of the people.

Our Constitution is the envy of all

1 See Stephen's "Commentaries," vol. ii. pp. 38 and 358.

nations because of its known stability. This stability has been secured by the fact that alterations from time to time to reconcile the different parts of it to each other, in their new relationships from the increasing growth and intelligence of the nation, have generally been carried out by reformation and not by revolution. And this very gradually, not necessarily by Act of Parliament, but by the alteration of tone and conduct on the principle of solvitur ambulando. It is therefore evident that the cry for the abolition of the House of Lords-or for the ruthless dismemberment of any part of it-would go directly against all the experience of the past, and would go far to undermine the basis of the Constitution whose stability has been our boast. The experience of the past witnesses to this fact in the history of the great rebellion. For the people soon tired of a military republic; and neither Cromwell's Protectorate nor his new House of Lords found favor with the nation at large.

But because our reforms are of slow growth it does not follow that they are not very real. In all parts of our Constitution this statement holds good. The king from being feudal lord had to alter his position to that of a constitutional monarch ruling over a free people.

As an example: the idea which induced George III to act according to his conscience, in refusing Pitt's Catholic Emancipation Bill, was modified afterwards by the common-sense view that all private feelings must give way to the consideration of what was really best and most expedient for the good government of the people.

Later on the House of Lords had to pass through a similar experience. At the time of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the Reform Bill and Catholic Emancipation Bill, many peers, on George III's principle, re-

fused to vote against their own private views, and by their conduct very nearly brought about that revolutionary action which, if again resorted to, would have upset for ever the stability of our Constitution. Happily they came to a better mind, and, as our kings have done before, recognized their new position and accepted the rôle of acting as a controlling power over hasty legislation, but in no way claiming the right permanently to withstand the clearly expressed opinions of the people. Even in our unreformed state the House of Lords could never have been in a worse state than the unreformed House of Commons with its rotten boroughs, and the manufacturing towns without any direct representation; yet the common sense of the nation got us out of this difficulty, and has continued its work gradually until we are safely landed in household suffrage and the ballot.

The House of Lords has never shown itself to be that stereotyped body which some people suppose it to be. In Queen Anne's reign (6 Ann. cap. 23) by the election of sixteen peers for each Parliament, and in George III's reign (39, 40, cap. 67) by the election of life peers to represent the peerage of Ireland, the principle of election was introduced. I venture to think that this principle of election is a mistake, although I am well aware that one of the first reforms which many would propose would be to extend this principle of election to the British peerage. I have a very strong opinion against this, and the first of my suggested reforms would be to do away with election altogether, and, by creating no new Scotch or Irish peers and giving those that remain English peerages, to make them one hereditary body. Practical experience, as an assistant Whip in the House of Lords, has convinced me that the system of election is wrong. It is a direct incentive to party

pendent spirit which should be one of the main justifications for an hereditary peerage.

It stands to reason, if a certain number of peers are elected-whether for a Parliament or for life-to represent certain political opinions, they very naturally vote solid on all party questions; and the elected peers were some of the surest cards which the Tory Whip possessed.

Again, as regards the spiritual peers, great alterations have taken place. When the Irish Church was disestablished the number of spiritual peers attending the house was permanently decreased. And, when it was found necessary to increase the number of English bishops, the House, to avoid an increase in the numbers of spiritual peers attending the House, accepted the rota system so that, with the exception of the two Archbishops and the Bishops of London, Winchester and Durham, all the other bishops take their seats by rota as vacancies occur.

Here, again, we come across a reform which I think was made on wrong lines.

I am aware that one of the first reforms generally proposed is to turn the bishops out of the House altogether, This, of course, could not be done until the Church was disestablished; but even in that case I think the old principle is a sound one, and should form the foundation of a more extended

The appointment of spiritual peers to assist in the great councils of the nation was a necessity at a time when, from the want of education among the laity, the bishops held some of the chief offices in the State. It also came about that with a celibate clergy the appointment of bishops introduced the principle of life peerages side by side with hereditary peers. But, however it came about, the principle remains

voting and does away with the inde- a part-and the oldest part-of our Constitution, and, instead of throwing it over, I should propose turning it to good account. It is a means by which a democratic influence has been from the first introduced into the Upper House, and it is capable of much further development. I should like to see representatives of all the chief religious bodies, the Presidents of the Royal College of Physicians, the Royal College of Surgeons, the Royal Academy, the Royal Society and the like, thus introducing into the Upper House representatives of all the highest talent of Of course, they would the nation. have to be summoned by writ from the Crown, and the Crown must have some voice in their appointment, but this difficulty could be overcome by the different bodies presenting three names from which a choice could be made.

> It would be easy to strengthen the legal powers of the House by attaching peerages ex officio to certain judgeships, and in this way we could introduce representatives from the colonies-both legal and others.

I will now come to some of the other popular misunderstandings about the House of Lords. It is supposed by some to be a very aged body, out of sympathy with the masses of the people, and entirely obedient to the call of a Tory Government.

From my personal experience I can remove a good many of these mistaken views, and lighten the article by some reminiscences of my fifty-seven years of membership. To begin with, we cannot be a very aged body, when I, at seventy-seven, find only two peers left who took their seats before I did. I believe that if the ages of the House of Peers and House of Commons were compared the averages would be pretty equal, and I feel sure that by hereditary successions and new creations as much fresh blood comes into the House of Lords as into the Lower House.

And, as to independence, until Home Rule was proposed, there was a very equal division of parties in the House; and even in this session and in the last ministers have experienced an adverse vote.

When I first assisted Lord Malmesbury as Under Whip, the Whigs had a certain majority unless we called Proxies, and here comes the chief and most happy reform that I can remember in our modes of procedure. Our party inherited a lot of proxies given to the Duke of Wellington, with which when we broke with the Peelites he in no way interfered. The consequence was that on an important question fully argued out on both sides, if beaten in the House, the balance in the Proxy book gave the decision in our favor. It was indeed a happy reform when we voluntarily gave up this privilege.

There was another wise reform. For hearing appeal cases two lay peers were told off to make a House in case only one or two lords were there to hear appeals; it was a delusion and a snare, the peers varied from day to day, and if any attended regularly to hear the case what weight would their decision have had if against that of the Lord Chancellor and other law lords? Now only law lords sit, and it is one of the strongest courts in the world.

In old times we took the numbers on a division by counting them as they sat. I remember on one occasion an old peer, the Whig Government Whip, when counting with me, twice missed out six peers on the Treasury bench. He got rusty and insisted he was right, and the front bench smiled at me in derision, but I did not want to take an unfair advantage and made some of them count with me. It was the end of the old Whip; and of the counting in the House; ever after we went into separate lobbies!

Then, to go from greater things to small we have amended, perhaps not

always for the better, I remember seeing Archbishop Howley and some of the other bishops in their wigs. one occasion I saw Lord Holland come down, to support the Government, on crutches and with his gouty foot tied up with linen, just like the old caricatures; and I have seen the late Duke of Argyle's father sitting in the House in his kilt. When I took my seat in 1844, Crossley Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury, was Chairman of Committees. He was a thorough man of business. though with pretty sharp manners, as the following anecdote will show. He had the same Land Agent that I employed, a man of the name of Webb, and the firm still keep the letter which ran as follows:

Webb,—Damn you why don't you answer my letters?

Shaftesbury.

Nevertheless he never came to the House when there was a Committee without putting on his court dress, and I regretted when Lord Redesdale, his successor, gave up the practice.

Notwithstanding our supposed shortcomings, the House of Lords has always kept up its renown for the power of its debates. We have the advantage of having had it all thrashed out in the House of Commons; but when we reduce a month's debate there to two or at most three nights it requires some little speaking power to put concisely before the public the clear issues on either side. Our style of speaking is of course entirely different from that in the House of Commons. I remember Lord Carlisle (who had just come up from the House of Commons, where as Lord Morpeth he had often encountered Lord Stanley) bringing in the Bill for the repeal of the Navigation Laws. I never heard a more able statistical speech, and if he had sat down at once he would have been cheered by both sides of the House; instead of this he put his notes into his hat, threw up his head, and gave us a fifteen minutes' peroration full of poetry and power, but he sat down without a cheer! I did not know what was coming, but I heard Stanley say: "Ah, Morpeth, that won't do here!"

These were the days when Lords Brougham and Campbell were sparring every night, and these were wearisome affairs. I only once heard a good speech from Lord Brougham, in which he quoted scripture. I was sitting next Henry, Bishop of Exeter, and he remarked, "I thought I had stopped him from that." Seeing a sparkle in his eye, I knew I was in for a good story; it was as follows: Brougham was Lord Chancellor, introducing the Catholic Emancipation Bill to the House, the Bishop of Exeter was his chief opponent. Brougham on one occasion said: "Not that he cared for the poor," whereupon, when he sat down, the bishop pointed out how unfair it was to quote scripture when bishops (who could not do so) were opposed to him. "Why," says Brougham, "what would you have said?" "Oh," said the bishop, "for he held the bag and kept what was put therein," and pointed to the seals on the woolsack.

One of the smartest speakers was Lord Ellenborough, very spirited, very concise, and full of points. I suppose the most powerful speech I ever heard was Bishop Magee's against the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill.

I must tell one more story. Lord Stanley, when he first came up to our House, always spoke in tight mauve-colored kid gloves. After one of his great speeches, Lord Chelmsford said, "Stanley, why do you always speak in gloves? The glove is a dead thing, but the naked hand is full of power." This led to a correspondence, but afterwards this great and approved orator amended his ways, and we always

sides of the House; instead of this he knew that Stanley was going to speak, put his notes into his hat, threw up his because he deliberately took off his head, and gave us a fifteen minutes' gloves.

Lord Lyndhurst used to sum up the work of each session with an attack upon the ministers. There was very little action or change of voice; it was like a judge delivering a judgment, and it was so accurately given that it might have been read verbatim. I was proud to hand him a glass of water on the last occasion.

I referred last year, in the House, to the last speech made by the Duke of Wellington, when the Conservatives were in power and had brought in a Militia Bill. The old duke said, "The militia is the constitutional force. The battle of Waterloo, that battle of giants, was fought by militiamen." This is in Hansard, but as he sat down he said, "a very different thing if I had had my old army."

There is one other speech which I must refer to. It was Lord Beaconsfield's last, in which he lamented that the new Government had given up Candahar as an outpost on the frontier. but remarked, "after all the real key of India is the City of London." Lord Granville told us afterwards that he had been obliged to let Lord Beaconsfield close the debate early, as he had received a note to say "he must speak then or never, as the sedative he had taken to lull his pain was losing its power." Here was true pluck! We were within an ace of having another great man die in the House, as Lord Chatham had done.

But I must return again for a few last words on the reform of the House of Lords. It is true that a maiden speech is always received with courtesy, and that at any time you have anything to tell them you will be attentively listened to, but there will be few signs of approval or of disapproval during your speech, and as you have no constituency at your

back it is difficult for even the most eloquent to make an advance there. The late Duke of Argyle startled us by his great eloquence, but at one time he spoke too frequently, and very nearly lost his influence, though on all great occasions he was always welcomed.

Nevertheless the House of Lords is a terrible place for a young man to begin his career in, and, unless he has exceptional powers, or the help of representing some office under Government, is a bad, an almost impossible, training-ground for a young peer.

On the other side there is many an eldest son, taking a prominent part in the other House, who dreads his father's death, which would compel him at once to our colder chamber.

In my proposed reform I should like to remedy both these drawbacks, and I believe it could be done with the consent of the Crown by a resolution of either House of Parliament.

(1) I would have no peer summoned to the Upper House till he was thirty a more suitable age for a member of a controlling chamber than twenty-one.

(2) By delaying the issue of the writ I would not compel retirement from the Lower House so long as the constituency which the new peer had represented desired to continue to benefit by his services.

I have, while defending the House of Lords from many exaggerated misapprehensions of its inefficiency, ventured to suggest certain very important reforms which would make it still more capable than at present for the fulfilment of its constitutional duties.

I think it of importance

(1) That the hereditary principle should be continued; and my proposal would greatly strengthen it by abolishing the elective element, and by securing that peers of matured age, who had at least sown their wild oats, and as I should hope might have secured a Parliamentary training, should form the hereditary portion of that body.

(2) The different societies and churches should be represented by the extension of the life peer system, through the arrangement of ex officio peerages on the same lines of appointment which apply now to our chief spiritual peers. This would introduce into the House a more democratic element, and would thus obviate the necessity of appointing to hereditary peerages for this main purpose. Hereditary honors should be restricted to those who by extraordinary services in military, social or political life, have won for their families a right to be enrolled among the nobility of the land.

I will conclude my article with a quotation from Stephen's "Commentaries," vol. ii. 360-361.

The distinction of rank and honors is necessary in every well-governed state, in order to reward such as are eminent for their services to the public in a manner most desirable to individuals, and yet without burden to the community. . . . A body of nobility is also most particularly necessary in our mixed and compound Constitution, in order to support the rights both of the Crown and of the people by forming a barrier to prevent the encroachments of both. It promotes and preserves that gradual scale of dignity which proceeds from the peasant to the prince; rising like a pyramid from a broad foundation, and diminishing to a point as it rises. It is this ascending and contracting proportion that adds stability to any government; for when the departure is sudden from one extreme to another we may pronounce that state to be precarious. The nobility therefore are the pillars which are reared from among the people more immediately to support the Throne, and if that falls they must be buried among its ruins.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

IV.

Carp of Brasenose must be getting on in life. We all know that he was a correspondent of the Rev. Edward Casaubon, who numbered him among the viros nullo ævo perituros; and that carries one a good way back. But his eye for a blunder in a friend's writing has not waxed dim nor has his natural force of disagreeableness abated. He writes in a rather tremulous hand to point out what he imagines to be an inconsistency between two items of autobiography which have occurred in the pages of this Log-Book.

In introducing myself to the notice of my readers, I said that I was "a feeble unit of the Great Middle Class." In describing my present unfamiliarity with smart society, I thought it due to myself to premise that I was "exceedingly well born." Now, the fact that Carp thinks he has detected a fatal inconsistency between these two statements only illustrates once again the limitations of the learned. A man whose whole life has been divided between the Common Room of Brasenose and a villa in the Bradmore Road knows nothing of our social vicissi-In his well-ordered scheme of life there is no room for decline and fall. It does not begin very high, but then, on the other hand, it ends pretty much where it began. Very different is the lot of those who, being by birth connected with the territorial caste, have been submerged by the Great Middle Class, and swallowed up by the "dim, common populations" of Suburbia or Stuccovia. For Carp's instruction, and for the vindication of my own accuracy, I must describe the process, painful though such retrospections must always be.

I was born and bred in Loamshire, a county undisturbed by commerce and manufacture, unviolated by smoke and steam. One exiguous and dilatory line of rail meanders through its fat green meadows. In the streets of its chief town one can hear, as well as see, the grass grow. Its inhabitants are to an abnormal degree industrious, orderly, contented and well-behaved.

They eat, they drink, they sleep, they plod,

They go to church on Sunday; And many are afraid of God, And more of Mrs. Grundy.

The county contains no Duke of Omnium or Marquis of Steyne-no transcendent and all-absorbing potentate. Our Lord Lieutenant, indeed, is a peer, of ancient creation but of diminished income, who, surrounded by a large family of plain daughters, lives in a dilapidated castle, and lets his shooting. But, on the whole, we don't think much of peers. Squires, of course, are common to all counties, but Loamshire is pre-eminently the land of Baronets. They are dotted all over the county, like knots in a networkcomfortable men, a little pompous; with incomes ranging from ten thousand'a year in good times to five in bad; living in substantial houses of dark red brick with facings of white stone, set in what they call parks and their detractors meadow-land. Of this goodly company the head of my family is the acknowledged chief. His creation dates from James I, and Proudflesh Park is really a deer-park, marked as such in Mr. Evelyn Philip Shirley's classical work on the subject -not merely a park with deer in it, which, as my kinsman will tell you, is a very different and a very inferior thing.

What need to say that in a neighborhood thus populated and thus influenced, the time-honored distinction between "The Town" and "The County" survives in all its vigor? In vain did the Banker and the Brewer accumulate large fortunes and subscribe handsomely to the Loamshire Hounds. The County would not ask them to dinner. In vain did the Solicitor build himself a French château a hundred yards off the high-road, and give tennis-parties in a dusty garden. The Baronets and their belongings held aloof, and the clergy, though they attended the parties, apologized to their squires for doing so. This being the social order of Loamshire, and myself a cadet of the family which has its habitation at Proudflesh Park, I may really say that I was born in the purple-or at least in a highly respectable mauve. When I was three-and-twenty I was considered in the county a very lucky young man. I had just left Oxford, with the blushing honors of a Third in Law thick upon me. I had a genteel independence bequeathed by an aunt, and only one life (reported in the county to be scrofulous) stood between me and the Baronetcy. Thus stimulated, I plunged into the feverish dissipations of County Society, tempting matrimonial fate more recklessly than I knew.

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate!

1 behaved like the rest of my kind, and in my case the minister of human fate was Mrs. Topham-Sawyer. I encountered my destiny at the Loamshire Hunt Ball.

Selina Topham-Sawyer was then (though I say it) an uncommonly pretty girl; but she was one of many

Topham-Sawyer and Mrs. sisters. was not the woman to give away a Hushed in grim repose, she chance. expected her evening prey, and she was not disappointed of it. I danced four times with Selina; took her to supper; and "sate out." What I said I have never been able to recall with precision, but Selina says that I proposed; and before we left the ballroom I had the happiness of overhearing Mrs. Topham-Sawyer announce her daughter's engagement to a group of buzzing neighbors. "It has really been quite an infatuation with him, and he has carried his point by sheer persistency. You know it is not exactly what we could have wished for our dear girl; but he is really a wellprincipled man; and of course he is quite one of ourselves, which always makes things so much easier. nothing much in the way of money. But I believe Mr. Topham-Sawyer is satisfied, and of course Selina's happiness is the first object."

I hope I am not ungrateful when I say that I have always dated my social decline from that eventful night. My modest fortune, which had sufficed easily enough for a bachelor moving from house to house in hospitable Loamshire, began to shrink uncomfortably when compressed by Marriage Settlements. As I had been called to the Bar, and had no definite occupation in the county. Selina's parents insisted that we must settle in London, "so that Robert may be near his work" -that mirage of employment and opulence which we always seemed to be nearing, and never reached. My wife being a Topham-Sawyer, and thereby, as every one knows, related to the Harley-Bakers, the Welbecks and the Hornby-Maddoxes, would have liked a more central situation; but our Trustees insisted on our buying a house in the newly developed district of Stuccovia; and a plausible houseagent persuaded us that the Star of Fashion, moving westward, would soon shed its lustre over Stucco Square. Well-we have now lived there a good many years, and that desired luminary has not yet made its appearance. Meanwhile my chances of succeeding to the Baronetcy and the splendors of Proudflesh Park become each year more remote. The intervening life, once fondly believed to be unsound, has proved to be not only durable but pre-eminently productive, and a numerous progeny of superfluous cousins now interposes itself between me and the fulfilment of my early dreams.

When first we settled in Stucco Square, Selina and I clung desperately to the traditions in which we had been We remembered, in season and out of season, that we belonged to "The County," and we strained every perve to retain our territorial connections. But gradually the dismal truth was borne in upon us that "The County" stood for very little in the social economy of London. The magnates of Loamshire are but sparing and infrequent cultivators of the town. Three or four of our Baronets, indeed, take furnished houses in Queen's Gate or Stanhope Gardens for two months after Easter, and our Lord Lieutenant generally comes up for the opening of Parliament to a sepulchral mansion in the vicinity of Marble Arch, which has not been re-papered since the days of his great grandfather. An annual dinner in Bryanston Square, a Sunday luncheon in Queen's Gate and three tea-parties in Stanhope Gardens represent the sum-total of the hospitality which we receive from "The County." And by degrees we began to realize that it would be easier, wiser and perhaps more profitable to accommodate ourselves to our environment. It was the beginning of a new life. The first cousin of a Baronet and the daughter of Mrs. Topham-Sawyer cannot forget that they have had elsewhere their setting, and come from afar. But we have learned that the less we talk about Loamshire the better our friends are pleased, and we have ceased to trail our clouds of territorial glory before the disgusted eyes of our Stuccovian neighbors. In fine, we have become merged in the Great Middle Class. We cultivate the friendliest relations with the Soulsbys and the Barrington-Bounderleys, and we are fain to admit that the Cashingtons give the best dinners in Stuccovia. But though our associations are no longer in the least degree aristocratic, we flatter ourselves that we still are fashionable: and as the "high Midsummer pomps come on," we scan the journals of fashion with absorbing eagerness for social openings. This year it is rather a hopeless quest. One morning, early in May, I observed that Selina was more than usually absorbed in the perusal of her favorite newspaper-"Classy Cuttings." It is a pleasant print, and I have often derived entertainment from its Answers to Correspondents.

Pussy.—We hardly know how to advise you about your ormolu wedding-presents. Perhaps, grouped together on one table, they might be useful as an effect of color.

Girlie.—If you are blonde, your five o'clock tea-service should be blue; if brunette, pink.

TO COLLECTORS.

A lady, having artificial teeth to dispose of, would exchange them for paste shoe-buckles. No reasonable offer refused.

But Selina is intolerant of frivolity, and I could see with half-averted eye that her reading displeased her. Before long she broke out in a high and rather querulous tone, "Listen to this, Bortha"

The flat has gone forth that there are to be no Drawing Rooms or Levees this year, and, furthermore, though this has not been publicly announced, the much-talked-of Court for the reception of the Diplomatic Corps and the higher official world will not be held either. The King has evidently every intention that the mourning shall not be interrupted for six months at least. It is also now clearly understood for the first time that no official parties will be given. The Cabinet Ministers have had a direct intimation from the King that such is his desire. and no doubt they are more than ready to accept a decree which will save them much trouble and expense. Dinner-parties, however, do not come under the ban. Mr. Balfour is giving a series of dinners, and there have been several at Lansdowne House.

Bertha and I sighed and looked grave, but it was the merest hypocrisy; and Bertha, who, in spite of her sex, has some sense of the ludicrous, shared my silent amusement at Selina's assumed distress. The flat announced in "Classy Cuttings" has not the remotest bearing on our happiness or gaiety. Of course Selina was presented on her marriage by the wife of the head of my family, and for several years she toiled dutifully to the Drawing Room. But we were never asked to the Balls or the Concerts, nor even to the Garden Parties at Marlborough House; so her enthusiasm for courtly pageants has declined, and she has no more notion of ordering herself a new train than a diamond tiara. As to the Levee, what the tailor euphemistically calls the lower part of my chest has undergone a considerable development since I lived in London, and my uniform as a D.I. of Loamshire would now be a world too narrow. In a "Court for the reception of the Diplomatic Corps and the Higher Official World" we should obviously have no place. Mr. Balfour is not in the habit of asking us to dinner; and the only occasion on which

we ever saw the inside of Lansdowne House was a charity bazaar. So on the whole the proclamation of "Classy Cuttings" left us pretty much where it found us; but we thought it decorous to look disappointed; and we set about searching for social joys to take the place of those which were denied to us.

The Private View of the Academy is always a great event in the life of Stuccovia, and this year we had a special interest in it, for the exhibition contained a portrait of our M.P., Mr. Barrington-Bounderley, subscribed for by his political admirers, and destined to adorn the Constitutional Club of Somehow the subscripour district. tions ran short, for Stuccovia is not a giving neighborhood, and the commission was entrusted to a broken-down kinsman of the Soulsbys, who had known better days, as the phrase is, and had learnt his art in that "gentlemanly" school which Miss Braddon has so feelingly described.

You put a crimson curtain behind your subject, and you put a bran-new hat or a roll of paper in his right hand, and you thrust his left hand in his waistcoat—the best black satin, with a strong light in the texture—and you make your subject look like a gentleman. Yes, if he was a chimney-sweep when he went into your studio, he went out of it a gentleman. But nowadays a gentlemanly portrait of a county member, with a Corinthian pillar and a crimson curtain, gets no more attention than a bishop's half-length of black canvas.

Whether the artist succeeded in making Joe Bounderley look like a gentleman is a point on which I reserve my opinion, for I know that if I expressed it, Selina would say, "That is simply jealousy, because Mr. Bounderley looks so much younger than you."

But Art for Art's sake, as the critics say, does not really interest Stuccovia; and what we honestly enjoy is a little local excitement. This has lately been in two very unexpected supplied St. Ursula's has never been forms. considered Ritualistic. Mr. Soulsby, as I have said before, avows himself of the "Deep Church;" is a loyal upholder of episcopal authority and cultivates the goodwill of all dignitaries, both in Church and State. Still he prides himself on moving with the movement of the time: and I fancy that he is not wholly insensible to the pressure brought to bear upon him by my Ritualistic wife and sister-in-law. and other parochial ladies who sympathize and symbolize with them. this as it may, he has lately introduced some ceremonial developments, and these have produced the very unexpected result of a visit and lecture from the Wickliffe Preachers. That I may not misrepresent the tone and tactics of these eminent religionists, I transcribe the report of their proceedings in Stuccovia from a theological magazine:

The subject of "The Roman Mass in the English Church" was dealt with Mr. Kensit. junior. in There was a large Athenæum Hall. and crowded audience, including a section of Ritualists, who made matters somewhat unpleasant by the diffusion of obnoxious-smelling chemicals, but the audience endured it all, and it served to put vigor and life into the apathetic ones. In illustration of the lecture the priest's vestments, together with his incense, sacring bell and wafers, were exhibited and it formed a capital object-lesson.

That the object-lesson should have elicited no more formidable protests than "obnoxious-smelling chemicals" speaks well for the long-suffering of St. Ursula's Parish; and, as "Blazer" Bumpstead was seen prowling about the entrance hall, the avoidance of a physical contest seems little less than

miraculous. But indeed an almost sickly tolerance of opinions the most divergent from our own has of late begun to infect the atmosphere of Stuccovia.

It surely is a parlous sign of the times when, in a district so eminently genteel and patriotic as ours, it is found possible to hold a Pro-Boer Meeting. A year ago, strong in our righteous cause and our superior numbers, we should have broken the head of a South African delegate as heartily as the bravest citizens of Scarborough, or the merriest Medical Students in Trafalgar Square. The choirmen of St. Ursula's would have stood shoulder to shoulder with the strappers from the livery-yard, and I shrewdly suspect that "Blazer" Bumpstead would have organized the fray. To-day the meeting is held in the lecture-room of the Parochial Club. Mr. Soulsby presides; and Mr. Bounderley sends a letter imploring his friends to give the speaker a fair hearing. Mr. Soulsby turning to scorn with lips divine the falsehood of extremes, mellifluously enunciates the doctrine that there are probably at least two sides to almost every question; and without wishing to commit himself or to prejudge, he hails the "League of Liberals for the Disintegration of the Empire" as being, in the Baconian sense, a light-bearing institution. Under the auspices of the League tonight's meeting is held. Let us listen, if not with agreement, at least with sympathy and respect, to the eminent Batavian who has come to plead the cause of his brethren in the South African Republics.

And then we launch out on a shoreless sea of humanitarian eloquence which I do not intend to iterate. My wife, who is true to the political traditions of her family, is inclined to denounce the whole affair as "Stuff." Wreathed in primroses, she accompanied Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley to the Albert Hall on May 8. She knows a vehement dislike of Capitalists, and that the Boers are horrid people, who do not wash, and who sleep six in a bed. On the other hand, she once danced with Sir Alfred Milner when he was a Scholar of Balliol, and not long ago she sate two off Mr. Chamberlain at a dinner-party at the Cashingtons'. So all her sympathies are on the right side; but I can see breakers ahead which threaten my domestic peace. Bertha, who is always the slave of the last word, has taken to reading "The Commonwealth." She has conceived

is persuaded that, if social order is ever to be restored in South Africa. the task must be entrusted to the Christian Social Union. So she waves her tear-dewed handkerchief, and applauds the Batavian's rhetoric; while Bumpstead, whom I should have taken for a True Blue Englishman and a wholesome Tory, sits in her pocket and echoes her applause. What I see Selina also sees. I catch her eye, and tremble for the future.

The Cornhill Magazine.

"THE STARS OF MIDNIGHT."

With jewelled spur and dazzling crest, The belted warrior guards the West, And waves his mighty sword to span From Sirius to Aldebaran.

With him I watch the midnight sky And see the glittering hosts go by, Till all my heart is one desire Towards those glorious sons of fire.

Yet beauty such as mortals know Can dwell not in that fervid glow, Nor kindred life to that we claim Abide within the orbs of flame.

But, circling round each fiery spark, Are worlds to us forever dark, Nor eye of man, nor optic glass Those bounds of distance may o'erpass.

The beauty of the sunbeam there May fall as genial and as fair, And there may Life, from primal cell, Repeat her long-drawn miracle.

With flower and fruit, with bird and beast, May kindly Nature spread her feast, And starry dust its worth avow, Transfigured into breast and brow.

O dark and silent though ye be, Great ships that sail the heavenly sea, It is for you, our hearts should yearn, T'wards you, our straining vision turn!

Far off, or near, by day, by night, We find ourselves the fools of sight, Pursuers of a faithless quest, Who seek the brightest, not the best.

The Spectator.

B. Paul Neuman.

SOCIETY CROAKERS.*

"At dinner, no talk, no society. Afterwards Billy Something sat down to the piano and sang." So runs an entry in the portion of Charles Greville's journal written during the late reign. Many extracts to the same effect might be given. That, since the days of the Regency, the fashionable world had gone from bad to worse, and must soon fall to pieces, was, with the Clerk of the Council, a commonplace, contradicted by few of his contemporaries. Among these was the late Mr. George Payne, whose unrecorded talks with Greville entertained many hearers still living. In their corner at the Newmarket rooms, the two friends exchanged more social judgments than bets. The once well-known pair had lived much in the same set: they combined the same sporting, political and intellectual tastes; and each reflected the prejudices of the other. Both were finished men of the world; neither could tolerate mere frivolity. Each possessed an intelligence much above

the average; each lived long enough to lament its dissipation upon the turf. The social group to which Greville and Raikes belonged lost, after their disappearance, Mr. Alfred Montgomery and, more recently, General Macdonnell. All these later men had lived with or near the magnificent dandies who were the products of the Regency, and who, headed by Count Alfred D'Orsay and by Lord Alvanley, prolonged their meetings at the Alfred Club into Victorian days.

For the historic precursors of these combinations of fashion and brains, one may go back to the sixteenth century model of the "complete man," Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Such at least is the social and intellectual pedigree which Payne and Greville alike would have claimed for themselves, and which possesses few surviving representatives to-day. The union of statesmanship and sportsmanship with scholarly taste and even with literary achievement, of cosmopolitan experi-

^{°1. &}quot;A Portion of a Journal Kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1851 to 1847." Two vols. London: Longmans, 1858.

^{2. &}quot;Greville Memoirs." Second Series (1887 to 1852). Three vols. London: Longmans, 1885.

^{3. &}quot;A Memoir of H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck." By C. Kinloch Cooke. Two vols. London: John Murray, 1900.

^{4. &}quot;Notes from a Diary" (1851 to 1891). By Rt.

Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. Ten vols. London: John Murray, 1897-1901.

^{5. &}quot;Notes from My Journal." By the late Lord Ossington. London: John Murray, 1900.

 [&]quot;Seventy Years in Westminster." By the late Rt. Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P. Edited by his daughter. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood

As proof that these men of fashion were scholar

ence with patriotic service, of study with society and pleasure, of distinction at Westminster with luck at Newmarket-this was the ideal of Greville and of Payne, and of most of their school. Their one notion of society was a narrow and exclusive organization, chiefly composed of persons belonging to the great Whig revolution families, or of their hangers-on. The obverse of the medal bore the image of the Cabinet and the legislature: upon the reverse were stamped the symbols of the turf. Greville, and those who thought with him, could only conceive of these correlative systems as close corporations, to which no one was eligible who did not possess the qualifications of birth and connection that belonged to the critics themselves. For a sound state of society, a further requisite seemed the personal presidency of the reigning sovereign, or of some patrician viceroy who claimed that dignity by inherent right.

Such was the state of things under which these men had grown up. George IV still occupied the throne when society began to feel the democratic pressure, whose continuous application resulted in the Reform Act of 1832. The way to that middle-class victory was prepared by the rapid increase in national prosperity and population. Taxation had greatly decreased. New and profitable employments had been discevered. Wage-earners had become wage-payers. The aristocracy wealth had made itself a social power. That very decadence of the fashionable system, resented by Greville, as if specally reserved for his own manhood, had, in fact, begun during his infancy.

Before the days of railway kings another society diarist, Thomas Raikes, had discovered that the polite world was going to the dogs, that even debauchery had lost its former polish, that the grand manner no longer veneered vice, that the men who were once fastidious were now only indifferent, that in the place of the women, "grand, stately," with "thorough-bred heads and long curls," the social queens or princesses were ladies whose jaunty manner and devil-may-care look suggested in equal parts the Parisian actress and the London anonyma.

Yet, even during the period covered by this description, the social structure remained exclusively aristocratic, and its control strictly monarchical. The social life of George IV may have been as lax as that of Charles II; the social influence of the Crown was never greater or more widely penetrating. The favor of George III had established the position of Pitt as the patriot statesman. To the recognition of George IV "Beau" Brummell owed his fashionable dictatorship over his set and age. Another of the Regent's social deputies, Lord Barrymore,2 chanced to appear hat in hand before his patron. The head-gear was placed first on a chair, then beneath its owner's arm, with an air that entranced the first gentleman in Europe. Immediately went forth the decree that all courtiers aspirant should perfect themselves in this use of their head-covering. Hence, in due course, followed the crush, or opera hat, perfected by the master-mind of Gibus. Other instances of the Crown's social prerogative are on record. Between 1820 and 1825 tails

as well as wits, Raikes quotes Fitzpatrick's epigram on the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, now forgotten but worth remembering:

"Quæ dea sublimi vehitur per compita curru? An Juno, an Pallas, an Venus ipsa venit? Si genus aspicias, Juno est; si dicta, Minerva; Si spectas oculos. Mater Amoris erit." at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The three brothers and their sister got the nicknames of Hellgate, Cripplegate, Newgate, and Billingsgate, while their college tutor came to be known as Profligate. The Earl of Barrymore, the Regent's favorite, owned a house at Henley-on-Thames, where the dissipations of Wilkes at Medmenham Abbey were reproduced under royal patronage.

² Of this Barrymore family, all the members were notorious in the fashionable or fast life of London

joint-stock

sented by

coaches.

hundred.

caravanserais.

found itself on the eve of a great so-

cial change, whose signs were visible

in certain novelties of street traffic. On

an August day towards the close of

the Georgian period the diarist Crabb

Robinson, when visiting Paris, had seen a thing called an omnibus. By

Christmas he prophesies these vehicles

will have appeared in London. A movement in that direction had, indeed, al-

ready begun. In 1815 the public con-

veyances of our metropolis were repre-

the coaches had increased to thirteen

hundred cabriolets were plying for

hire. Then came the fulfilment of Robinson's prediction. Shillibeer's omni-

six hundred hackney-

Within another generation

In addition to these, two

London

grew shorter and the frock coat came in, solely on the example of Carlton House. George IV liked French cookery; his chef's genius proved the foundation of Wattier's Club; a little later followed the reign of Francatelli3 at Crockford's. Of this epoch and of this royal patronage, the dish known as suprême de volaille is the culinary monument. Many details as to the social arrangements of the time are equally significant of its aristocratic and monarchical ordering. The shrewd Scotsman, Almack, had opened his Assembly-rooms in King Street, St. James's, in February, 1765. About the same time the opera, first naturalized in England at the close of the seventeenth century by Sir William Davenant, greatly grew in favor. Almack's could not, in the earlier days, be entered without the voucher of a patroness-Lady Jersey, or someone of the same quality. Covent Garden, or the house at the bottom of the Haymarket, long known as the Queen's Theatre, was closed on subscription nights to all not equipped with the same credentials. Hard by, however, in Pall Mall and St. James's, appeared the heralds of the democratic advance. The old subscription clubs had grown out of coffee-houses: their proprietors themselves from the revenues of the hazard table. About 1820 a new period in clubland opened. Pall Mall and St. James's overflowed with half-pay officers home from the Napoleonic wars. The United Service Club was established in 1819; other institutions of the same kind followed. In its proprietary stage, as a development from a coffeehouse germ, the club had been considered a haunt of costly profligacy. It now began to be looked upon as a cooperative home for thrifty gentlemen.

Elsewhere than in the region of these

buses, drawn by three horses, carried twenty inside fares and nine outside. Competition speedily brought down prices; first, new cabriolet companies charged one-third less than the backneys; then followed other omnibus companies; hansom cabs began to ply three years before the late Queen's accession, and soon became popular. Other locomotive conveniences came in. So early as 1800 Benjamin Outram had introduced an improvement in the rails along which, in the north of England, heavily laden vehicles then ran. The next year the Outram invention showed itself in the first metropolitan tramroad from Croydon to Wandsworth. The comfortable or opulent suburban life of London was now beginning. During the later years of George III and those of his immediate successors. the population of the capital increased from an average of twenty-two per acre to fifty-one per acre. Directly the City ceased to be the living-place of its business population, the fine gentlemen and ladies, to whom London meant only the St. James's district or Mayfair, began to complain that the "cits."

³ Francatelli, born 1805, lived till 1876. After leaving Crockford's he was at the St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly.

whose homes were now in Bayswater or Chelsea, invaded their favorite thoroughfare, Bond Street. The Whig friends of the people, once the Prince's favorite companions, showed themselves strong conservatives in a topographical sense. They could not be induced to exchange their Bond Street haunt for the Quadrant, which bore their patron's name. They had already protested vainly against the substitution of iron railings for the solid wall that formerly encircled Hyde Park. The King himself risked disfavor with his satellites by encouraging metropolitan improvements of a generally attractive kind. The parks were laid out anew. North and west of the Marble Arch were built rows of dwelling-houses, furnished with all modern improvements. These abodes at once became in great demand with the professional and commercial classes, which henceforward gradually associated with the political families. Directly the newcomers promenaded Bond Street, the fine gentlemen and ladies of the old Whig régime protested that London was becoming uninhabitable for people of good condition.

Thus spoke the earlier prophets of social disintegration. The Reform Act, "by opening the floodgates of revolution, was to sweep away all social landmarks, and destroy the monarchy as it had already stultified the House of Lords." By its close association with the territorial interest the House of Commons had always been distinguished from the representative assemblies of the Continent, and was regarded as the great safeguard against democratic and destructive legislation. This connection was threatened, or, as some thought, destroyed, by the ten pound suffrage. The Bill abolished the nomination boroughs, the strongholds of Whig aristocracy, and gave threefifths of the House of Commons to more or less independent cities. Only a few sanguine persons believed that the Chandos clause, giving a vote to tenant farmers, could preserve the constitutional balance between the aristocratic and the democratic forces. The Lord Carnarvon of those days, a Whig, left out of the Grey Cabinet, had delighted society by describing the measure as the plan of one who must either have a fool's head on his shoulders or a traitor's heart in his bosom.

The Bill-"the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill"- became law. The Crown and the Church continued to exist. The personnel of Parliament underwent no sudden transformation. For a doomed polity, on the brink of a volcano, society displayed considerable equanimity; it continued to dance, dine and play. Continental spectators, who knew and saw more of the game than the players themselves, shrewdly remarked that society in England was not suffering from the Reform Bill at home, but from an unusually severe attack of the old British malady the spleen. Independent testimony to that view is incidentally furnished by Lord Malmesbury in his "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister." The fine and fashionable people of those days seem to have been attacked by revolution on the nerves. Thackeray satirized the complaint when he contrasted the late duke entering London in a chariot and four, by the Great North Road, with his successor sneaking into a hansom cab at Euston Square terminus. Lord Malmesbury puts the same truth more prosaically when he laments the contempt of appearances displayed by certain Hampshire nobles who actually, within a few years of the battle of Waterloo. drove into the town of Christchurch in a pair-horsed barouche instead of in a carriage and four with outriders. Worse still, when Lord Malmesbury and his brother went to Eton in 1821. they were the only two boys, except the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord John Scott, and the Duke of Wellington's sons, who brought with them a private tutor.

The Reform Act was followed by the appearance at Westminster of a new type of member, such as Joseph Hume, the Radical; but the personnel of the Lower House was not at first generally affected by the change. Till the era of railway enterprise and speculation set in, the element that chiefly gave color and character to the popular chamber differed little from that which dominates the Upper House to-day. Nor was the polite world in England visited by any French scares more recent than those of the eighteenth century terror. The orderly manner in which the Revolution of July had been accomplished had exercised a reassuring influence in England; it did much towards reconciling the middle classes to the political prospect opened by the Act of 1832. Society, however, or at least that section of it that to men like Greville and Raikes meant only a little less than the entire universe, would not let itself be so easily exorcised of its terrors. It did not really know the nature and origin of its alarm. Its apprehensions, as a matter of fact, were scarcely due to political causes at all, and perhaps on that account they were the less easy to allay.

The Jeremiahs of the hour found their inspiration in the social as easily as in the political atmosphere. tween 1832 and 1837 the earliest revival of the mediæval influenza afflicted the West-End. Wealthy invalids. real and imaginary, migrating to the pleasurehaunts of France and Italy, spoke of themselves as political fugitives from a Radical-ridden country rather than from a foggy climate, in which gloomy weather and social miscarriages had eclipsed the galety of successive seasons. The vulgarization of Almack's, both club and rooms, may have been, in part at least, as the Duke of Wel-

lington himself hinted to Lady Jersey, the phantom of a dyspeptic imagination; but it was a source of loud and frequent complaint in fashionable company. Almack's Club occupied in Pall Mall the site of the present Marlborough Club. It was the scene of Charles Fox's chief losings at the faro table. In one of its ante-rooms, thence called the Jerusalem chamber, waited the Hebrew money-lenders who advanced the money to cover the night's losses. The modish and at first rigidly select casino in King Street hard by, belonging to the same proprietor, had been started about the same time (1765). The club has disappeared; the rooms have undergone a typical change.

The vicissitudes of Almack's Rooms are a sort of parable of those experienced by their fashionable frequenters. To talk as if each new season must assuredly be the last, was the fashionable cant of the period. Fifty years ago Thomas Raikes was dead, and Greville and Lord Malmesbury had passed from young men of pleasure and ton into old-world veterans. As little in their age as in their youth did there exist serious reason for anticipating destructive transformations which in all epochs, since polite life began to be a complex organization, have affrighted the imaginations of our social Cassandras. Eventually the select Almack's passed into the universal Willis's Rooms. The place once monopolized by a single interest or class has become the mirror and the meeting-ground of all interests and coteries. The change, of which a single building is thus the monument, has been reflected in the experience of the whole fashionable world.

There has been no revolution, but continuous development. Without being altogether dismembered into Greville's "gangs," society has experienced a disintegration into sets, the members of which, as Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's

last volumes remind us, are united amongst themselves by the ties of common interest for the most part not political. At the time when Greville and Raikes began their journals, those social changes had already set in, which, continued to the present day, have invested the polite world with an appearance and with interests very different from those our ancestors knew. The germs of those new and higher subjects of thought and pursuit that, within the last few years, have become new principles of social organization, were struggling into existence during the half century between 1789 and 1840. During this period fine or fashionable society began to be stirred by influences more permanently quickening and elevating than those of politics. About Holland House, as a social and intellectual centre, Macaulay's famous account admits of no addition. From the end of the eighteenth till the middle of the nineteenth century Lady drawing-room welcomed Holland's every Englishman notable in any department of action and of thought. as well as, at one time or another, every foreigner of distinction who visited these shores. The Kensington host and hostess, it must also be remembered, though the best known, were far from being the only indefatigable members of their class. Long before even Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay occupied Gore House, their receptions in Seamore Place had been burlesqued by Dickens. London is now so exultantly conscious of its latter-day cosmopolitanism as to forget or ignore that, some threescore and ten years ago, its most modern hospitalities were being foreshadowed by international dinnerparties and drawing-rooms. Nieumann, the secretary to the Austrian Legation in London, had married a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort. Before his removal to Florence, his London house was ever open to wellintroduced guests of all nationalities and tongues; it was popularly known as the Tower of Babel, and deserves historically to be remembered as the first well-defined centre of that cosmopolitan London, which is too often spoken of as the exclusive invention of later Victorian years. Before the epoch of the Nieumann hospitalities attention to foreign politics had practically been confined to professional experts and students; continental affairs now successfully competed with Whig and Tory partisanship as an interest for fashionable society at large.

Nor did the literary and miscellaneous causeries of Gore and Holland House, or the details of statesmanship beyond the four seas, discussed in the Nieumann drawing-room, constitute the only signs that the mind of polite London languished for something more full and free than the political atmosphere which it had hitherto exclusively inhaled. The D'Orsay-Blessington period was also that of literary annuals, then generally called albums or keepsakes. Lady Blessington, herself an editress of such a miscellany (1835), had introduced to polite readers Benjamin Disraeli, then chiefly known as a rather second-rate dandy. His contribution to the "Keepsake," entitled the "Carrier Pigeon," includes among its characters a Lothair. Some touches in this sketch, seen by the light of a subsequent performance, seem fairly prophetic of the eponymous hero of the novel which the late Mr. Froude described as incomparably Disraeli's best. The same collection contains also some verses by the future Conservative leader on the portrait of the then Lady Mahon, afterwards Countess of Stanhope. These lines were so much admired that at the time their author was pointed to, not as a coming statesman. but as a possible Byron.

In Sir Charles Murray, who died not long ago, there passed away the last survivor of the guests at the breakfast parties of Samuel Rogers, in the Park Place room, whose view across the Green Park has been so often described. Science had become not less of a social interest than letters. The modish periodicals, caricatured by Thackeray in "Pendennis," had popularized the pen in hands that usually held only the fan or the cigar. These magazines have been much laughed at: they are, however, not without historic importance; they may even be regarded as the precursors of those more solemn periodicals of the present day whose contributors, for the most part persons of high rank or position, compete with each other in signed contributions, printed in the order of the social precedence belonging to their writers. Physical enquiry, since the days of Charles II, had ranked high among studies not unbecoming a gentleman or a prince. Of the growing acceptance throughout all circles of polished society which scientific studies since then have found, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff tells us much that is new, true, and permanently valuable.

In this way, at a period now practically forgotten, grew up those new interests which in the present day have largely superseded politics as an organizing principle of refined life. Society was being educated out of conventional politics into more intellectual tastes by the instructive and stimulating examples of men, not born into great position, who, by brilliancy of talent and width of knowledge, had obtained an ascendency, comparable with that of Samuel Johnson in an earlier age, over the most exclusive sets in the West-End world. Wits and talkers, so attractive in their different ways as Thomas Moore and Lord Macaulay, permeated other circles than those in which they themselves moved. late Lord Houghton, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Froude have perpetuated the breakfast-party as a social rite to our own time. Some two or three generations ago it was an intellectual discipline whose influence made itself felt far beyond the limits of the guests themselves. Other agencies of the period had an educational value even more noticeable and immediate. British Association held its first meeting at York in 1831. Its two chief organizers, Sir David Brewster and Sir Roderick Murchison, agreed in thinking that Faraday's lectures at the Royal Institution and Carlyle's discourses at Willis's Rooms played an essential part in preparing the popular mind to appreciate the new movement.

The foregoing retrospect may suffice to show the gradual development, in the polite life of England, of new interests, resented and denounced by exclusive and reactionary critics such as we have now glanced at, for no other reason than that they were more popular and more accessible than the political or sporting pursuits, regarded by Greville and his friends as alone deserving to regulate or to color social intercourse. The real truth of the matter has never been put better than in the statements and sketches contained in Lord Beaconsfield's last novel, "Endymion." "At this time London was a very dull city, instead of being, as it is now, a very amusing one." The predictions of impending doom proceeded chiefly from Whig pessimists. tone adopted by the chief newspapers of the day, even by the sanguine "Times," became increasingly gloomy. Authority of all sorts was menaced. The aristocracy were threatened. The Crown had become a mere cipher. A few days after the fulmination from Printing House Square, Raikes is walking round the Royal Exchange; he notices that in the enceinte, to be adorned with statues of all our kings, only two niches remain vacant; one is destined for William IV, another, the sole remaining vacancy, for King William's successor. Some people, characteristically comments the diarist, might think this ominous. In the once familiar doggerel of some mock-heroic lines it might have been said indeed—

The air is full of omens. Scarce had I set

My foot outside the threshold ere I met

A dog. He barked; full well that bark I knew.

I met another dog, and he barked too.

The very creator of modern Conservatism was quoted in support of the socio-political grumblers of the hour. Had not Sir Robert Peel recently expressed his respect for the aristocracy of birth and of intellect, and withheld it from the aristocracy of wealth? not Mr. Raikes himself at Had White's Club recently met Sir C. Manners Sutton, one of Mr. Denison's predecessors in the chair, and heard from him what appeared a confirmation of Peel's opinion on the vulgarization of St Stephen's?" As for the House of Commons, only give it rope, it would destroy itself; and the country, accustomed to the rule of statesmen belonging to country families, would revolt against the despotism of political parvenus. Peel's antithesis of the power conferred by wealth to that conferred by birth or brains, obviously a cross-division and not worth repeating, reflected the social prejudices of the moment. It was on the lips of Belgravia and Mayfair. Plutocracy, or, as some called it, shopocracy, was now found to have fatally tainted the organization of the polite world; the welcome accorded to industrial millionares, with their wives and daughters, would leave no place in

fashionable London for the wives and daughters of country gentlemen or even of the smaller nobility.

Till the crash of his quickly-made fortunes within two years of the Queen's accession, the York linen-draper's son (notorious as the "railway king"), Hudson, lived at Albert Gate in the house which is to-day the French Embassy. Here was held the first of those extravagant hospitalities which inspired the old acres with so great a dread, real or affected, for the new wealth. In the morning Mrs. Hudson horrified ladies of older position and of more subdued tastes by driving through Hyde Park in a carriage so loudly painted that its colors were said to drown the rumble of its heavy wheels; in the evening she held receptions which the Duke of Wellington and more than one of the royal princes condescended to attend. Long before this, however, wealth had taken its place in the first rank of social forces. The financial predominance of the Rothschilds throughout Europe began with the nineteenth century; their social sovereignty dates from the opening of the Victorian age; their compatriots, the Goldschmidts, had won recognition from the court of George III, who, when at Windsor, often visited the head of the family at his country house between Sheen and Richmond. Paris society opened its arms to prosperous and intelligent Hebrews rather earlier than did that of London. In 1839 la haute finance and la haute politique met almost nightly beneath the roof of the French representatives of the Rothschild dynasty. Then it was that Lord Malmesbury, on a visit to some of the vicille noblesse of the Faubourg St Germain, was surprised to meet, among the dinner-guests of

4 "The Speaker said to me at White's this morning,
"It is the fashion to compliment me on my knowledge of the forms of the House and the rules in debates, but all my past experience in Parliament is positively good for nothing; the business in the

House is carried on so differently from the former system that I am, in fact, as great a novice as any of them.'"—Raikes's 'Journal' (2nd March, 1833), vol. 1, p. 100.

the Semitic capitalists, families of ambassadorial rank like the Apponyis or Sebastianis, as well as Whig noblemen not less exclusive than Lord Granville himself. This social fusion between the two powers of wealth and rank is only one among many instances, which show that the social evils complained of by latter-day Jeremiahs were already firmly rooted in the polite world in the early years of the nineteenth century.

Whether, therefore, in respect to the decreasingly exclusive tastes and occupations of society, or its more representative composition, Greville's charge of decadence might have been made, with not less good reason, a generation before or a generation after the Whig enlargement of the electoral body. The conventional complaint, in one form or another, had indeed been a commonplace in reactionary clubs and drawing-rooms from the beginning of the Hanoverian epoch. Smollett in "Roderick Random" had something to say incidentally on the subject, though not so much as his rival Fielding. Squire Western, when roundly cursing the Hanover rats, with all their social and political environment, had in fact anticipated the more refined but scarcely less extravagant generalizations and predictions of the later social and political croakers. In other words, the social and political circumstances of the time, expressed in the growing ascendency of a wealthy middle class, which rendered such a change inevitable, were absurdly thought to prelude a dispensation of "liberty, equality, and fraternity." in which no place would be left for the life of drawingrooms and clubs. The narrow and sectarian basis, on which the organization of fashion had formerly rested, was directly opposed to the varied life and the growing activity of fresh elements and new interests which, on the eve of the Victorian era, were to animate social intercourse.

The journals of Speaker Denison and Sir John Mowbray, and the numerous volumes of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's diaries, cover much the same period. Each of these records was written under conditions nearly identical with those prevailing to-day, long after the social débâcle, which seemed to their predecessors inevitable, overdue. Within the period, therefore, occupied by these later writers, ought, if anywhere, to be found something like the fulfillment of the dismal vaticinations formulated by the earlier seers. John Evelyn Denison belonged pre-eminently to the social order doomed to extinction by the legislation which changed our parliamentary system from a name to a reality. During many generations his ancestors had been the "men of metal and acres" whose support was forfeited by Sir Robert Peel when he declared against the Corn Laws. After the usual training at Eton and Oxford, Mr. Denison became, by his father's death, the head of an old family and the master of a large estate-Ossington in Nottinghamshire. To the business and associations of quarter sessions not less than to the discipline of school and college, Mr. Denison used to declare himself indebted for the tact, impartiality and discrimination displayed by him in the chair at St Stephen's. He had sat in the unreformed Parliament for Newcastle-under-Lyne and for Hastings; his knowledge of official life, as Junior Lord of the Admiralty, began under Canning. By birth a Whig, he connected himself by marriage with a great Whig revolutionary family. Here then was a man whose ancestral influences and later relationships would have predisposed him to sympathize with the social ideas of the patrician Greville, of the ennobled Fitz-Harris, and of the fastidiously dandified Raikes. prejudices, social and political, would naturally have been his. His experience might therefore have been expected to verify the apprehensions which the scared imagination of his elders had conjured up.

Lord Ossington's journal is not a volume of miscellaneous reminiscences; it is rather a critical review of leading incidents in the official life of the House from 1857 to 1872. It therefore comes within the scope of his work to notice any deviations on the part of members from strict parliamentary Reference has been already made to the depressing forecast for which Raikes had found (1833) justification in Speaker Sutton's words about the reformed House. By 1857 the successful capitalists and well-to-do traders who, a score of years earlier, had entered St Stephen's, seem to have been thoroughly trained to good manners. It is at least significant that the only approach to irregularity recorded in the Denison diary was committed by a Tory representative of the territorial interest, whose family had sat in the House for four generations, and who was himself a pattern of parliamentary propriety. Mr. J. Stuart Wortley, on March 17, 1859, rose to make a personal complaint of having been ill-reported in a newspaper. In the first place Mr. Wortley did not make it clear that he would conclude with a motion related, as that for the adjournment was not, with the subjectmatter of his remarks; secondly, the House did not, and does not even now, recognize the reports of its debates; so "the incorrectness of that particular version could not come within its cognizance." The Commons, therefore, agreed with their president in considering the whole proceeding irregular.

The widow of Mr. Stuart Wortley has not long since died. During her married lifeshe held in the Carlton Terrace quarter, a political salon, which at the time was very successful, and the retrospect of which to-day is full of interest.

It is in Mrs. Stuart Wortley's drawingroom that the opening scene of "Endymion" is laid. On December 3rd, 1852. Mr. Disraeli, as Lord Derby's Chancellor of the Exchequer, brought in his budget. Mr. Gladstone spoke a week later. The budget was defeated by 305 to 286. The victorious orator concluded just in time to keep a dinner engagement near Pall Mall. evening, in Mrs. Stuart Wortley's drawing-room, the tale of the great duel at St Stephen's between the two champions was told and the composition of the coming Aberdeen Coaliton Ministry was discussed. According to one account, that favored by Abraham Hayward, it was also as Mrs. Stuart Wortley's guests that Gladstone and Disraeli met socially for the last time: but the late Lord Granville inclined to place the scene of that incident at Lady Derby's in St. James's Square.

To pass to the social life of the two great parties; the Liberals are generally supposed to have succeeded better in the drawing-rooms, the Conservatives in the clubs. That view is not entirely supported by all the facts. The Lady Jersey presented as the Zenobia of "Endymion" first appears in the drawing-room which the novelist has sketched from his memory of Mrs. Stuart Wortley's parties. In the period so depicted, Lady Jersey's house in Berkeley Square was the one social agency on the Tory side which counterbalanced the social attractions of Cambridge House and Lansdowne House. Sir Robert Peel and those about him dwelt rather bitterly on the check given to the Conservative reaction during the thirties by the lack of proper social machinery. Clubs in Pall Mall seemed more of a party want than houses in Mayfair. White's had originally been identified with the Tory connection; gradually it lost all political color. On the other hand, Brookes's continued to be, as in name it is to

this day, exclusively a place of Whig reunion. Raikes was invited, in 1832, to assist at the new Tory institution, for which Lord Kensington's house in Carlton Gardens had been taken: the diarist forgot to say that the Carlton Club immediately grew out of the efforts of the Conservative Whip, still best remembered as "Billy" Holmes, who was complimented by his political chiefs on the happy thought. The Junior Carlton originated in much the same way. Mr. Markham Spofforth, then the election manager of the party, was beset by applications from his provincial agents to promote their candidature at the Carlton or the Conservative. That proved imprac-Mr. Spofforth therefore sugticable. gested to his leader, Mr. Disraeli, a supplementary institution. Lord Derby, then the Tory leader, at first demurred, but ultimately signified his approval, "provided that the curtain did not rise till the stage was full." first the result seemed disappointing; but soon the applications were counted by thousands, and prosperity increased till the present dimensions and influence of the Junior Carlton Club were finally attained.

Within the last generation, however, the whole socio-political situation has changed. The Liberal descendants of the old Whigs have been left without any place of social rallying, such as Cambridge House used to be in Palmerstonian days. Nor are the Conservatives much better off in this respect. In 1886 the late Lady Salisbury, as wife of the Conservative leader of the Lords, did indeed recommence in Arlington Street those duties of entertaining which have, in the past, been pronounced indispensable to the cohesive life of a great political connection. The work could not have been better done. But it was not their political character which formed the chief attraction of the Arlington House drawing-rooms; the variety of the guests gave special interest to their meetings. The divisional chiefs, as well as "the average M. P. and his wife," were, indeed, generally there; but Lady Salisbury judiciously blended political ingredients with others having no connection with either House of Parliament. One other illustration of the old order survived till quite recent times. Not till Mr. Milner-Gibson's death in 1884 were the miscellaneous gatherings at the corner house in Brooke Street, so well remembered by many still living, altogether discontinued; while, down to the time of the host's defeat at Ashton (1868), the Milner-Gibson's hospitalities sensibly helped to organize and even popularize the new Liberalism. They bore, however, a greater resemblance to the Gore House parties of Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay than to the earlier and more orthodox gatherings at Holland or Landsdowne House; and they were chiefly remarkable for the social intercourse first regularly promoted by them, between representatives of letters, art and journalism, and the rank and file of the parliamentary army on both sides. But, at the outset of the twentieth century, political parties are practically a thing of the past. The dining-table and the drawing-room have ceased to be a principal agency for preventing the people's representative from straying into the wrong lobby. So far Greville's anticipation is justified by the event. To this extent society is replaced by gangs.

Hence the want, in Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's last volumes, of political anecdote and those vivid sketches of political persons in which the earlier volumes abounded. Even about India the author writes less as an ex-governor of a province than as a scientific collector, who is also a seasoned man of the world, on the look-out for "specimens." The wise saws, the modern

instances, the aphorisms and the epigrams now recorded in the table-talk of the "Breakfast Club," are, for the most part of any interest rather than the parliamentary or political. Physical research in all its branches, the latest developments of literary ingenuity, the forcing-houses at Kew, the discoveries of the chemist's laboratory, the triumphs of the geologist's hammer—such are the matters which now inspire this experienced servant of the state with many of his happiest anecdotes or his most entertaining memories.

Another change, no less remarkable, is to be found in the growing cosmopolitanism of English and especially of London society. The fall of the French Empire on the field of Sedan a generation ago was followed by consequences to the whole framework, foundation and life of the fashionable world in England more momentous and enduring than any that can be justly ascribed to successive enlargements of the parliamentary franchise. For more than a hundred years, whether under kings or emperors, France had given the law of fashion to Europe; Paris had been the smart capital of two worlds, the old and the new. The souls of good Americans had been popularly said to fly to the city on the Seine. As an Anglo-Saxon humorist put it, the Lutetia of the ancients had become the lætitia of the moderns. That dispensation came to an end when the Third Republic of Adolphe Thiers rose from the ruins of the Second Empire. The effect of this transformation upon the modish subjects of the Stars and Stripes was illustrated by the late Laurence Oliphant in his "Altiora Peto." Pall Mall, Bond Street, Piccadilly, and Hyde Park became more than the boulevards and the Bois had ever been. Orontes did not more fully empty itself into Juvenal's Tiber than the Mississippi and other foreign waters now flowed into the Thames. The smart American colony became a social force of the first magnitude. The British capital, from being the most insular, grew to be the most cosmopolitan in the world. Society in the past had resembled a family party; it now began to look like a table d'hôte of the most expensive kind.

The change has been accompanied by, if it has not actually caused, a decrease in the number of country gentlemen, with seats at St Stephen's, who bring up their families for the season. The single item of flowers for dinnertable decoration amounts, in a summer season, to a sum that, in these days of electoral economy, would go some way towards defraying the cost of a contested election. A fashionable shooting-party in an English manor-house cannot be entertained, even for a week's end, except at an outlay which, our grandparents, would have seemed excessive for a whole month. The biographer of Jack Mytton, Mr. C. J. Apperley, best known by his penname of Nimrod and his sketches of the turf, the road, and the chase, lamented the growing expensiveness of Melton Mowbray and the Shires, even in his day. Since then the cost of a Leicester season has increased by forty per cent. on every article of outlay.

If excessive expenditure is a blot on the society of the day, the growth of philanthropy may be regarded as some set-off. Never was so much interest taken in works of charity; never was so much money and time expended on benevolence. A more serious view. it may be hoped, is being taken of the responsibilities of wealth. If that result be chiefly due to the genius of the nation, credit must also be given to the influence of the Crown. The wife of William III was the first English queen who set to those about her a stimulating example of philanthropic interest in the welfare of the industrious poor outside the palace gates. The wise and worthy tradition was perpetuated by George III and his consort. as well as by William IV and Queen Adelaide. In our times it has been illustrated, not only by the late sovereign, justly described as the greatest personal force for good that her kingdom possessed, but by all her kin, and by many coming within the sphere of their influence. Here it will be gratefully admitted that the spirit of the Prince Consort still posthumously animates the classes which we have been considering. If our time has witnessed an unwelcome development, in one sort or another, of social vulgarity, if real intellectual culture falls lamentably short of its fashionable affectations, the steadily increasing growth of serious interests is a novelty, not indeed of kind but of degree, that may reconcile the pessimist to much of an opposite kind. In this respect the late Princess Mary of Cambridge, Duchess of Teck, as her lately published biography amply records, represented, and in her daily life encouraged, the best and the most characteristic tendencies of her time. Nearly half a century ago the encouragement and initiative of the Prince Consort resulted in Miss Nightingale's mission to the sick and wounded on Crimean battlefields. A gathering of trained nurses in the grounds of Marlborough House is to-day a periodical event. The spiritual power of

the Papacy, it was foretold, would be increased by the abolition of its temporal authority. In England the constitutional reduction of the royal prerogative within existing limits has been compensated by a great expansion, commensurate with the expansion of "society," of its social influence and its capacity for leading in every good and useful social work. We may confidently express the respectful hope that the new reign will witness the continuance and the extension of these admirable traditions.

In the forties of the last century, Lord Malmesbury, visiting the duke of Northumberland's castle, was impressed by the graceful and stately precision with which the ladies seated themselves on a row of chairs. The next time he was at Alnwick this drawing-room manœuvre was omitted. To Lord Malmesbury the omission appeared to be, of course, the result of the Reform Bill and a prognostic of republicanism. As a fact, in regard to manners, aspirations, tastes, habits and prejudices of all kinds, there has always been, what is still going on, a levellingup movement, which permeates the new wealth with the ideas and sympathies of the old acres, and which may justify any potential Greville, Malmesbury, or Raikes in dismissing those social misgivings that have alarmed the croakers of both sexes and of every age.

The Quarterly Review.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

It is singular that, notwithstanding what has this month been written in the public Press about the dead Dowager-Empress Frederick, so vague and shadowy an idea of her should be the result. The portraits of her Majesty, lately appearing in the illustrated papers, are no whit less deceptive. Her photographs at present displayed in the shop windows of most of the German towns cannot be taken as true guides, especially of late years, when she had become sadly wan and gray, and when her face showed the unmistakable signs of increasing illness. There never was a royal personage who "took" worse; only those who actually saw her can form the faintest picture in their minds of the timid-looking, shrinking little woman who formed the modern link between the houses of Guelph and Hohenzollern, and suffered so much in consequence.

The unvarnished truth is that she remained to the end an unknown quantity both in the country of her birth and that of her adoption. She left England when she was eighteen. Her public appearances as Princess Royal, save in the train of her parents, positively resolve themselves into the single occasion of her wedding morning. She was at the opera a few nights after the announcement of her betrothal, and when the audience rose and cheered for her out of sympathy, she was too shy to come forward and bow her acknowledgments. The Queen had to pull her to the front of the box, if one may be permitted the word used gleefully by her late Majesty herself in describing the incident. The public understood that she had been for many years a sickly child, whose rearing had long seemed a matter of doubt. How deep were the ties of love that united her with her parents; how great a void in their family life her departure occasioned could not by any possibility be appreciated until many years after the Princess Royal had left England. "At times I could be quite cheerful," Queen Victoria wrote in her diary the evening of the day when the young couple sailed from Gravesend for Germany, "but my tears began to flow afresh frequently, and I could not go near Vicky's corridor." "I think it will kill me to take leave of dear papa," the Princess Royal had said on the morning of her marriage. The love binding father and daughter was indeed extraordinary. An old singing clerk attached to St. George's Chapel at Windsor, whose recollections go back to the early fifties, told the present writer how the two were always seen out of doors together, talking merrily in their The old fellow has one daily walks. story in particular. He was running one day through the town archway of the Horse-Shoe Cloister without keeping his eyes wide enough open, when he came full tilt into the Prince Consort's arms. He recalls to this day the gay laughter of the two eldest daughters, the Princess Royal and the Princess Alice. But all these were the intimacies of home life that had not filtered through to the outside world. No one fully realized them then, or what a formative influence a clever man could exert over the character of a daughter whom he loved so much. Other considerations limited the Princess Royal's chances of becoming something less of a mystery to her mother's subjects. It is part and parcel of the slovenly manner in which we imbibe our history, to suppose that the Queen Victoria, whom this young girl left in 1858, was the Queen Victoria whom later generations of English people loved and revered. The Queen did not change; but the popular estimation of her changed very much. When the Princess Royal left England, her mother was only just emerging into something like an affectionate understanding with the people. For the Prince Consort, so long as he lived, the British nation never indulged in any feeling beyond a cold respect. One of his earliest letters to the Princess Royal, after she had become Princess Frederick William of Prussia, contains a piteous passage. It lays bare the tragedy of both their lives. Both were the victims of popular prejudice; the father as a German in England, the daughter as an Englishwoman in Germany.

"Prejudice," he writes, "walking to and fro in flesh and blood is my horror, and, alas, a phenomenon so common; and people plume themselves so much upon their prejudices, as signs of decision of character and greatness of mind, nay, of true patriotism; and all the while they are simply the product of narrowness of intellect and narrowness of heart."

How many times in after years the Empress Frederick quoted these words as a prophecy reaching her almost from the grave is shown in a curious little unpublished record of a conversation which there can be no harm in printing now that the old weariness is ended.

In Germany they never understood her, never knew her; and she remained timid and cautious-looking to the end. Almost her last public appearance south-west of the Elbe was at the unveiling of her dead husband's statue upon the battlefield of Wörth in the autumn of 1895. She arrived at Strasburg the day before the ceremony. The precautions taken to guard royal personages in Germany appear much less elaborate than over here. It may be that the crowd of people who

flocked round the very beautiful Strasburg station that September afternoon were most of them members of the secret police. That fact, as the present writer will vouch for, made it no more easy for the Dowager Empress to reach her carriage. The crowd was not unmannerly; it was merely there, and consequently obstructive. At last her gentlemen had to carve a lane; and the coachman had to start the horses very slowly so that horses and carriage and the shrinking, unhappy Empress might get through the crowd of onlookers without damage. If her appearance then can be taken as any criterion, the publicity must have been painful to her. It was the same next day, at the grand unveiling ceremony, when she had the support of her son, and her daughter-in-law, the reigning Empress, very serene and smiling beside her. The departure of these two royal ladies, after the ceremony was over, occasioned a gracious little incident, which at least one onlooker will always remember. According to etiquette, the Empress Victoria Augusta entered the carriage first; but she remained standing until her mother-in-law had also entered and was seated: and even then she did not sit down herself until she had arranged a shawl around the Dowager Empress's shoulders. Then for a little time the curious, noticeable shrinking disappeared, only to return when any attention was directed towards her, as, for instance, when, in the course of a speech, the Emperor spoke in clangorous accents of "Meine Hohe Frau Mutter." True, her last fatal illness was upon her, accounting for the appearance of pain that enveloped her in her drives abroad round Cronberg and Homburg during the summers of 1897 and 1898. But that habitual suggestion of timidity, of keeping her words and emotions locked up from the outside world, came to her very early in her married life.

represented the lesson learnt after very many verbal indiscretions among new and somewhat sensitive relations who did not easily forget. England was big and mighty when the young bride left it, and Prussia-well, Prussia was not yet the German Empire, nor the greater part of the German Empire as we know it to-day. The young husband was only heir-presumptive; the more than middle-aged father-in-law as yet showed no signs of ever becoming the great and famous Emperor William, but was no further than heir-apparent to his brother the king. Ten years before Chartist risings had driven him out of his brother's capital; between him and the Crown Imperial still stood Schleswig and Sadowa and Sedan. As a child at Windsor or Balmoral the Princess had not been humble. Nor was she humble abroad, to begin with. She possessed to a curious extent the failing of English people who will not believe that any good thing can ever originate from outside these islands. So she delivered herself, not once nor twice only, into the hands of the enemy. When Bismarck repeated with malicious glee her most unfortunate remark about there being richer silver plate in many English middle-class houses than in most of the Prussian palaces, he did so with a purpose. He was too great a man to indulge in aimless spite. As a young woman, moreover, the Princess lacked that ability to tolerate disagreeables that constitutes at once the high-breeding and genuine bonhomie of royal personages. There are Germans to this day who gravely date the late Empress's unpopularity from the unlucky :afternoon when, at a review on the Tempelhofer field, she sent her footman to order a man to cease blowing clouds from the most lugubrious of Hamburg cigars. Queen Victoria would never have done such a thing; though it must not be supposed that

there is any hint here that the Princess was suffered to grow up arrogant and wanting in simplicity. There never was a simpler character born into this world than that possessed by Queen Victoria, or one beside which a nature inclined to pride could live with less degree of comfort. A keen observer has left us a picture of the home life of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess at the Neue Palais at Potsdam, thirteen years after their marriage. Nothing could have been more charmingly simple.

At the door stood the Crown Prince. A cordial welcome, and immediately he showed us into a suite of splendid rooms on the ground floor. "In this room I was born, and here many of your countrymen have slept before." The paper on the walls is of peacocks -painted. "It is exactly the same as that in the Prefecture of Versailles, so that by the peacock's tails there I was constantly reminded of my own home." Presently an excellent dinner. Before we had finished the Prince came again with the Princess, and after some talk left us to peaceful repose.

The next morning we breakfasted with them at 9 A. M., with all the children, including the baby, which was carried about while the others ate. They are delightful children, excellently well mannered, and talking with real intelligence-Prince William, Princess Charlotte, Prince Henry, Princess Victoria, Prince Waldemar, and the baby (Sophie). Afterwards we walked in the gardens, which have all been created by the Crown Princess. Before, there was only rough ground round the Palace. Their dinner or luncheon was at 2 P. M., again with the children. The dinner or supper, with the household and several guests, at 7.30 P. M. or 8 P. M.

The Crown Prince is generally up before breakfast, at his farm. After breakfast there is a walk; after luncheon and dinner a talk. They all go to bed at 10 P. M. There are also the drives, morning and evening. One

morning, in this walk, the whole account of the triumphal entry into Paris was given by the children. Little Prince William rode in with his uncle, the Grand Duke of Baden. "The Emperor stood for two hours in the sun without his hat. And he is seventy-three; what do you think of that?" "The flowers came sailing down from the third and fourth stories of the houses, so that at last you could not see anything of the soldiers but their bayonets."

The first break in this happy family circle had come five years earlier, a loss made, if possible, sadder by the fact that the Princess's heart was torn at the same time by the anxieties of the conflict with Austria, In June 1866, only a few days after the Crown Prince had left for the seat of war, occurred the death of their second son. Sigismund, a child of two. The Crown Princess followed this dear body to the grave, she alone with the coffin in the carriage. The death of the youngest son, Prince Waldemar, in 1879, when he had just completed his eleventh year, came as an even more crushing blow to his father and mother. Neither ever ceased to mourn him while life was left; and right up to the very end the Empress-Dowager could not speak the child's name without tears in her eyes. The parents and children repose to-day in the Mausoleum erected by the Empress to the memory of her husband, in the park of Sans Souci. Marble busts preserve the features of both children; that of Prince Waldemar bears a strong resemblance to his brother Prince Henry. All accounts agree as to his high intelligence, and the sweetness and charm of his disposition. The grief which follows such bereavement betrays the home. With Prince and Princess home-life was best. Whether at the Neue Palais or in Berlin or at Wiesbaden town schloss, where they spent several winters, or in that most beautiful old-world castle at the edge of the Taunus Hills at Homburg; they made their life together and gathered their circle round them. Homburg Castle suggested Friedrichshof later on. where the Empress died, as seemed befitting, in the home which she had erected "In Frederici Memoriam," and meant to love. Its position is very beautiful but just a little sombre, on the hillside to the left of Cronberg, with the plain and the smoke-haze of Frankfurt at its feet. "I have done my best to make it worthy of its surroundings," the Empress said on one occasion not more than five years ago, "but of course there are hundreds of houses in dear old England, many hundreds, with which this place cannot hope to compete." Comparisons are odious, yet sometimes they are inevitable. Contrasted with the interior ménage of the old Emperor William, the life of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess showed an ideal of William I and the Emdomesticity. press Augusta occupied the same palace, "Unter Den Linden;" the house with the famous window and the hideous furniture. They, however, kept to separate floors. His Majesty had the greatest respect for her Majesty; but he did not often go upstairs. The artistic taste which dominated over the house was execrable; the tourist who chooses to scamper through its ghost-haunted rooms can see that for himself. Nor can it savor of disloyalty to suggest that royal inclinations in the matter of art, in this country also, went along the road chosen by the Queen Victoria was at one with nine out of every ten of her subjects, where pictures were concerned. No books ever interested her much; books of a deeper character not at all. The Empress Frederick went with the few, with the "elect," if one may be forgiven the use of a hateful word.

Herself an artist of no mean order; a student whose receptiveness and intellectual adaptability outstripped the average even of the "elect;" she would have presented a remarkable figure whatever the circumstances into which she had been born. There can be nothing cynical in the assertion that the gifted woman who occupies a throne becomes twice gifted. Moreover, the Empress succeeded to the mantle of Elijah-her father's posthuquickened mous reputation which soonest in Germany. Except Princess Alice, she alone of his children could appreciate and profit by his sagacity; and, prince or no prince, he was among the shrewdest statesmen of his time. Although his astuteness was too often verified after his death not to be generally admitted, the altruism of his nature should have won for him wider recognition among those masses which can but notice such public lives as most obviously touch their own beneficently. Thus there awaited this royal lady in her new home the estimation due to the Princess Royal of a mighty kingdom and to the daughter of a statesman whose sound judgment had foreseen the need and the benefit of an united Germany. This fact cannot be brought out too strongly, since it explains the mutual jealousy that speedily ensued, the mutual disappointment. Thoughtful Prussians, as is well established by published contemporary letters, hoped great things from the English marriage. Yet in not one of their three wars did they enjoy even the moral support of England, ministerial or popular. The English Princess who had come to live among them showed plentiful political sagacity; but her liberal bias was too pronounced for a country situated like Prussia. The German Empire will benefit one day by the advent of a ruler similar to Frederick the Noble; but the time is not yet. To put the

matter brutally, as it was put to the present writer by a Coburg under-minister, on the same battlefield of Wörth. "it would have been an immense 'unluck' for Germany had the Emperor Frederick lived." It was an immense "unluck" for the Empress Frederick that her father died. He would have corrected her attitude towards the epoch of Prussian conquest. which synchronized with her married life. She never understood its inevitableness any more than she could appreciate the absolute necessity to Germany of a figure like Bismarck. "I have cost her many tears," he said once, "and she could not conceal how angry she was with me after the annexations"-of Schleswig and Han-"She could hardly bear the sight of me, but that feeling has now somewhat subsided. She once asked me to bring her a glass of water, and as I handed it to her she said to a ladyin-waiting who sat near, and whose name I forget, 'He has cost me as many tears as there is water in this glass."

"But that is all over now," is the comforting little sentence wherewith the Princess is reported to have concluded this cri de cœur. But antagonism so deep-rooted, so profound, could never end while life lasted. The final scene had almost opened upon her husband's tragic life when the last great quarrel came. It arose over the betrothal of the Crown Prince's eldest daughter, the Princess Victoria, to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, then ruler of Bulgaria. That Bismarck took the right view no one can doubt. His objections to the marriage are summed up in a single sentence of unanswerable force. "It would show us in a bad light at St. Petersburg, and it was not right to subject a Prussian Princess to the eventuality of a compulsory departure from Sofia." more suo he got his way with some

The young lady ultimately brutality. married the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, and was spared that compulsory departure from Sofia that actually happened. Bismarck's action, however, re-opened all the old soreness between himself and the Crown Princess, who may not have had so great a part in bringing about the betrothal as many suppose, but who was prepared to see it carried through. spite of this life-long fundamental hostility, the strong natures possessed by both Empress and Minister enabled them to respect one another through all their differences. "The Crown Princess is unaffected and sincere," was the outcome of the Chancellor's maturer considerations; "it is only family sympathies that make her troublesome, formerly more than at present." And again: "She is honorable, and has no great pretensions." He respected her as he had never respected the old Empress Augusta. whom he did not hesitate to call untruthful. It must be confessed-to take one more incident of the same nature-that he and Moltke had serious cause of complaint against both Royal ladies when they set their wits to postpone altogether the bombardment of Paris. Had the French capital held out much longer in 1871, the Germans might well have lost one-half of the fruits of their victory. Mercy and sentiment, however creditable to those who are impelled by such qualities, make for bloodshed in war. "War

is always brutal," and when the Princess, in the course of a conversation with Putbus, struck the table and exclaimed: "For all that, Paris shall not be bombarded!" she went far to justify Bismarck's life-long growl against petticoat influences.

Unhappily, such an appreciation as this would not be complete without some references to the estrangement existing at one time between the dead Empress and her eldest son, the present Emperor. As in the case with Bismarck, here, too, the conflict was between masterful minds; between a fierce national prejudice, that was almost Chauvinism, and foreign sympathies; between authority and too pronouncedly liberal leanings. son was taught to distrust the Empress's influence over his father; his own convictions seemed to him sufficient reason to conclude that this influence, if it prevailed, would be harmful for the nation. The episode of the Emperor Frederick's illness is subsidiary; no less than that charge of red hussars upon the Neue Palais as soon as the breath was out of the unhappy body. These are undercurrents to be mercifully forgotten, as we forget the tragedies of private lives, of happy uncrowned lives. There came forgiveness and reconciliation. And now there is the peaceful grave amidst the lakes and trees of Potsdam. And the world is all the poorer for the passing of a sincere and high-minded life.

Charles Benham.

The Fortnightly Review.

ENOCH - A BORN NATURALIST.

"'Taint to zay ez us grudges the lad 'ees bit o' keep an' shalter, no vay! Us dawn't vind the miss of thickey; I reckon not. I zays to my maister, when the old man was a took, I zays, 'Thickey boy shall come 'ome along o' us,' I zays. 'I reckon the Lord 'ull zee as us dawn't want fer what us gies to 'ee.'" Ann Tapcott looked at the young parson for commendation of such a worthy sentiment as the regarding of Providence in the light of a profitable speculation.

She was a good-hearted, easy-going creature, and acting under a generous impulse—one that has become a truism fortunately in cottage life—had not hesitated to add another to the many mouths which a none too liberal patrimony had to feed.

The Reverend Joseph picked a difficult way between the many household gods with which Ann's kitchen was littered, and, settling his long limbs out of the path of Ann's sweeping operations, gave his attention to the consideration of young Enoch's future career in life.

The vicar took his parochial responsibilities seriously, and the fate of his young parishioner weighed heavily on his very conscious conscience. Enoch attended neither church nor Sunday school. It was a shocking state of affairs in a well-regulated parish. The vicar chafed at the bare thought.

"Yes, Ann, I am sure that you have behaved with much charity, with excessive kindness towards the boy. I can only hope that he is proportionately grateful to you and your husband."

The parson's long words rarely elicited a response from his unsophisticated hearers; they judged a non-committing silence to be the wisest answer.

"Well, zur, ez I say, us jest a done

what us could fer 'un, not but what Enoch ain't about the quarest chap ez iver I clapped eyes on. I niver didn't come upon 'ees ekal. 'Tis up an' off wi' 'un. Out inter the woods, wet or fine, winter or zummer, from dawn to dark-reg'lar gipsy, thet's what 'ee is, all made up wi' birds an' insecks an' sich ole rummage. I reckon ez Thirza James won't niver put up wi' 'un in zer spick-an-span kitchen, zo 'er won't! Us ain't got no time to be oncommon perticlar; but Thirza was alwez mortal tidy, an' niver couldn't stand men or boys a-bastlin' up 'er places." home certainly bore small traces of extreme fastidiousness in its household arrangements; but her hearer, thinking of the spotless state of his own vicarage kitchen, presided over by the energetic and impregnable domesticity of Thirza James, appreciated to the full the force of Ann's conjecture as to Thirza's collaboration in his scheme of taking Enoch as an indoor lad at the vicarage.

"I daresay the boy will soon tame down. We must make allowance for his sad disadvantages. No doubt he will quickly get into different ways and habits under tuition and training."

Ann shook her head sceptically.

"I dawn't zay ez 'ee is a bad boy—'ee ain't; but 'ees quare. Thet's about the size o' it, zur, 'ees oncommon quare. Old Enoch, 'ees grandfer, was a bit sim'lar, alwez out in the woods an' fields, a-catchin' wild birds an' sich—an' I spose the boy turns arter 'ee. Though 'ee ain't lazy, 'ee can work, an' 'ee wull work too. I dawn't com-plain, an' I only 'ope as yü'll find the zame. But, as I zay, 'tis a quare chap, zo tis!"

Thus was initiated the effort, one in which wiser men than the Reverend Joseph have failed disastrously—that of endeavoring to mould the human exception by modes and methods suited only for the moulding of the human rule.

Enoch was certainly a strange-looking lad, not at all the usual ruddycheeked, round-faced, country-boy type of being. The most conspicuous thing about his appearance was his vivid red hair; it was not sandy or carroty, but of an intense deep red, and it stuck out from his great pale face like a flaming aureole. His pallor was not the colorlessness of ill-health, but that which is often the complement of his particular shade of hair-a healthy suffused pallor, as delicately fine as any girl's. His gray eyes were set rather far apart and deeply in his head, while they had that curious narrowing effect that is always to be seen in the eyes of people who are given to close observation of things that may only be discovered at all by close observation.

He had something of the air of a wild thing of the woods about him—a strange, silent unhappiness at direct personal attention being concentrated on himself, a dumbness even under close questioning that his clerical benefactor found unutterably trying. The vicar thought with irritation that open defiance would be easier to successfully combat than Enoch's awkward speechlessness.

He meant well by the lad, undoubtedly well, but they were at opposite ends of unmeeting paths, and the Reverend Joseph did not possess any mental engineering skill in the construction of communicative bridges. If the situation of affairs in the rehabilitation of Enoch was something of a trial to his trainer, it was more than that to the victim of the experiment himself. There was hardly a point at which he did not suffer with the acute unuttered suffering of an undeveloped nature in a distractingly new and uncongenial environment.

It was not Thirza's rough words or scant patience that he minded. It seemed to Enoch as natural that human beings should scold, and upbraid, and misunderstand, as that the sky should be gray and the clouds hang low on a wet day; he would as soon have thought of feeling surprised at the one as at the other. They were inevitable facts.

What mattered most were the strange, tidy clothes, with all the constraints of respectability to be observed in their wearing, without any handy rents or convenient hiding-places-garments that resented their wearer's progress through thorn hedges or over a tree-branch, making of life, to one who had never recognized such inconsequent details, a hideous burden. There. were, too, all manner of useless observances as to settled meal-times and frequent ablutions, on which Thirza rigorously insisted-foolish ways, to Enoch's thinking, that only complicated existence unnecessarily for the individual.

"Git thickey boy inter hees meals, zur, is more'n I can do. I alwez heerd as boys was 'earty, but, bless yi, Enoch dawn't zim to care whether 'ee ates to-day or to-morrer." Thirza did not realize that to a nature essentially careless of what is termed "creature comforts"—one, moreover, to whom a few crusts and a slice of rough meat was the most meal-like repast he had known—arbitrary times for eating, just because it was eating-time, meant nothing at all.

Thirza's scorn as to the success of her master's experiment was thinly veiled. The bulwark of her consent had been carried by storm, the vicar not daring to risk defeat by more strategic methods.

"'Tis your own 'ouse, zur, to do as yü'm plazed in." Thirza had bowed to destiny with rhetorical submission, and the Reverend Joseph, knowing in his secret heart that Thirza's admission was merely a display of rhetoric, and that though in bare actuality the house was his own, yet as certainly he had no license to do as he pleased in it, capitulated too.

"Of course the boy will understand that he is to obey you implicity; he is to do just as you direct. Ann tells me that he is an excellent worker;" whereat Thirza had smiled grimly and observed that she "niver heerd tell o' the lad ez would do what anybody save his own wickedness was a mind tü." The vicar was afraid that Thirza's apparent harshness would dishearten Enoch. He did not guess that the boy was shrewd enough to find out that the old woman's tongue was the roughest part of her nature, or that, in fact, gentle methods would have rendered them both supremely uncomfortable in their dealings towards one another.

"Jest crazy about live things, that's what yü be. But let me catch 'ee abringin' any o' thickey trade inside thees door, out yü goes at t'other end o' a birch rod; zo I warn 'ee!" With such-like friendly admonitions Thirza strove to safeguard the immaculate tidiness of her domain. Enoch rarely answered her tirades; he never spoke unless for the immediate purpose of obtaining or communicating definite information.

In the dim labyrinth of his own mind there was a prejudice against this common vehicle of expression. His dear animals and birds understood him better without speech than clattering human beings with their eternal talk and questionings; therefore he preferred silence personally.

The medium of expression that other silent folk seek in books or art came to Enoch in the skies and hills, whose every form and changing shadows he was never tired of watching; in the music of running water; above all, in the presence of soft, timid, wild creatures, with whom so large a part of his young life had been spent.

Enoch was never lonely, seldom unhappy, except when those irksome limits of his altered life forced themselves upon his consciousness. True it was that he suffered at times from the natural disdain of the village boys at an existence so alien in its methods from their own. Enoch accepted this also as but part of a natural law. Everything had at times to resist attack. Did not birds flee from the pursuing hawk, hares and burrowing creatures from the marauding fox?

He bore it patiently until the moment came to turn and rend his tormentors; which feat, to the surprise of the aforesaid tormentors, he accomplished as expeditiously as one of their superior selves.

Enoch's severest trial, however, under the new dispensation, was the efforts made by the vicar for the improvement of his neglected theology. After much thought on the subject the young man had come to the conclusion that Enoch should be subjected to private spiritual tuition before going to mix with more advanced students in the publicity of the Sunday school. Every evening, therefore, Enoch cast a regretful glance at all the outdoor delights that he was forced to relinquish, and made an even more exigeant toilet than ordinarily under Thirza's commanding eloquence.

"Now, then, do 'ee call they boots clane enough fer a carpet floor? Jest walk outside and polish 'em off daycint. I ain't gwine to hev yii a-trapesin' through my clane passages as ef 'twas a stable-yard."

The Reverend Joseph's simply furnished study appeared an alarmingly splendid apartment to Enoch's eyes, which in truth had known few apartments of any kind. The blue heavens for ceiling and a carpet of grass were

the plenishings with which Enoch was most familiar.

He felt the helplessness of a trapped animal; and what made it all the more inextricable was the underlying conviction, that had somehow forced itself upon the lad's intelligence, that these futile efforts were directed by a sincere interest for his own welfare.

If he could have evolved a semblance of hostility to himself, he might have got away with a clear unfettered conscience and left all these poor philanthropic endeavors behind; but there was a thraldom in the obvious kindness of the Reverend Joseph's heart that held him captive against his will. The weekly Scripture instruction was therefore to be endured with the other woes, and teacher and taught stumbled through what each in differing processes of mental wrestling had established as a pre-eminent duty towards the other.

The vicar would have been incredibly astonished could he have understood Enoch's attitude towards himself; it was never formulated even to the lad's self. To speak paradoxically, Enoch's thoughts were always rather feelings tnan thoughts. If his instructor had. used some of the grand, natural imagery of the Old Testament, it would by force of association have brought its own meaning to the boy's mind; but the dialectical subtleties of the Epistles said nothing to his reason, because he had no handle to grip by which he might attach himself to reality, and thus bring the two aspects of life into symmetry and cohesion.

"I hope you are endeavoring to fix your attention, Enoch. It is of no use, unless you try to understand."

"Ess, zur."

Enoch's eyes would return from the drift of saffron cloud in the west and fasten themselves on the print, which, although he could manage to read slowly, was after all only the symbols

of things, and never brought the things themselves before his mental eyes.

"Lawks-a-massey, 'ow the passon can think as 'ee is a-'gwine to drave booklarnin' inter a head chock-full o' outdoor stuff and nonsense, I dunnaw: might jest as well try to turn a wild bird inter a tame canary." Thirza would remark, with more perception of the essential qualities of things than her reverend master. "Turn thickey lad out in the fields, an' I guess as 'ow 'ee can larn more than all the printed books on the passon's shelves can tache 'un; zome volks, though, 'ull drave theer own hoss-an'-cart, though 'tis over 'edge an' ditch, an' no farder on in the end, an' I reckon as our maister, fer all 'ees mild ways, is made zame pattern." Thirza's eyes, despite their narrow outlook, could yet apparently discover all that was to be seen under their ken.

Enoch's deliverer was at hand, very near at hand, in the person of a rare visitor to the quiet little vicarage. The deus ex machina was an old college chum of the parson, whose name in the world of scientific travel and investigation stood highly esteemed as an authority. Westleigh knew nothing of these distinctions; to them he was simply a stranger, and as such, an object of speculative interest per se. The friendship subsisting between the two men was one of those strangely constituted attachments based on differences rather than on fundamental similarities. They were strong contrasts in almost every point and taste.

Wetherham was a great, silent glant, large-limbed, large-minded, large-hearted. His ways in the world had been diverse and extensive; he had dealt with men and affairs, with many makings of history in distant Indian provinces. He had lived where conventionality and social standards meant nothing, and the only thing to be reckoned with was that red matter, that amal-

gam of soul and body, beast and man —humanity alone.

The Reverend Joseph, as might be inferred, was not keenly sympathetic with every point of view of his old friend; they had veered in opposite courses since their 'Varsity days, curiously opposite courses; but those days still formed an infrangible link, and Wetherham always came down to the little West Country village to spend part of his leave with the vicar.

Thirza had been in a state of volcanic energy in consequence of the expected visitor, all manner of unnecessary details had been discussed; chaotic domestic disturbances, that to the lay mind seemed to have no possible bearing on the arrival of a single visitor with simple masculine tastes, had taken place.

"I bain't gwine to hev it zaid as I zot lazy, wi' hangings dirty to be got up, an' winder-curtains, too; not but what I knaws as men-volk be most ez blind ez bats, an' ez long ez yü vills theer stummicks the 'ouse may be like 'ighgaol fer all the notice they takes of a body's wark fer their com-fort. Bless yer sawl, the very last time ez I took up the carpets, maister niver as much as knawed they'd bin off the vloor! I zometimes wonder what on airth the Almighty a troubled to give men-folk eyesight fer; 'tis mortal small use as they makes of it."

Enoch, to whom these remarks were directed, was engaged in feeding two baby rabbits with milk that they sucked from off his finger-tip. He had found them in the road, and had brought the poor little deserted family home with him.

"Jest gie over sich fülishness, and put thickey scrawling things away."

The lad rose and bestowed his pets in a nest of soft hay in the stable, wondering the while how it came about that the generality of human beings bothered over things that were relatively unimportant, and despised so much in the world that was fascinatingly wonderful.

The vicar's visitor did not necessitate any burdensome forms of entertainment. For the most part he read, smeked and wrote extensively. The latter process excited great amazement in Thirza's breast. "I dü declare, it reg'lar 'mazes me tü zee volks a scribble-scrallin' in thickey fashion, zo it dü! Whativer they vinds to zay ez more'n I can picter. I dawn't put pen to paper meself but wance a year tü Christmas, when I writes to me cousin Jemima tü Bristol, an' 'ow to vill up trey zides ez more'n I knaws, zo 'tis!"

In the intervals of reading and correspondence, the visitor took long walks with his host, or whipped a stream without that host's company; for the vicar eschewed sport of every kind.

The Reverend Joseph opened his troubled parochial soul to his old friend. Somehow people had a way of confiding in Wetherham—people whose connection with himself was infinitely slighter than that of the vicar of Westleigh. There was an air of comforting strength and knowledge, blended with a certain sane wisdom of one who has seen more than most men of what is vaguely termed "the world."

Wetherham's advice was always given so quietly that it was more than likely in the end that the confider never realized it as advice at all, but merely his own lucid explanation of his difficulties that had solved the problem. Such a nature was Richard Wetherham, whom most were proud to call friend, and to which many added the title of benefactor, though the latter had to be bestowed in secret, for Wetherham had no taste for open expressions of gratitude towards himself.

To Wetherham therefore the Reverend Joseph unburdened himself concerning his unsuccessful efforts in the Enoch. "He is such an odd boy, Richard. I really feel, after three months' continuous and earnest effort, that I have got no nearer to him than in the very beginning."

"Umph," grunted his friend, "there are worse faults than that of oddity, in my eyes. What particular form does Enoch's oddity favor?"

"He is so untamed, always wandering off in the woods and fields. I believe he has an acquaintance with every wild thing in the neighborhood, and yet he is often ignorant of ordinary facts that are known by the youngest Board School pupil of to-day."

"He sounds interesting; and, after all, a lad who has a gift of observation, and can deduce from that observation, owns a possession of infinitely greater value than any store of mere parrotlearned facts. I must know this young naturalist, we ought to have ideas in common."

Some days later Enoch, coming across the fields from the village, encountered his master's visitor-a tall figure in a shabby old Norfolk suit, with an array of fishing-flies stuck in the cap pulled down over his kindly, crooked features, and a rod in his hand.

He sang cheerily as he made his way through the thick grass, in a voice whose lustiness was unfortunately unmatched by any capacity for musical harmony.

"Hello, my lad, aren't you young Enoch? Come and carry my rod along, if you will."

Enoch's grave, startled eyes met a pair of keen gray ones, the gravity of which was dashed by a twinkling smile; and suddenly he felt, with an instinct that was indubitable, that here was a man the like of whose kind he had never known before.

They did not speak much as they made their way across the meadow to the lane beyond. It was a sunny after-

social and spiritual regeneration of noon, with long rays slanting from the southwest, and glancing through the tender young green of budding elm and beech, that made a soft color-scheme against the mild blue of a spring sky. Wetherham glanced intently at the lad from time to time. He liked the reliant set of the well-shaped head, the determined line of throat and chin and the directness of the earnest young

> "Timid, untamed, alive as a young deer," he said to himself.

> The mop of red hair caught the light and flamed round the pale quiet face. Enoch pushed it away from his eyes with impatient fingers. Wetherham noted the play of the muscles, and the long litheness of supple wrist; for all his coarse work, Enoch's fingers were yet those of one who touches lightly and dexterously things and creatures too delicate to be treated otherwise.

> "I wonder what the lad's pedigree is: there is other than peasant blood in those veins, I'll swear!"

They spoke of the neighborhood and the fishing, Enoch putting in a shy pregnant observation now and then. Wetherham talked of sport in many parts of the world with the knowledge of first-hand experience.

When they reached the vicarage gate Enoch hesitated, and then burst into a flushing, flurried statement.

"I reckon, ef zo be ez yû want to knaw anythin' spacial about these parts, ez I can tull'ee most as much about 'em. zur. as most volks." Then he made a bolt for the back-yard, and found almost relief in Thirza's fusillade of reproach and invective against his unpunctuality; for a strange, quickening interest stirred his young pulses, a tingling unfamiliarity that was near to pain at contact with somebody who understood, and loved too, the things that meant most in life to himself.

Wetherham went to his letters.

"Umph," he ejaculated as his thought turned to the boy he had just left, "there's material here, I fancy, beyond the plastic efforts of our friend Joseph!"

The vicar was perturbed, sensibly perturbed; something had gone wrong with the carefully thought-out arrangements, the arrangements for the Archdeacon's visitation. He smoothed his furrowed brow with nervous fingers.

"Really, Richard, it is most disastrous—most unprecedented. I am afraid that I shall hardly have a moment with you all this week; I shall be so tied by this unfortunate business."

"Don't worry your head over me, old man. I shall be as right as rain with a rod and a smoke this weather, especially if you can spare Enoch to come along too. I fancy the boy can give me some valuable wrinkles about your precious little stream—I beg its pardon, river."

"Certainly, of course you can have Enoch! I was just thinking that I must forego his evening tuition in my press of business this week."

"Pass it over into my hands, Joe. I won't answer for the orthodoxy; but it shall be the best I can do, I promise."

Thus began days that for Enoch were one long procession of rapture and delight.

Thirza was fluently scornful of these excursions. "'Tis fülish enough in boys; but when it comes to men grown a-trapesin' off by daybreak, 'tis more'n I hev got common patience wi', zo 'tis! Wull theer, ef theer 'eads be empty, I'll take care ez theer stummicks ain't. I knaw what men be, a-comin' 'ome 'ungry an' cross ez two sticks."

So Thirza packed a liberal luncheon basket, and Enoch shouldered it and tramped away into this new land of fellowship, that seemed Fairyland itself, set about with the beauty of a county that its children consider the very fairest in the British Isles.

"This is famous, having company. It is apt to be lonely with nobody but oneself all day." The notion of acting as ameliorator of anybody's loneliness was a sufficiently novel idea to leave Enoch without any appropriate answer. Enoch had no fund of smalltalk, which Wetherham instinctively divined; so he ran on in a monologue, talking carelessly, to put the lad at his ease.

By degrees however, Enoch's shyness disappeared under the spell of Wetherham's personality. He did not guess that the flow of anecdote and adventure poured out so freely for his benefit was one which the greatest in the land eagerly selzed a rare opportunity of hearing. Royal Societies and such like eminencies meant nothing to Enoch's simple ears.

Bit by bit the veil was drawn aside, and Wetherham looked into the nature of the lad that the village called "reg'lar quare" and the Reverend Joseph "odd." Wetherham found it a very beautiful nature to his comprehending gaze; it was undeveloped, untutored, a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, with curious standards of duty and action that alternately amused and in a sense hurt, by the implication of crass neglect, this interested beholder of the boy.

Sometimes they fished, in silence, in dim pools where the branches dipped in the stream and little banks of reed and swaying grasses sloped up to the rich meadows on either side; or Wetherham lay on his back in the sun, with his cap over his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, listening to the slow speech of the lad opposite, lazily throwing in a stray ejaculation or a brief comment of his own. He saw that any display of effort to draw him out would result in Enoch's sensitive withdrawal, like a snail into a shell, that ridicule or mis-

understanding would seal his lips and set anew the barrier that was but just beginning to be broken down between himself and another of his kind. Enoch knew every inch of the country around, each reach of the river, its currents and sandy banks, its angling peculiarities, and natural flies, and bait that would lure when no fly that was ever strung would tempt the knowing fellows.

"I can't a-bide to ketch 'em nayther," he would say, as he plucked a handful of grass and laid a fat silver-bellied, dusky-skinned trout upon it, touching the moist, gleaming skin with gentle finger; and for all his sportsman-like instincts Wetherham understood the boy, and answered his flushing statement sympathetically.

"Aye, aye, Enoch; but we give them their chance, nevertheless—always the best chance, if we are true sportsmen."

Wetherham discovered that the depth of Enoch's store of natural facts was gained by the medium of first-hand observation, and was observed, with that unfailing instinct of the inherent naturalist, as completely as possible from the point of view of the observed rather than of the observer.

He knew the ways and habits of stoat and weasel, otter and cub, squirrel and mole, as intimately as, and far more understandingly than, any game-keeper. Birds' notes and habits, migrations and buildings, and the smaller creatures, ant and spider, beetle and cricket, were all familiarities to Enoch, whose only playmates and recreative interest they had been,

"Have you ever read any books about these sort of things?" Wetherham asked one day, when struck by Enoch's omission of the generic names of that about which he spoke; they were to him known only by their local nomenclature, often especially characteristic despite the unscientific title.

"Bukes?" asked Enoch from his

squatting position at Wetherham's feet. "I ain't niver heerd tell ez bukes was wrote about sich-like." The books that had mostly come in Enoch's way had not inspired him with a taste for literature, being to his unliterary mind merely concerned with dull meaningless facts that had no relation to common life or the things he loved.

"Oh yes; there are some very good books written about them. Of course, a great many are not worth the paper on which they are printed; but I must let you start on one of mine that will teach you a lot about the minutiæ and alphabet of entomology." Wetherham did not reflect that the absolute name of his especial taste as yet was unknown to his listener.

The parish absorbed all the vicar's energies, much to Thirza's disgust.

"Ez I zays tü passon, I zays: Yü dü yer duty be 'em Sundays, an' I dawn't zee why yer should be arter 'em weeken-days tü; a-boltin yer males ez yü ain't no more taste o' yer food then et 'twas a bit o' ole shoe leather 'stead o' best tender-zide.' "Thirza was garrulous to Wetherham, whose most attentive silence had quite won the citadel of her good graces.

"Never mind, Thirza; I appreciate your meals to the full if your master doesn't; but you are a veritable cordon bleu."

Enoch rose long before daybreak to get through his work—work that was now suddenly and mysteriously light. He was hardly conscious yet of this new force that had entered into his soul and set it vibrating in every chord, responsive to the first comprehending touch of human sympathy. He was vaguely aware that there, outside his Paradise, stood the angel of departure with drawn sword; but he thrust away the rending thought, for his present happiness was all-sufficing.

"Whativer hev a come upon 'ee, I

dawn't knaw. A body would zim ez yü was vair pixy-led." Thirza had a dim notion that something in the lad had changed. She would often fix her sharp old eyes upon him, when he was not looking, and wonder what this alteration was that she could trace in his face and ways.

The vicar was far too absorbed at present to consider Enoch. He asked absently what Wetherham could make of him; but his interest was so plainly centred in the mass of letters and details from which he detached a brief attention with obvious distress, that Wetherham only grunted a reply that meant nothing.

"I must talk to you later on, friend Joseph," he observed mentally, as he looked across the table to the worried face opposite. "I am afraid that you are as blind as a bat—a dear, well-meaning, kind-hearted old bat; but blind, nevertheless. You may whittle away until kingdom come, but you will never succeed in fitting that square peg of an Enoch into the little round hole of village life." With which conjunction of mixed metaphor the parson's visitor betook himself to rest.

"The boy is a born naturalist, my dear man, neither more nor less; and if you let his talent stay 'wrapped in a napkin,' as the old Book says, you will be committing a mistake that I consider little less than criminal. Do you know that, without the remotest theoretical knowledge of entomology, that boy can discriminate accurately between Argynis Selene and Euphrosyne, between—"

"You don't understand, my dear Richard, that I am morally responsible for Enoch's spiritual training. If I allow him to go, as you suggest, to be brought up as a naturalist, how do I know that he will receive definite Church privileges such as would be afforded him in his life here? You

must consider my responsibilities in this matter."

Wetherham did not answer for a moment. The smile had vanished from his kind eyes, and they looked stern and determined. He knew that in the end he would get his way, as, when he set his mind conclusively to a thing, he invariably did, but to-night his old friend's opposition seemed to strike a false note.

"Don't you trouble your orthodox old head about that little lad's spiritual state. His Creator has seen fit to give him as fine a soul, as quick sympathies, and as sensitive an ideal of duty as might dwell in the breast of a boy brought up on the Athanasian Creed and suckled on the Rubrics. I think we may safely surmise that such good material is not ruined in the process of a closer union with that Creator's works, without our poor bungling effort. For my part, I have found many a Christian who possessed less reverent content with his Maker and his works than Enoch owns. Bless me, Joseph; I have been usurping your privilege and preaching like one o'clock!"

The vicar shook his head and said it was plausible but not, strictly speaking, good Churchmanship; whereat Wetherham replied to the former's horror, that he never supposed it was.

"Suppose that you were allowed to choose your work in the world, Enoch—precious few of us are given the chance—but, if you might, what would you like best to do?"

Enoch's slow, questioning gaze met his inquirer.

"I dawn't zim ez I jest knaw what yü be meanin', zur. I reckon ez I ken turn me hand to all zorts, zo be as 'tis wanted like."

"Yes, yes; but it happens, luckily, that we usually do best what we like best doing. Therefore in reality it is the truest economy that we should be set

doing that particular sort of work. Nature doesn't ask a mole to fly at times, or a swallow to burrow. Do you understand?"

"Ess vay! I thinks, time and agen, as us dawn't half understan' 'ow 'tis all a zet out—iverythin' made accordin' to use. It dü reg'lar zim, mornin'-time or sich when 'tis all a-lyin' afore me eyesez I ain't niver a zeed it proper. It comes over me, the vields, an' birds, an' trees, an' us all takin' it nateral, as if 'twas nort." Enoch's voice trembled at this long temerity of utterance.

Wetherham quoted below his breath:

A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,

A chorus ending from Euripides, And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears.

As old and new at once as nature's self, To rap and knock and enter in our soul.

Enoch loved the sound of that level voice, although the beautiful lines were meaningless to his ears. It made him happy just to hear its tones.

"You did not answer my question." Wetherham went on after a silencea long friendly silence—that had fallen between them. "Do you know, my boy, that there are men who work at what you do just for pleasure in the doing? The world calls them naturalists-and truly so, for only those whom Mother Nature summons can aptly discover her secrets. It is by no means easy work. There is a tremendous deal to be learnt of all manner of subjects that those who are ignorant of the science think have no bearing on it whatever; there are hard, uninteresting details to be thoroughly mastered, and troublesome methods to be practised. Only inborn taste and determination can carry a student through it all. Do you think that you could learn and study and work to become a naturalist yourself some day. if I set you in the way?"

Enoch got up tremblingly; he was shaking with the excitement of the idea that this bewildering, enchanting description conjured up in his mind.

"I reckon ez I ain't no ways equal to sich"—there was a curiously deep note in his voice. I reckon as I couldn't niver larn it all"—he put his quivering, supple hands on the strong ones before him. "I zim as I ain't got it in me to mind the bukes an' larnin'; but if zo be ez yü give me the chance yü zay, zur, I knaw ez I'd liefer kill meself atryin' than—than live all me days any otherwise, I reckon thickey way—"His voice stopped abruptly, as he turned away to hide the shaming, starting tears.

"Then, my boy, we will try together, and—with the parson's consent—set about the experiment at once."

Wetherham thought of an old scientific friend, whose bachelor establishment would be of a type after Enoch's own heart, and he realized contentedly that the only thing left to do was to win the parson's consent.

"Just a line to tell you that Enoch is getting on famously. Watts predicts great things for him and I shall have him out with me as soon as it is feasible. No doubt Enoch has written you himself. He is the most absurdly grateful little beggar that I ever chanced upon. I sail to-morrow. Goodbye, old man! I hope that you have forgiven my unceremonious methods by this time. I am afraid that they somewhat upset your dear old ecclesiastical dignity."

The Reverend Joseph put down the letter with a serious countenance.

"No doubt it will be advantageous in a worldly sense for Enoch's future. Personally, I shall never cease to believe but that, if I had been given time to persevere with his lessons, I should have succeeded well eventually. Richard was always prone to act on impulse."

Thirza was skeptical as to the wisdom of Enoch's departure, and, truth to tell, not unregretful either.

"Boys be a brave lot o' trouble, but I niver ain't a got me stair-carpets bate like thickey lad would let go to 'em, no

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vay! I dessey ez thic ole bird-stuffin' "-Thirza persisted in regarding Enoch's new career as closely concerned with practical ornitnology-"dü take it out o' a body. I'll mind tü send the boy a couple o' pork-pies come nex' pig-killin', plaze the Lord!"

Edith C. M. Dart.

DISSENT IN THE VICTORIAN ERA.

"I can conceive," said the late Bishop of London in a private letter to myself a year ago, "of a Christian commonwealth consisting of bodies of believers and with opinions of their own about matters of organization, understanding one another and respecting one another, yet conscious of a common purpose which transcends all human methods." I cannot doubt that there are multitudes in all Churches who would regard this as the ideal of the Holy Catholic Church. Its members (and they are all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity) find their true bond of unity, not in historical descent, not even in doctrinal agreement, still less in modes of organization, but in spirit. Their common aim is to cultivate the mind of Christ and to do His will, and in their supreme devotion to that they must of necessity cease from the "strife and faction" which has diverted so much of the energy of Christendom from its proper work.

Alas! we are far from having reached this point, but it will be something if we have even entered on the path which leads to it. There are still the grand divisions which have existed through the centuries, and which to all appearances are as pronounced in character and maintained with as much tenacity as at any previous period. Roman, Greek, Anglican-each claims a monopoly of Catholicity for his own Church, and are agreed only in their common repudiation of all schism and its abettors. In our own country Church and Dissent are too much regarded as common foes rather than as fellow-workers for the kingdom of God. Even and anon we hear of movements towards union, but unfortunately when they come to be closely examined they are found to be either on the one side endeavors of the strong to absorb some weaker element or simple endeavors to alter the line of separation, with the tolerable certainty that the new union would become a new element of division. In the letter from which I have already quoted Bishop Creighton says: "To me it is most painful proof of an inadequate hold of the principles of Christianity that the profession of these principles should be a cause of disunion and bitter feeling. Attempts to remedy this have failed because they conceive unity as something external and structural." That remark is profoundly true. One result of the mistake is that endeavors after the reunion of Christendom have been among the most prolific sources of disunion, and that the Association for that object has been one of the most disturbing forces in the Anglican Church.

Surely, however, we are not to arrive at the conclusion that in this respect no progress is being made, and that the Victorian era, whatever else it has done, has failed even to soften the asperities of religious controversy or to mellow the spirits of the disputants. The late Bishop of London was a conspicuous example to the contrary. It would be fortunate if it were possible to regard his spirit as characteristic of the Episcopal Bench as a whole; but this must at least be admitted, that it would not be easy to fix on a period at which there were more Bishops prepared to treat Nonconformists as Christian brethren. It would be invidious to single out individual prelates whose acts of courtesy have done something to remove the keen edge of old antagonism. But, as Dr. Creighton has passed away to a land where he cannot be troubled with the impertinence and bigotry of some unable to appreciate either the more gracious temper of the Churchman or the more enlightened sagacity of the statesman, I may express how deeply, as a Dissenter of the more advanced type, I appreciated his bearing towards us who were outside his own Church. I do not, for a moment, suppose that we were in theological accord, it may be that we were not even in proximity. But, instead of the arrogance of the ecclesiastic, there was that endeavor to understand men and to deal with them as a wise man of affairs would which was so necessary for one filling a position of such delicacy and responsibility. My first experience of him was in connection with the meeting of the Congregational Union of Leicester, where, as Bishop of the diocese, he gave a cordial welcome to the assembly. Such a greeting was as rare as it was gracious. It fell to my lot to prepare a letter in reply. Hence on his appointment to London I sent a message of congratulation, and in his reply is the following sentence, surely a worthy keynote for a Christian prelate: "it will be my endeavor that brotherly love should bind together all the followers of our common Lord and Master." Reviewing his all too brief episcopate, it can honestly be said that this pledge was redeemed in the attitude he invariably maintained to Nonconformists.

These incidents are recorded and emphasized because they furnish such an illumining side-light upon the change in the position of Dissent which the Victorian era has witnessed. How much of that improvement is due to the fact that our late beloved Sovereign was one who took a serious view of religion and of the forces which it quickened and stimulated in the country it would be impossible for an outsider to determine. If we are to accept the portrait drawn by a writer in the "Quarterly Review" as a correct presentment, Her Majesty, while taking a thoroughly Erastian view of her own position as the head of the National Church, regarded the differences in religious opinion among her subjects in a Catholic spirit equally consistent with common-sense and Christian feeling. That her influence told in this direction, and so contributed to the growth of better relations between the Establishment and the Free Churches, can hardly be questioned. It is not suggested that there was any active interference, but the current story of her expressing to one of the Bishops her hope that he got on well with the Nonconformists indicates at all events the prevalent belief as to her own desires. The Bishops who were supposed to enjoy special favor at Court, such as Tait and Randall Davidson, were always men of distinctly Liberal tendencies. But in nothing did she separate herself more completely from High Church exclusiveness than in her attendance at the Presbyterian Church during her residence in Scotland. Her position, looked at from an outsider's standpoint, was undoubtedly anomalous. She was legally an official head of two Churches, and a large, not to say dominant, party in one of them regarded the other as no Church at all. The Queen treated them both as alike Churches of Christ, and worshipped at one or the other according to her place of residence at the particular time. Not holding the State Church principle, I am not concerned to justify the practice, except as an object lesson in Christian tolerance by which all her subjects, and especially the clerical section of them, might well profit. I have myself a happy recollection of a service at the old Highland church (for which, may I say, I always wondered Her Majesty was content to substitute a new building, more imposing in appearance, but without the associations of its predecessor) at which the Queen was present. I was privileged to sit in an adjoining pew, and the impression left on mind and heart by that remarkable scene cannot be effaced. was the great Empress-Queen-perhaps the most potent Sovereign on earthworshipping in simplest form the King of kings. The trappings of earthly state were conspicuous only by their absence; of ritual there was less than may be found in many a Nonconformist chapel to-day; her fellow-worshippers were the rude fathers of the hamlet and their families; and, be it added, of all the congregation there was not one who followed every part of the service with more attention or apparently in a more reverential spirit than the Queen. It was an impressive rendering of the grand primary truth of the Old Book-"The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them." It was a witness, not the less impressive because undesigned, to the spiritual nature of true worship,

taking it out of the region of mere outward form and clerical correctitude, and reminding us that our God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and accepts the service of all who worship Him in spirit and in truth.

The liberalizing influence exerted by the Queen is only one of the forces of the age working for freedom of thought and charity in judgment. These have, to say the least, more than sufficed to counteract the opposite tendencies which, to the superficial observer. would seem to be the natural development of the Oxford Movement, I make the qualification because there is another side of High Churchism which ought not to be overlooked. Strange as it may read, there is often more sympathy between its representatives and Nonconformists than between the latter and Evangelicals. The reason is sufficiently clear. The Low Church are afraid lest any tendency to fellowship with Dissenters, to whom they are closely allied in points of doctrine and ritual, might be counted to them for ecclesiastical unrighteousness. From any such suspicion advanced Anglicans are naturally free, and they can therefore indulge Christian feeling towards men whom they still regard as outside the pale of the true Church without let or hindrance. There are not many of the school who exercise this liberty, but there are some to whose brotherly spirit, manifested under somewhat difficult conditions, it is only fair to pay a deserved tribute. Mr. Gladstone's Anglicanism seemed to me of this type. It was a guide for his own conduct, but he shrank from setting it up as a law for others. The position was hardly logical, except on the principle that it was one thing to conform his own life to a law he regarded as supreme, quite another to insist on applying it to others. That was, so far as I gathered from conversation with him, his ecclesiastical position. He never wavered as to his own line, but he was just as ready to honor others for loyalty to conscience, though it forced them to a line of action entirely opposed to his own.

Happily there are others like him, and though it may be said that in these cases the instincts of the Christian heart were too strong for the hard conclusions of ecclesiastical logic the explanation does not make the fact less significant. Such men have tempered the narrowness of the school to which they belong, and have so far been of special service by toning down the hostile sentiment which the intolerance of its teachings would otherwise have produced. The rise of that school to position and influence is one of the most marked features in the ecclesiastical developments of the day. A few clerics meeting in a Suffolk rectory some seventy years ago have revolutionized the Established Church. True, the influence of the school is much more exclusive and potent among the clergy than the laity, and that it is a much more potent force for the Church than the Establishment; that its action is often extremely inconvenient for the spiritual rules of its daring leaders; that the "Church principles" on which they lay so much stress are but very imperfectly grasped by the ardent devotees whom they have enlisted among their adherents. But when all such deductions have been made the "Oxford Movement" must still be recognized as a powerful reactionary force. It might have been supposed that not only would Dissent have been held in check by it, but that it would have interposed an effectual barrier to the growth of those more healthy relations between different religious communities which broadminded Christians and patriots alike are desirous to see. As a matter of fact, it has accomplished neither the one nor the other. Dissent has become a much more potent force in the country; and if we are as yet far from having reached the ideal state of inter-ecclesiastical relation, at least there is a much nearer approach to it than when Queen Victoria commenced her long and noble reign.

To deal first with the development of Dissent as a recognized and potent element among the religious forces of the nation. Two events of quite recent occurrence have cast considerable light upon this point. The latest in time may be taken first. In the last week of April there gathered in the Metropolis two numerous bodies of representatives from all parts of the Kingdommembers of the Baptist and Congregational Unions. These met in one assembly, which thus at the beginning of a new century set before the world a striking presentation of the strength of Congregationalism. For the fact has to be remembered in any endeavor to estimate the relative strength of different Church systems that these two important confederacies of Churches are all Congregationalists, and are divided only on the question of baptismit might be better to say "questions," as they refer both to the subject and the mode. It may probably be that these differences will prevent them from adopting any scheme of organic unity, but that does not interfere with their identification in aim and in service. Practically they are in all essential respects at one, and I am not at all convinced that a corporate union would be productive of any advantage. certainly would not be effected without much preliminary controversy, the compensation for which is not apparent. The very agitation for it may possibly mislead some as to the extent of any present divergences which federation of this kind might remove. It is, therefore, the more necessary to reiterate that our churches are all constructed on the same model; that they inherit a large number of their noblest traditions in common; that in the teaching of their pulpits and the form of worship in their congregations a practiced eye or ear would find it very hard to detect any difference; and, further, that moving among them in social life the same characteristic features are seen. Whether these two bodies of active. energetic and enterprising Churches should be welded into one host, or whether they should constitute, as they have hitherto done, two divisions of the same army moving on parallel lines, is a matter of subordinate importance-of mechanical arrangement, not of dynamic force. The unity which was so marked in the recent assembly is a gratifying sign of the progress that has been made during the century, and especially during its later decades. I do not suggest that there has been any weakening of conviction on either side, but there is a more general and evergrowing appreciation of the relative value of the one point in dispute as compared with the grand verities on which they are agreed.

Still more remarkable is the feature in the case of the National Federation of Free Churches, whose assembly at Cardiff is the other incident to which I referred as indicating the spirit in which Dissenting Churches are entering on this new century. There is no necessity to exaggerate the significance of that remarkable gathering; still less to claim for it a character to which it cannot pretend. Great movements are like great men; they are in at least as much danger from the foolish flatteries of eulogists as from the calumnies of their foes. The Federation may not be so potent a factor as its promoters suppose, and one of its nearest perils may be the temptation to take itself too seriously. It is not a new Church; indeed, it would not be correctly described as a confederation of Churches. since it owes its existence, not to any official action on the part of the representative assemblies of the different Churches, but to the spontaneous efforts of individuals. Nor is it to be supposed that those who interested themselves in laying the foundation of this alliance were lacking in attachment to their own Churches, or would be prepared to sacrifice any of their interests for the sake of promoting those of the wider fellowship. On the common platform are found all the varieties of Evangelical Dissent, whose representatives have probably been surprised to find how largely their alienation from one another has been due to prejudice, itself the child of ignorance.

This remarkable gathering then may, after all necessary discount from its significance has been made, be fairly regarded as an indication of the spirit and power of the Nonconformist Churches of England at the close of the century, and a comparison with their position at its commencement will enable us to understand how rapid has been the progress made. The divisions in the ranks of Dissent have caused the country to form a very inadequate conception of its actual strength. Established Church has been regarded as one among many rivals, to any of whom it is confessedly much superior in number and resources. This Federation reminds us that there is another line of division which must be drawn, and that the only one with which the State has any right to concern itself. In disputes between Calvinist and Arminian, Sacerdotalist and Evangelical, it has neither prerogative nor qualification to interfere. But it is for it to determine as to its own relation to religion and the Churches. The Federation is certainly a fact which it cannot leave out of account in the formation of its decision. Here is a representative gathering of Churches, whose very life and energy are found in spiritual liberty, who refuse to allow the State to control any part of their Church life, who are as independent of the support as of the rule of the State. Whatever judgment may be passed on what is undoubtedly a phenomenon, it is one which cannot be treated with disregard as having no bearing on the practical business of the nation. The more it is studied, the more suggestive it appears.

The first observation that may be made is that no such gathering would have been possible at the beginning of the late Queen's reign or for many years afterwards. The growth of such friendly relations between the several Dissenting Churches as alone have made it possible is of recent date. Between several of the Churches whose members met in friendly conference at Cardiff there was hardly a point of union at the earlier period. Of course they were all under the same ecclesiastical ban-proscribed (so far as the National Church was concerned) by the Act of Uniformity; but the circumstances under which the Nonconformity of 1662 was cradled and the ideas in which its descendants were trained differed so widely from those which marked the rise and progress of Wesleyan Methodism that there was a mutual distrust between these two sections of the Nonconformist world.

There were theological differences; for Calvinism of a pronounced and sometimes a very severe and repellent type was then prevalent among Congregationalists, both Baptist and Pædo-Baptist, and it was confronted by an equally decided Arminianism among the Wesleyans. In this respect there has been a marked change. largely to the influence of a few enlightened men, among whom Ralph Wardlaw. Andrew Fuller, George Payne, and in later years Thomas Binney and R. W. Dale, the theology of Congregationalism has been greatly

broadened; and though there are still characteristic differences between them and their Methodist brethren, there is substantial agreement on the vital truths of religion. Of course the mode of presenting and enforcing those truths is affected by the temperament of the preacher as well as by his general culture and habits of thought, but these do not affect the essentials of his teaching; and whatever differences in tone there may be, the bitterness of old theological controversies is, for the most part, a thing of the past.

But theological differences were not the only-they were hardly the most serious-causes of separation. Wesleyans were as a matter of fact Dissenters, quite as much as Congregationalists, but they were extremely unwilling to accept the position, and in truth were extremely anxious to keep themselves free from any suspicion of complicity in any opposition to the Establishment. The relations between these two sections of the Dissenting world were anything but friendly, and they remained in this state until a comparatively recent period. It is fair to add that there are many Wesleyans of the older generations who have not been affected by the change which has passed over their more progressive brethren, and who, if they are not less friendly to other Dissenters, are extremely careful to make it clear that this does not imply any sympathy with their ecclesiastical or political views. Fifty, even thirty, years ago the sentiment of opposition was much stronger, and it may be doubted whether at a much later point such association as that which was seen at Cardiff would have been possible.

My own early recollections are all of a very different state of feeling from that of which the Federation is an "outward and visible sign." The Wesleyan Conference, indeed, has taken no action in relation to this new association, but some of the most active promoters of the latter are distinguished Wesleyan leaders, and they are followed by a large number of ministers and laymen throughout the country. It is certain that any proposal for such fellowship could not have been entertained on either side at the time when my own ministry commenced. earliest controversy between Church and Dissent of which I have any clear recollection was that on the prolific question of education, and was over the measure introduced by Sir James Graham, then Home Secretary of the Conservative Government. The one point in relation to it which is vivid in my memory was the anxiety which the active Dissenting opponents of the measure felt in relation to the attitude that would be taken by the Wesleyans. The same state of things has been repeated again and again in the ecclesiastical contests of subsequent years. The Wesleyans have been an uncertain quantity, and, as may be supposed, have not been regarded with special favor by those who felt that they were fighting their battles, even though they were denied their sympathy and co-operation. In short, Congregationalists represented a militant Dissent on which Wesleyans looked with little favor. Our relations were, therefore, considerably strained. We were occasionally found in each other's chapels, and even in each other's pulpits, but even these courtesies were not too abundant, and of active friendly co-operation there was even less. Of course the responsibility for a state of things which was not to the credit of either must be divided between the two parties, while it is fair to both to say that it was largely due to causes over which neither had control. But it was at best an armed neutrality, from which it is certain that both parties suffered and the cause of religion with them.

There is an illumining passage on the

subject in the biography of Dr. Jabez Bunting, who, beyond all controversy, was the most conspicuous Wesleyan in the first half of the century. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that for a considerable period he was the Weslevan Conference, so dominant was his influence. Like all strong leaders, he was the object of keen criticism; but, despite it all, he may perhaps be regarded as the man who, since the days of John Wesley, has most fully reflected the spirit of the founder and most fully represented the genius of the system. His biographer was his son, himself a Conservative among Conservatives, if indeed he might not more truly be described as a "Tory among Tories." Of the relations between Wesleyans and the older Nonconformists there were few men on his side more competent to speak, for he was too intelligent not to make himself acquainted with men from whom he differed in opinion. Writing of the effect of the revival in the Established Church upon both of them, he makes a very marked distinction between the two classes of Nonconformists, and in this sets forth his father's view:

No wonder that those who thought they discerned in all State Churches a tendency to evil rather than to good were startled when they saw the Church of England in downright earnest, and would not feign friendship when they felt nothing but suspicion and dread. So it came to pass that when this "strong man" became a rejoicing competitor in the race for usefulness; and Methodism, running all the faster, yet breathed out a welcome, bade him play fairly, and wished him quickly at the goal; the old Dissent stopped and questioned, saying now that he had undue advantage; all which little heeding, he went on his way, and, as many think, got a full century's start of those who tried to hinder him. But may all win!

Much has happened since those days,

and the change wrought in both sections of the Nonconformist world has been considerable. The older part has certainly not abated one iota of its antagonism to the State Church principle, though the opposition to the Anglican Church itself has become much more intelligent, more possessed indeed with the spirit of sweet reasonableness. On the other side, a large number of Wesleyans have come more directly into line with other Nonconformists. It is folly to expect that the distinctions between them will ever be entirely obliterated. A religious denomination has its $\dot{\eta}\theta_{00}$ as well as its creed, and that of the Congregationalist is so far removed from that of the Wesleyan that they have sometimes found it difficult to appreciate the virtues of each other. It is one of the marked characteristics of the Victorian period that this misunderstanding has to a large extent been cleared away.

This happy result is undoubtedly largely due to the enlightened spirit of tolerance which is increasingly preva-This sentiment has sometimes been confounded with religious indifference. Of course, if a man believes nothing in particular, there is no obvious reason why he should distress himself as to what others believe. There is enough and to spare of this kind of intellectual contempt for every earnest religious belief, a contempt which occasionally passes into an angry impatience which is apt sooner or later to become active bigotry. It is not too much to say that before a man can be really tolerant he must have strong convictions of his own. It is the man who has "beaten his own music out" who is best able to understand the difficulties and respect the hesitations of those whose views are opposed to his own. There is no reason to believe that any of the Free Churches have become less earnest in their attachment to distinctive principles. But they

have shared in the general intellectual movement of the generation, and the change which has been wrought in many important articles of their own creed has had the natural effect of widening their judgment in relation to others. Perhaps the greatest change of all has been in reference to the proportion of faith. Most of their leaders have learned lessons in theological perspective, so that even where they hold the same doctrines as their fathers take an entirely thev different view of their relative value. The result is that many controversies once invested with exaggerated importance have sunk into their true insignificance, with immense gain to Christian charity and true unity.

Without therefore attributing to the Free Church Council a character which it has no right to claim, and which there is no present prospect of its being able to secure, it undoubtedly marks a stage in the development of the Church life of a nation. The change in temper and advance in the power of Dissent which it reveals are phenomena which no wise statesman can afford to disregard. The very name under which these several bodies have united is itself suggestive of a great change in their public position. century ago such an alliance would have been designated by some name descriptive of its antagonistic character. We have not as yet ceased to be Dissenters or Nonconformists. These names have not been chosen by us, but have been forced upon us. Very gladly shall we abandon an attitude of protest as soon as the State gives up its unjust preference for a particular Church and creed. But we do not exist for the purpose of protesting; and though we must maintain the "dissidence of Dissent" so long as the law compels us thus to vindicate the freedom of the individual conscience, yet we have no love for the attitude or for the spirit which it seems to express. We greatly prefer to insist on the positive meaning of our position as a part of the national force under the banner of the Cross, and the part which is absolutely free from any interference, as it is independent of all support from the State. At the beginning of the century we could hardly have claimed public recognition in such a character, and our claim, if it had been advanced, would have been treated with but scant courtesy. At that period we had won little more than the bare right to exist. We were debarred from municipal office, excluded from the national seats of learning, taxed for the support of a Church from which we conscientiously dissented-in short, sufferance was the badge of all our tribe, and so deeply had the iron gone into the souls of our fathers that they were content even with the maimed rights of citizenship, and did not realize that they too had an important part to play in the evangelization of the nation. Nous avons changé tout cela. The political Dissenter has been much reviled: but at least he has won for his brethren a freedom of religious service which otherwise they would never have secured. To-day any impartial observer would recognize the Churches represented in the recent Council as forming an essential part of the National-though not of the Established-Church.

It is not possible within the limits of an article like this to dwell on the changes in the spirit and conduct of the religious life in Dissenting communites. The Dissenter has always been accepted as the legitimate descendant of the Puritan. Ecclesiastical pedants have taken a pleasure in insisting that his ancestors are rather to be found among the Separatists, and this is undoubtedly true. But this leaves out of account the fact that the Separatists were Puritans of the Puritans. The Nonconformist conscience is indeed the legiti-

mate successor of the Puritan. So far as it relates to the law of personal conduct. it must be admitted that its judgments have undergone considerable change. The Puritan, and especially the Puritan under the influence of the Evangelical Revival, was too much addicted to one universal law of "anti-." His prohibitions were legion, and every one of them was maintained with a thoroughness of conviction and uncompromising tenacity and insistence which could hardly have been exceeded if they had been the fundamental principles of the Christian life. The revolt against this excessive severity has been very general, and it must be added in many cases has been carried to a dangerous extreme. The Congregationalist of to-day is no more known by a special narrowness in social life than is a member of the Society of Friends by the special garments which once were distinctive of his people. action like this must have its evils as well as its advantages. But here it is necessary only to note it as a fact without discussing its wisdom. The result is, a Dissenter takes his place in society side by side with Churchmen. If, however, he is to retain the kind of influence which has made him a force in the nation he must be careful to preserve all the robustness and strength of the old Puritan, even if he feels it right to modify some of the severer restrictions which his fathers were content willingly to accept.

In conclusion, it may surely be said that such a force as that which is represented in the two assemblies which this article has described cannot be ignored. A state of things which treats these great Nonconformist communities as outside the pale of national Christianity is so unnatural that its perpetuation is impossible. The National Council of Free Churches does not contemplate any distinct aggressive action aginst the Establishment. That

was not due to any astuteness of policy, and yet no policy could well have been more effective. For here is an assembly in which are met delegates from all parts of the country who, notwithstanding considerable diversity of opinion, are at one in their absolute independence of the State. That is the one meaning of their word "Free." Objection has been taken to the word as involving a reflection upon the State Church. It is simply an example of the childishness which seems to haunt ecclesiastical controversy. It would be as reasonable to contend that the term "Established Church" suggests that the other Churches are lacking in the element of stability. The sooner such puerile arguments are discarded and reasonable men apply the simple tests of experience and common-sense, the better for the parties themselves and for the cause of truth. The terms are at all events perfectly well understood, and quibbling about them is gratuitous folly. The distinction between the Established Church and the Federated Churches that met at Cardiff is simply one that the State has made, and that the State can abolish to-morrow. If it be said that there is a further and more vital difference between the Catholic Church and those that are outside its bounds, that raises an entirely different issue. The distinction at present marked, and with which alone the nation qua nation has to deal, is that between an Established Church and Free Churches; and the question which naturally arises and demands an answer is one the solution of which becomes more clear every year. should the one Church be chosen to honor and the others cast aside to dishonor? The religious service of the latter to the nation is quite as valuable as that of the former. The patriotism of the Nonconformist is as devoted, as enlightened and as disinterested as that of the Churchman. Why should the nation place its hall-mark upon the one, and force the other into a position of antagonism and protest?

An observer looking at the present relations of the Churches in a critical spirit, especially if there were in him a touch of cynicism, might find signs of a more acute discontent with existing Church systems on the part of numbers of their adherents than their leaders would be willing to admit. Both in the Establishment and in Free Churches we hear of proposals of reform which in some cases are nothing short of revolutionary. But so far at least as Free Churches are concerned, they are not to be taken too seriously. It is certain that there is a widespread spirit of unrest abroad. But this must not be regarded as indicating a definite revolt against the principles of the respective systems with which these would-be reformers are identified. It is rather the effervescence of a young generation many of whose members have a vague idea that a new century ought to mean a new departure. They forget how rich is the heritage into which they have entered and which has been secured mainly by the modes of action which they are so eager to improve. They are impressed only by a sense of their own capacity to do a greater service to God and humanity than any of the generations which have gone before. This is not a feeling wholly to be condemned. If its intense self-consciousness be forgotten or explained even partially by the impatience of a zeal not according to knowledge, there is in it much to be admired. It expresses a strong dissatisfaction with the slow rate of religious progress, and an earnest desire that the record of the twentieth century should be more satisfactory than that of its predecessor. In their ideas as to the best ways of accomplishing this, they may have fallen into serious mistakes, and yet their aims may be noble, and to a certain

extent their views of the situation may be correct. Time, money and strength have too often been wasted and worse than wasted in the service of a narrow and selfish sectarianism which has separated men who ought to have been in close fellowship, which nurtured in its adherents a belief in the infallibility of their own system and dictated uncharitable judgments of all who would not worship its idols, and which was thus the parent of a thousand prejudices, all of them hindering the growth of character and the advance of Christian work. But if the substitute for it be a languid indifference to important

questions even of principle which is christened charity or liberalism, but which is really an unbelief that must be fatal to all spiritual power, the last end will be worse than the first. A deeper spirituality is the great need of the day and indeed the common need of all the Churches. Men are troubling themselves too much about the improvement of machinery. What is necessary is a stronger dynamic. Give us that, and we shall have that truer brotherliness in which, not in any mere organization, will be the power of the Twentieth Century Church.

J. Guinness Rogers.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.*

(SCENE, a field near Bethany. Lazarus is sitting on the edge of the grave, halfnaked, with limbs still entangled in his shroud. He feels the quiver of life contending against the torpor of death within him. He sits motionless and speechless, gazing at the light as though half-blinded. Opposite him stands Jesus, erect, with uplifted eyes. A little farther off stand Martha and Mary, divided between joy and terror, not venturing to come nearer. The apostles form another group, and there is a great concourse of people. It is a bright still morning in spring.)

Cries of the multitude.

Wonder unheard, unsaid! Lazarus who was dead Is there—is living, instead!

Martha.

My brother!

Mary.

My brother!

The Apostles.

There's life in the clay!

From the toils of the grave he is breaking away!

John.

Aye, the flesh is alive!

Luke.

But the soul is afar-

Mark.

Nay, there's red in the cheek!

*Translated for The Eclectic Magazine.

Matthew.

In the eye there's a star!

A man of the people.

Of all our words of amazement Hears he not one!

Like a soul in utter bedazement Beholds the sun.

A woman.

It gave me an icy shiver
When he rose from under the pall!

When the flesh began to quiver
And the white cere-cloth to fall!

A tottering old man.

Oh, mighty Jesus, hear me, And mercifully be near me,

When the few days I have to live are o'er!

If thou, when I am sinking,

Wert there, kind sir, I'm thinking

Me, too, from death to life thou might'st recover!

A centurion.

A quaint old gaffer this-

Who would have more of such a life as his!

A mother.

Oh Jesus, fail me not!

My son is dead-do what thou here hast wrought!

Another, with a sick child in her arms.

A lesser thing ask I;

My little lad is ill-make him not die!

Martha.

Look on thy Martha, brother!

Mary.

Brother dear,

Look on the loving friend who brought thee here! Lazarus, after gazing for a few seconds upon Jesus.

Master!

Cries of the multitude.

Wonder of wonders! The knot's untied! Fate is beaten, and death defied!

We hear him speaking—the man who died!

Lazarus.

Oh master, what hast thou done?

The Apostles.

He hath raised thee, dreaming one! Knowest not thy redemption? Lazarus, wearily, vaguely and disconnectedly.

Oh master, I obey
The eyes that urge me.
Speak, and make known thy will.
Thee have I followed since I saw thee first,
And follow still,

Meekly, thy lightest sign.

But if thus docile I have been alway,
Wherefore that angry word?
What deep offense is mine?
Why dost thou scourge me?

The Apostles.

Alas! he raves-the man to life restored!

Lazarus.

Wherefore, master, awake me
Out of so sweet a sleep—
And all so well forgotten?
Since first, mine eyes uplifting,
I looked on the hollow, shifting
Pageant of earth,
Never did overtake me
Repose more deep:—

Repose more deep:—
So sweetly had I forgotten
My human birth.

Oh master, wherefore awake me?
Around me, as I lay
Creation swam undone:
There was no night, no day,
No time, no change at all.
I heard no faintest echo of any tone
From this dead vale, funereal.

No vain desire disturbéd My trance, no memory turbid, No sorrow gnawed me here,

No sorrow gnawed me here, No sting of sharp remorse felt I, no fear. Of so great peace

Why wilt thou me deprive?
Why must I rise and wrestle
Where the cruel sunbeams dazzle
My shrinking sense,
And the cries are an offense

Of the tortured folk who live? Leave me, my master, free of pain,

Buoyed up by lovesome death, and light as air!

Let me but nestle

In my grave again

Like a creature of the wildwood in its lair!

Jesus, looking fleedly upon Lazarus and speaking sternly,

Man, but thy heart is cold, and, man, thy courage feeble! Base are thy words, and base is thy distress.

Art thou alone in the world? Is thine the only trouble? Art thou, then, sisterless and brotherless?

Who art thou, to have won the wages of peace already? Who art thou, to have loved, much as a mortal can? Loving, trusting on, with faith serene and steady-Hast thou then done enough, and suffered enough, oh man?

Why do the vain waves break on the cliff ascending sheerly? Why do the worlds revolve? Why do the minutes fly? Why does the grass of the field grow green and wither yearly? Why do kingdoms fall, and men be born and die?

Mine is a call to light and life. So hear it! Call to valorous work, and the strife whereby men grow. Up, thou lingering, languishing, cowering, pitiful spirit! Out of the grave with thee! Gird up thy loins and go! Arturo Graf.

Nuova Antologia.

IN THE DAYS OF THE "CHILLY DEATH."

The "Chilly Death" hath sent his

Across the sun-baked land;

The streams are dry, the Heavens on high

Strike with a brazen hand.

The earth smiles back—she is the rack On which we quailing lie;

And deadly fear draws near, more near.

To mock us as we die.

-"The Song of the Stricken."

Those who know the Malay Peninsula are aware that, speaking in round terms, the heat is much the same day in and day out, from year's end to year's end. During the rainy seasonthe autumn and winter of more changeful lands—there is a larger percentage of water in the stewpan, and we are steamed rather than fried; but the

the same height during all the hot hours of the day, be the month what it will: and most Europeans will tell you that the climate of the Peninsula never varies at all. If, however, you ask the jungle for an opinion-as you can do only if your acquaintance with it is very intimate-you will get a wholly different reply. The jungle holds its secrets carefully and well; for if you look upon its forests only with a casual eye, you will come to the conclusion that they too never change. If you wish to be suffered to see something of the jungle's inner being you must be content to watch closely and patiently, not during one month, but from month to month; not during a single year, but from year to year, until you have forgotten the number of the moons which have waxed and thermometer stands at approximately waned since first your study was begun. Then eventually you will perceive that in the Malay Peninsula, as in other lands, all the four seasons recur with perfect regularity, though they slip one into another so gradually, so gently, that the transition is hardly to be marked.

At first you will find it difficult to decide by what name to call any one of the year's phases. The familiar terms seem to fit them but ill, for the seasons of the tropics have many strange features. If you bear in mind what the Malay Peninsula is like, you will see how this can hardly fail to be as it is. In a land where all things grow with marvellous rapidity, almost as you watch them; where the forests are a gorgeous web, of which all manner of trees and shrubs and creepers form the interwoven warp and woof; where the slender spear-blades of the lâlang grass rise, in their dazzling greenness to a height of seven feet, and the tasselled flowers of the elephant reeds wave on the graceful stalks, which are tall enough to hide from sight the mighty animal from which they take their name; where ploughed land, if left lying fallow for a single season, becomes clothed with brushwood and if still untouched for a couple of years is cloaked by that "wedded undergrowth" whose offspring choke your path, and wave their tangled, green-clad arms in triumph above your head-in such a land of growth and of production, Nature, giantess and magician though she be, cannot work all her mysteries in the months of a single springtime.

Thus it comes to pass that the spring is the spring, but autumn ceases to be a time of decay, and becomes spring's younger sister, aiding her lovingly in her work. Winter, too, joins hands with summer, and though her steaming, rain-blessed months have not the strength to work all the miracles wrought by the fierce sunlight of July,

still the more scanty blossoms of September and October turn to luscious fruits in December and January.

In spring the reaches of the rivers which cleave their way through the broad forests are decked with flowerset banks. The lilac blossoms of the bûngor trees splash the river's edge with streaks and patches of warm color; the brilliant yellow of the chempâka lends its vividness to the forest's glories of green; the fruit-groves, in which the villages hide their heads, are picked out with little spots of light and color-the flowers upon which the sun is shining; and the million growths of jungle, each adds its mite to the blaze of beautiful hues. Then comes summer, a period of fruition, when the promise of the spring is fulfilled in a lavish bounty of full-juiced, mellow fruits, and men and beasts feast in plenty. Thereafter comes the autumn, renewing the work of spring, but modestly and tenderly, with some slight sadness in the knowledge of her own weakness. Winter follows on her heels, with rain falling heavily for the earth to drink its fill, while the little frogs croak rapturously because dryness has departed. She bears upon her breast the slender dues of fruit with which autumn has supplemented the work of spring, but her chief task is to renovate the land that the springtime may come again in all her glory.

All these things, and many others besides, you may see for yourself if you watch the jungle patiently; but it must not be supposed that the phases of the year are marked by hard, well-defined lines, as in Europe. The changes and transitions are subtle, and the coming season passes over the face of the land gently and tenderly, as the breath of a mother on the cheek of her sleeping child. But the time to learn how utterly dependent the jungle is upon the varying seasons is when something goes wrong with one of them, and the

forests are racked with thirst-for the only real calamity that can fall upon the land is a scanty rainfall. Crops and the like may suffer in a flood, but the jungle takes little harm from standing knee-deep in stagnant water; and when the inundation has subsided the face of the forest is bright and glad, and the greens put on a more tender shade of color. The underwood may perish, but the great trees take to themselves a newer, fresher air of life; and the sodden slush of decaying dead things about their feet sends the sap humming through their mighty arteries with redoubled vigor.

But when the rain has fallen scantily and the fierce sun lashes down upon a world which knows not coolness, great and small, weak and strong, suffer together, and with an equal keenness of pain. The sun cannot turn the evergreen trees to brown, but, none the less, they look parched, and dry, and brittle, as though, like blackened tinder, they would fall to pieces at a touch. The rank lâlang grass cannot lose its tint of vivid green, no matter how angrily the sun may beat upon it. but the heat-haze dances above it, weird and restless, and tells of the agony which the green growths share. The clusters of grass-spears refract and multiply the heat, until a man who makes his way among them must gasp painfully for breath; and when at last he quits them he will be surprised to find the fierce sunglare of the tropics almost cool by comparison. The buffalo-grass-the short blades upon which the kine graze-are brown and withered, and the longer shoots break off as you tread upon them, for the parching heat has made them very fragile. Where ponds and pools were wont to mark the wallows of the buffaloes the earth is riven in a thousand ugly cracks, and the mud is now hard as rock, or crumbles crisply and drily as you pass over it. But pools and

patches of short grass are not over numerous; and since the jungle still retains its color, since the shrunken river still runs, and the sun dances on its waters, the earth appears to smile back at the brazen sky overhead, as though it shared its glory and was free as it from pain.

It is at times such as this that the whisper runs through the villages that the "chilly death" is at hand.

But it is long before this rumor is shaped in speech; for the Malays are very loth to admit, even to themselves, that it is indeed the cholera that has come amongst them. They are an easeloving people, and the facts, which if clearly seen may make life a terror, are not looked at more steadily than circumstances render obligatory. The "chilly death" steals upon his victims so gradually, so slowly, until he has won a firm foothold in the land, that if a man shuts his eyes resolutely, he may almost persuade himself there is, in truth, no unusual sickness among his fellows. This every Malay contrives to do, and for months, perhaps, the natives refuse to comment upon the fact that friends and neighbors are dropping off one by one; nor is it until the epidemic is fairly raging that they confess at last that it is indeed the "chilly death" beneath whose scourge the land is cowering in mortal fear.

The final consent to recognize the presence of the terror is wrung from the reluctant people something in this wise. A man dies in one of the villages, and his friends, as usual, account for his death by every explanation save only that one which, in his heart of hearts, each man among them knows to be the true cause. Malays, in common with other Mohammedans, attach much importance to the observance of the last rites which should usher the dead to their graves under the lush grass. Accordingly the priests

and pilgrims and holy men crowd the little cottage, and all is ordered decently and seemly. The body is washed with minute care, wads of cotton fluff are placed in ears, mouth, nose and eyes, and white bands are passed about the face and head. The winding-sheet is sewn over the corpse, which is then stretched upon a bier, and carried down to the dug-out, lying rocking slowly on the waters beneath the steep bank. There is somewhat of a struggle to carry the bier down the steep steps which lead to the water's edge, and bare feet cling to and grip the crumbling soil, while all concerned shout noisy directions one to another, in strident tones which we should regard as irreverent in the presence of the dead. But with Malays it is different, and silence forms no part of the program at one of their funerals. bier is placed on the bamboo decking of the dug-out, and men and women crowd on board to accompany the dead man upon his last journey. Some of those who loved him while he yet lived, hold sunshades over him to shield his head from the blazing sun. Others sit about him sadly, and the rest seize their paddles and propel the boat down stream. And thus they glide past the villages,, until the line of breakers dancing in the sunshine shows that they are approaching the mouth of the river. Here they halt at the point whence the path, which all men know, leads to the Makam-that vast native cemetery in which it is the desire of every Pahang Malay to find his last resting-place.

It covers many acres of ground, and the little nêsan, or headstones, rise everywhere through the rank growths that cover the fruitful soil. A few trees stand here and there, trees with thick, fat leaves, soft and flabby to the touch, of the kind called "spoons" by the Malays, because their shape is not unlike that of a flat rice ladle. Occa-

sionally the grave of a raja, a noble, or a man of wealth is marked by a headstone, upon which some pious words of Arabic invocation have been rudely carved; some others are squared roughly; but for the most part the graves have no other ornament than a round piece of water-worn granite protruding only a few inches above the surface of the ground, or a rudely carved wooden peg leaning crazily to one side. Two or three of the graves have tumble-down erections built over them by the piety of the surviving relatives of him who lies beneath. Their devotion, however, has not been equal to the task of keeping their work in repair, and the decaying uprights and crosspieces have the appearance of a pile of spelicans. Traces may be noted in other parts of the cemetery of spasmodic attempts to fence some of the graves in, but these have long been abandoned as Utopian. On one raja's grave may be seen a huge iron fourposter bedstead, which Oriental wisdom-doubtless after long and anxious discussion-has at length devoted to what its owner conceived was the end for which it was originally fashioned. Rude huts rise here and there among the graves, with the grasses and creepers clinging about their knees, and these are built by the desire of the dead-who have left money behind them for the purpose-to accommodate the priests and holy men who come to chant verses of the Kurûn during the quiet night-time, that the souls of the departed may rest in peace.

All the graves, from those of the kings who ruled the land to those of the peasants who tilled the soil, are nameless; and thus, when a man has lain beneath the sod for a year or two, even those of his kindred who held him most dear are unable to say with certainty where their brother lies buried.

It is hither that the corpse-bearers carry their burden; and when the sim-

ple burial-service has been performed, and the body has been lowered into the grave with much unnecessary noise, the dug-out returns up river with the funeral party, there to recite the prayers for the dead far into the night.

Next day it is known in the villages that seven of those who aided in washing the corpse and laying it in the grave have fallen victims to the disease of which the dead man had been the prey. The "chilly death" has come, and disguise is no longer possible.

Then all the fear and panic which have been so long suppressed, while men strove to reassure themselves and continued to hope against hope that their worst apprehensions were groundless, break out in an hour and drive the people mad. To escape, to fly, that is their one desire, their one idea. "Let us go away," they cry, "away from the 'chilly death,' lest we also perish at his hand!" They do not know where they would seek refuge; they do not care if they carry the scourge along with them; for all they know they may be rushing into the very arms of him from whom they are striving to escape. But of all this they reck nothing. They are past reason, past thought, past all consideration for others, almost past hope for themselves, for panic is the maddest and most selfish passion to which the heart of man can well fall a victim.

When the Malay State of Pahang was still independent, in the days of the coming of the "chilly death" men were indeed like "little chicks lacking the mother hen;" for both high and low sought only to save themselves. The chiefs and nobles fied to isolated spots, and punished cruelly any one who broke in upon their solitude. The people ran unchecked from village to village, bringing with them the disease which, at each fresh outbreak, drove them once more into terrified flight.

The dead remained unburied, the dying untended, the stricken fell by the way, and no man stayed to moisten their lips with water. From end to end of the land the keening of the death-song sounded by day and by night. The beasts of the forest preved upon the corpses with which the paths and villages were strewn, until tigers and wild swine, jungle-fowls, and mangy pariah dogs, grown fat and sleek with a horrible rapidity, shared in the common doom. And over all this land, so distracted with fear, so racked with pain, and maddened with despair, the brilliant Malayan sky smiled down unpityingly through the aching sunshine, mocking the misery of the earth.

But white men are queer folk-infidels who know not hell, and therefore have no fear of death; so the priests tell the people, through teeth which chatter with dread of the pestilenceand in the days of the "chilly death," if the land be under British protection, these strangers fight eagerly for the lives of both rich and poor, while hourly risking their own. It is a terribly busy time; and the white men's minds are perhaps too fully occupied with all that they have to do, for a thorough appreciation of their peril to force itself upon their notice. Later, when the emergency is past, and they sit mopping their streaming brows, and meditating upon the "reasons in writing" which official wisdom will certainly require them to furnish in explanation of all they did and left undone during that time of stress, will perhaps have leisure to think upon the risks which they have run, and to shudder at the recollection. But, even then, they will say little about these things, and when they do speak of them, their manner of doing so will lead you to suppose that they are more than half ashamed of the devotion which they have displayed. For this is the Englishman's little way.

But while the "chilly death" is at hand, every white man in the stricken districts leaves his proper occupations, and lends a hand to fight the common enemy. Each one of them becomes for the time a rough-and-ready doctor, and the abundance of their practice renders them not unskilful. By day and by night they aid one another to head the panic-stricken people back to the villages from which they seek to escape. Their one aim is to help those who are stricken, and to prevent the spread of the infection to those who are still whole. Hourly they tend the dying among the dead, till their eyes grow almost callous of the horrors which all the swift stages of the disease present. The corpses are no longer suffered to lie about unburied, and the days of the "chilly death" are thus robbed of half their terrors by the untiring efforts of the white men. Such confidence as steady nerve in the face of danger, a power to give calm advice to men who need it, and active, ready, generous aid to all who care to claim it, can give to the frightened people, is felt to be inspired by the presence and actions of these strangers. The peasants are no longer without leaders to direct them; and since they have never learned to stand alone, they run to the white men, as a child runs to its mother's knee, with a blind and absolute faith in their ability to shield them even from the grip of the "chilly death." They inspire wonder also; and the folk who mark them passing to and fro, risking their own lives that those of others may be saved, and penetrating unflinchingly into the places where the "chilly death" has gained his surest foothold, realize dimly that these men of an alien race are actuated by some motive of which they have no experience. For duty-the mainspring of the English character-is an idea which no Malay can be made to understand readily.

In a little space, some of the better men among the native chiefs join hands with the white men to aid in routing the enemy. They have hereditary influence with the people, but unfortunately they usually bring more energy than intelligence to the work. They are implored to make all who form their following boil their drinking water before using it: and the next man who falls ill has water which still is dancing in the kettle, poured relentlessly down his gullet. It is his last draught on earth, and his relatives will thereafter have a prejudice against boiling their water that will not easily be overcome.

Another chief sees hot bricks applied to the stomach of a patient, and infers that in this lies a simple antidote to the poison. He straightway gives up the practice of boiling his drinking water, and when asked the reason, replies that he has already taken all necessary precautions.

"Daily, Tûan," he says to the despairing white man, who finds it very hard to war against the "chilly death" and rank stupidity, "daily, Tûan, I cause a heated brick to be dropped into my well, and that, thou hast taught us, is a sure remedy, having much virtue to rout the demon of the 'chilly death!"

The high priest wins great fame as a medicine man, and, if we are to believe him, saves the lives of many of the stricken folk. He has seen the piles upon which the houses are built painted and daubed with tar and sulphur, and he recognizes that here is a powerful medicine, the full use of which the white men do not understand. What is a disinfectant is obviously also a remedy, he argues, so when next the cholera seizes one of his friends, the patient is smeared with tar and sulphur from head to foot! Wonderful to relate, he does not die, and many others undergo the same treatment before the white men learn of it and succeed in directing the high priest's energies upon more useful lines.

The white men have established make-shift hospitals in many places, and thither they carry all those on whom they can lay their hands as soon as the disease has stricken them. But the Malay does not love to quit his house when the sickness falls upon him, and in many instances cases of cholera are concealed with the craft and secretiveness only possible among an Oriental population. But in these days the people are divided against themselves; and men who fear infection report outbreaks of the disease which occur in their neighbors' houses, in order that the sick being removed, they may themselves run a better chance of escaping the pestilence. So many cases are brought to light, and the cholera hospitals are full to overflowing.

The interior of one of these buildings is a ghastly sight, and cannot here be described in detail. The stricken wretches are stretched upon their plank bedsteads, gaunt men, all skin and bone, who have survived the stage of collapse, and are now on the way to recovery; others, newly admitted, in the first throes of the fearful malady, writhing with agony and displaying all the loathsome symptoms of the earlier hours of the disease; others, again, gaunt and rigid, with ghastly cavities in their abdomens, with prominent, projecting temples, hollow cheeks, and taut skin, and with fingers puckered like those of a washer-woman. The eyes of these latter are dull and lifeless; they have ceased to fight for life, or even to wish for its prolongation. The collapse has set in, and they are fast sinking under it.

In the women's ward, where also are the little children, the sight is one to rend the heart-strings; and since there are no Florence Nightingales among the women of Pahang, these poor people are tended by men, who, with all their care and devotion, cannot supply the want of feminine tenderness and compassion. The air of all the wards is heavy with disinfectants, through which the fetid reek, which is the breath of the "chilly death," has still the strength to make its presence known.

Outside, in the glad, bright sunshine, the work of cleaning up a land in which men have littered the earth with heaps of discarded trash for years, is going ahead steadily. Armies of coolies are impressed, and native compounds, where the houses stand knee-deep in rubbish, are swept and cleared out, until their despairing owners are forced to live in a misery of cleanliness and discomfort. The King has long ago betaken himself to a secluded spot, where, clothed in a green jacket, covered with scrolls from the Kurân, and loaded with charms and amulets, he cowers in shuddering fear of the "chilly death," and pleads agony of mind as an excuse for declining to transact any business or to see any visitors. Every now and again he sends a piteous message to the Resident, begging that certain ladies, whose names he gives, and whom he solemnly declares to be witches, may be driven from the land, since to their presence he attributes that of the "chilly death."

The kôta, the royal enclosure in which the palaces stand, is given over to a mob of Tamil coolies, who clean the place up, until it is hardly to be recognized even by those who know it best. The King's youths resent the change, and are at great pains to undo the work of the coolies; with the result that the inexorable white men, who are now in charge of everything, not only insist upon the kôta being once more cleaned out, but add insult to injury by forcing these very youths to perform the necessary labor with their

own hands, and under careful supervision.

The "chilly death" is monopolizing all the public attention, and this is a sore offence in the eyes of that gentle princess, Tungku Uteh. Therefore she decides to be stricken with the pestilence, and at midnight a white man is sent for post haste to visit the king's daughter on her deathbed. He goes, of course, and finds the outer portions of the palace in a ferment of excitement, for how otherwise should a loyal people give proof of their sympathy and In the inner apartment he distress? finds Tungku Uteh, becomingly garbed, lying propped upon a wealth of pillows, with half a score of sleepy women ministering to her in her sickness, or sitting in very dejected attitudes around the walls of the chamber. The princess smiles languidly, and extends a cool, soft hand for the white man to touch, murmuring, between a smile and a giggle, that she is feeling very ill indeed. The white man, who has left a dying mother moaning and wailing by the side of her stricken child, in order that he may visit the princess in her extremity, is both angry and disgusted. He does not take any great pains to hide his feelings, and when Tungku Uteh realizes that shamming sickness will not win her any attention from him, she calls for the plentiful meal which her love of creating a sensation has alone prevented her from eating at an earlier hour.

But the "chilly death" has one very marked effect upon the bulk of the people. Piety, newly born, but very strong and lusty, suddenly springs up in Pahang. The mosques, which were wont to be empty of a Friday, are now so full that half the congregation squats in the sunshine without the building. At the hours of prayer the river banks are so crowded with men

seeking water for their ablutions that one can with difficulty win a way to the water's edge. Every evening a procession of priests and holy men winds through the alleys of the town, droning the prayers which are only sounded in time of trouble or calamity; and as the "chilly death" claims more and more lives as his victims, the length of the procession increases, and the energy and volume of the voices chanting the lamentations wax greater and greater.

Then, at last, the heavens relent. The brazen sky is overcast, and upon a certain day the merciful rain falls in a deluge upon the parched and aching earth. For a week the torrents of fresh, pure water fall, and fall and fall; and the white mensitting within their closed houses, or ploughing through the slush, with their shoulders hunched up to their ears, thank God deep down in their hearts that the days of the "chilly death" have passed away.

The procession has dwindled now to very small proportions. The mosques stand empty, as of yore; and the five hours of prayer are once more suffered to slide by unheeded of the people. The sun returns, and looks down again merrily upon a glistening land, newwashed, and pure, and sweet, and green—a land whence pain and agony have fled.

The "chilly death" has come and gone. Many lives have followed in his wake, and in most houses throughout the land there is heard the sound of mourning. But perhaps the most lasting effect of the pestilence is to be seen in the hearts of the people; for they have learned to lean upon their white rulers, and know that they will never have to look to them for help in vain. It is upon this broad basis of confidence and trust that the power of England rests in this distant land.

Hugh Clifford.

